

Kalevala



VOLUME 2

BERSERKER

BOOKS



ELIAS LÖNNROT

Born 1802. Finnish philologist, poet and folklorist. Practised medicine in country districts, where he transcribed traditional ballads, among them the *Kalevala* cycle, which he published from 1838 to 1849. Became professor of Finnish literature at Helsinki, and died 1884.

The Kalevala Society is a foundation formed in Helsinki in 1919 for promoting the collecting, publishing, study and cultivation of Finnish folklore. The annual meeting of the society is held on 18th February or Kalevala Day, i.e. the day when the introduction to the first edition of the *Kalevala* was signed by Elias Lönnrot in 1835. The society has published a year-book since 1921 and a number of works on folklore.

Kalevala

THE LAND OF THE HEROES

IN TWO VOLUMES • VOLUME TWO

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A Brief Summary of the Contents of Volume II

Runo XXVI. Lemminkäinen, in his rage at not being asked to the wedding of Ilmarinen and Louhi's daughter, journeys to Pohjola castle. (Page 1.)

Runo XXVII. He enters the castle by force and insults and slays the Son of the North. (Page 21.)

Runo XXVIII. Escaping from the witch Louhi and her retainers he seeks refuge with his mother, who directs him to the Island of Women. (Page 32.)

Runo XXIX. Forced to flee from the Island of Women he returns home to find his house burned down by raiders from Pohjola, but his mother alive. (Page 40.)

Runo XXX. Lemminkäinen and his companion Tiera set out against Pohjola but are defeated by frost. (Page 55.)

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Runo XXXIV. He returns to the home of his parents, who tell him his sister is dead. (Page 100.)

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Runo XXXVI. Kullervo raids and wastes the lands of his enemy Untamo, but afterwards finding his own home ruined and desolate kills himself. (Page 116.)

Runo XXXVII. Ilmarinen's wife being dead he mourns her, then forges himself a wife of gold and silver; but is not comforted. (Page 125.)

Runo XXXVIII. Ilmarinen wooes the second daughter of Louhi, Mistress of the North. But his new wife so provokes him that he turns her into a seagull. He tells Väinämöinen of his unlucky love affairs, and of the magic Sampo, treasure of Pohjola. (Page 132.)

Runo XXXIX. Väinämöinen and Ilmarinen set out for Pohjola, to rob it of the Sampo. They are joined by Lemminkäinen. (Page 141.)

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Runo XL. The three champions catch a huge pike, from whose jaws Väinämöinen makes a harp (*kantele*) which no one can play— (Page 152.)

Runo XLI. —except Väinämöinen, who produces such music from it that all living things gather round him to listen. (Page 161.)

Runo XLII. Arrived at Pohjola castle, the three champions challenge Louhi the witch. She summons her retainers, but Väinämöinen charms her and them to sleep with the pike-bone *kantele*. Returning with the Sampo they are overtaken by a storm raised by Louhi; during which the *kantele* is lost overboard. (Page 168.)

Runo XLIII. Louhi pursues them in a galley, and there is a battle between the forces of Kalevala and Pohjola, in the course of which the Sampo is broken. Louhi retires defeated with one small fragment of its cover. Väinämöinen collects and plants the other fragments. (Page 182.)

Runo XLIV. Väinämöinen, unable to recover his pike-bone *kantele*, makes a new one of larch. (Page 194.)

Runo XLV. The maledictions of the witch Louhi bring pestilence on the land of Kaleva, which Väinämöinen heals with his drugs. (Page 202.)

Runo XLVI. Väinämöinen slays the bear sent by Louhi to harry the cattle of Kalevala; he plays at the ensuing feast of bear's flesh an accompaniment to songs in praise of the bear. (Page 212.)

Runo XLVII. —which by its sweetness draws down the moon and sun from the sky. Louhi captures and hides them and quenches all the hearth fires of Kalevala. But U'ko the creator kindles fire for a new sun and moon. Väinämöinen and Ilmarinen go to fetch it. (Page 238.)

Runo XLVIII. After rescuing the fire from drowning it almost escapes them and causes a great conflagration; but at last is tamed and brought to Kalevala. (Page 248.)

Runo XLIX. Ilmarinen makes a new sun and moon which will not shine for him. He goes to Pohjola and forces Louhi to release the old sun and moon. (Page 248.)

Runo L. The immaculate conception of the virgin Marjatta. Her son baptized and hailed as King of Karela. Väinämöinen departs from Kalevala, bequeathing his songs and music to the people. (Page 259.)

KALEVALA

RUNO XXVI.—LEMMINKAINEN'S JOURNEY TO POHJOLA

Argument

Lemminkäinen, greatly offended that he was not invited to the wedding, resolves to go to Pohjola, although his mother dissuades him from it, and warns him of the many dangers that he will have to encounter (1-382). He sets forth and succeeds in passing all the dangerous places by his skill in magic (383-776).

AHTI dwelt upon an island,
By the bay near Kauko's headland,
And his fields he tilled industrious,
And the fields he trenched with ploughing,
And his ears were of the finest,
And his hearing of the keenest.

Heard he shooting in the village,
From the lake came sounds of hammering,
On the ice the sound of footsteps,
On the heath a sledge was rattling, 10
Therefore in his mind he fancied,
In his brain the notion entered,
That at Pohjola was wedding,
And a drinking-bout in secret.

Mouth and head awry then twisting,
And his black beard all disordered,
In his rage the blood departed
From the cheeks of him unhappy,
And at once he left his ploughing,
'Mid the field he left the ploughshare, 20
On the spot his horse he mounted,
And he rode directly homeward,
To his dearest mother's dwelling,
To his dear and aged mother.

And he said as he approached her,
And he called, as he was coming,
"O my mother, aged woman,

Bring thou food, and bring it quickly,
 That the hungry man may eat it,
 And the moody man devour it, 30
 While they warm the bathroom for me,
 And the bathroom set in order,
 That the man may wash and cleanse him,
 And adorn him like a hero."

Then did Lemminkainen's mother,
 Bring him food, and bring it quickly,
 That the hungry man might eat it,
 And the moody man devour it,
 While they put the bath in order,
 And arranged the bathroom for him. 40

Then the lively Lemminkainen
 Quickly ate the food she gave him,
 Hurried then into the bathroom,
 Hastened quickly to the bathroom,
 'There it was the finch now washed him,
 There the bullfinch washed and cleansed him,
 Washed his head to flaxen whiteness,
 And his throat to shining whiteness.

From the bath the room he entered,
 And he spoke the words which follow: 50
 "O my mother, aged woman,
 Seek the storehouse on the mountain,
 Bring me thence my skirt, the fine one,
 Likewise bring the finest clothing,
 That I now may put it on me,
 And may fitly clothe me in it."

But his mother asked him quickly,
 Asked him thus, the aged woman,
 "Whither goes my son, my dearest, 60
 Dost thou go to hunt the lynxes,
 Or to chase the elk on snowshoes,
 Or perchance to shoot a squirrel?"

Answered lively Lemminkainen,
 Said the handsome Kaukomieli,
 "O my mother who hast borne me,
 Not to hunt the lynx I wander,
 Nor to chase the elk on snowshoes,

RUNO XXVII] Lemminkainen's Journey 3

Neither go I squirrel shooting,
But I seek the feast at Pohja,
And the secret drinking-party, 70
Therefore fetch my shirt, the fine one,
Bring me, too, the finest clothing,
That I hasten to the wedding,
And may wander to the banquet.

But his mother would forbid him,
Vainly would his wife dissuade him,
Two, whose like were not created,
And three daughters of Creation,
Sought to hold back Lemminkainen
Back from Pohjola's great banquet. 80

To her son then said the mother,
And her child advised the old one,
"Do not go, my son, my dearest,
O my dearest son, my Kanko,
Go not to the feast at Pohja,
To that mansion's drinking-party,
For indeed they did not ask you,
And 'tis plain they do not want you."

Then the lively Lemminkainen
Answered in the words which follow : 90
"Only bad men go for asking ;
Uninvited good men dance there,
There are always invitations,
Always a sufficient summons,
In the sword with blade of sharpness,
And the edge so brightly flashing."

Still did Lemminkainen's mother
Do her utmost to restrain him.
"Go not, son, to sure destruction,
Unto Pohjola's great banquet. 100
Full of terrors is thy journey,
On thy way are mighty wonders,
Thrice indeed doth death await thee ;
Thrice the man with death is threatened."

Answered lively Lemminkainen,
Said the handsome Kaukomieli,
"Death is only for the women,

Everywhere they see destruction
 Put a hero need not fear it,
 Nor need take extreme precautions. 110
 But let this be as it may be,
 Tell me that my ears may hear it,
 Tell me the first death that waits me,
 Tell the first and tell the last one."

Then said Lemminkäinen's mother,
 Answered then, the aged woman,
 "I will tell the deaths that wait you,
 Not as you would have me tell them;
 Of the first death I will tell you,
 And this death is first among them. 120
 When a little way you've travelled
 On the first day of your journey,
 You will reach a fiery river,
 Flaming right across your pathway,
 In the stream a cataract fiery,
 In the fall a fiery island,
 On the isle a peak as fiery,
 On the peak a fiery eagle,
 One who whets his beak at night-time,
 And his claws in daytime sharpens, 130
 For the strangers who are coming,
 And the people who approach him."

Answered lively Lemminkäinen,
 Said the handsome Kautokainen,
 "This is perhaps a death for women,
 But 'tis not a death for heroes.
 For I know a plan already,
 And a splendid scheme to follow
 I'll create, by songs of magic
 Both a man and horse of a deer 140
 They shall walk along beside me,
 And shall wander on before me,
 While I like a duck am diving,
 Like a scoter duck am diving,
 Neath the soaring eagle's talons,
 Talons of the mighty eagle
 O my mother, who hast borne me,

Rune XXVI] Lemminkäinen's Journey 5

Tell me now of death the second."
 Then said Lemminkäinen's mother,
 "Such the second death that waits you: 150
 When a little way you've journeyed,
 On the second day of travel,
 You will reach a trench of fire,
 Right across the path extending,
 Ever to the east extending,
 North-west endlessly extending,
 Full of stones to redness heated,
 Full of blocks of stone all glowing,
 And a hundred there have ventured,
 And a thousand there have perished, 160
 Hundreds with their swords have perished,
 And a thousand steel-cold heroes."

Answered lively Lemminkäinen,
 Said the handsome Kaukomieli,
 "Such a death no man will perish,
 Nor is this a death for heroes,
 For I know a trick already,
 Know a trick, and see a refuge,
 And a man of snow I'll sing me,
 Make of frozen snow a hero, 170
 Push him in the raging fire,
 Push him in the glowing torment,
 Bathe him in the glowing bath-tub,
 With a bath-whisk made of copper,
 I myself behind him pressing,
 Pushing through the fire a pathway,
 That my beard unburnt remaineth,
 And my locks escape a singeing,
 O my mother who hast borne me,
 Of the third death tell me truly." 180

Then said Lemminkäinen's mother,
 "Such the third death that awaits you:
 When you've gone a little further,
 And another day have travelled,
 Unto Pohjola's dread gateway,
 Where the pathway is the narrowest,
 Then a wolf will rush upon you,

And a bear for his companion,
 There in Pohjola's dread gateway,
 Where the pathway is the narrowest, 190
 Hundreds have been there devoured,
 Heroes have by thousands perished,
 Wherefore should they not devour thee,
 Kill thee likewise, unprotected?"

Answered lively Lemminkäinen,
 Said the handsome Kaakomieli,
 "Perhaps a young ewe might be eaten,
 Or a lamb be torn to pieces,
 Not a man, how weak soever,
 Not the sleepiest of the heroes! 200
 With a hero's belt I'm girded,
 And I wear a hero's armour,
 Fixed with buckles of a hero,
 So be sure I shall not hasten,
 Unto Untamo's dread wolf's jaws,
 In the throat of that curst creature.

"'Gainst the wolf I know a refuge,
 'Gainst the bear I know a method,
 For the wolf's mouth sing a muzzie,
 For the bear sing iron letters, 210
 Or to very chaff will chop them,
 Or to merest dust will sift them,
 Thus I'll clear the path before me,
 Reach the ending of my journey."

Then said Lemminkäinen's mother,
 "Even yet your goal you reach not,
 There are still upon your pathway,
 On your road tremendous marvels.
 Three terrific dangers wait you,
 Three more deaths await the hero; 220
 And there even yet await you,
 On the spot the worst of marvels.

"When a little way you've travelled,
 Up to Pohjola's enclosure,
 There a fence is reared of iron,
 And a fence of steel erected
 From the ground to heaven ascending,

Rune XXVI] Lemminkäinen's Journey 7

From the heavens to earth descending
Spears they are which form the hedgestakes,
And for wattles, creeping serpents, 230
Thus the fence with snakes is walled,
And among them there are lizards,
And their tails are always waving,
And their thick heads always swelling,
And their round heads always hissing,
Heads turned out, and tails turned inwards.

"On the ground are other serpents,
On the path are snakes and adders,
And above, their tongues are hissing,
And below, their tails are waving, 240
One of all the most terrific
Lies before the gate across it,
Longer is he than a roof-tree,
Than the roof-props is he thicker,
And above, his tongue is hissing,
And above, his mouth is hissing,
Lifted not against another,
Threatening thee, O luckless hero "

Answered lively Lemminkäinen,
Said the handsome Kaukomeli: 250
"Such a death is perhaps for children;
But 'tis not a death for heroes,
For I can enchant the fire,
And can quench a glowing furnace,
And can ban away the serpents,
Twist the snakes between my fingers,
Only yesterday it happened
That I ploughed a field of adders;
On the ground the snakes were twisting,
And my hands were all uncovered, 260
With my nails I seized the vipers,
In my hands I took the serpents,
Ten I killed among the vipers,
And the serpents black by hundreds.
Still my nails are stained with snake-blood,
And my hands with slime of serpents.
Therefore will I not permit me,

And by no means will I journey
 As a mouthful for the serpents,
 To the sharp fangs of the adders 270
 I myself will crush the monsters,
 Crush the nasty things to pieces,
 And will sing away the viers,
 Drive the serpents from my pathway,
 Enter then the yard of Pohja,
 And into the house will force me."

Then said Lemminkäinen's mother,
 "O my son, forbear to venture,
 Into Pohio's dread castle,
 House of Hanja all timbered 280
 For the men with swords are girded,
 Heroes all equipped for battle,
 Men with drink of honey excited,
 Very furious from their drinking
 They will sing thee most unhappy,
 To the swags of all the keepers,
 Better men their songs have vanquished,
 Mighty ones been overpowered."

Answered lively Lemminkäinen,
 Said the handsome Kuukonniemi 290
 "Well, but I have dwelt already
 There in Pohio's dread fortress,
 Not a Lapp with spells shall charm me,
 Forth no son of Tuori drive me
 I'll enchant the Lapp by singing,
 Drive away the son of Tuori
 And in twain will sing his shoulders,
 From his chin his speech I'll sever,
 Tear his shirt apart by singing,
 And I'll break in two his breastbone" 300

Then said Lemminkäinen's mother,
 "O alas, my son unhappy
 Dost thou think of former exploits,
 Bragst thou of thy former journey?
 True it is thou hast resided
 There in Pohio's dread fortress,
 But they sent thee all a-swimming,

Rune XXVII Lemminkainen's Journey 9

Floating overgrown with pond-weed,
O'er the raging cataract driven,
Down the stream in rushing waters, 310
Thou hast known the Falls of Tuoni.
Mansa's dread stream hast measured
There would'st thou to-day be swimming,
But for thine unhappy mother!

"Listen now to what I tell thee.
When to Pohjola thou comest
All the slope with stakes is bristling,
And the yard with poles is bristling,
All with heads of men surmounted, 320
And one stake alone is vacant,
And to fill the stake remaining.
Will they cut thy head from off thee?"

Answered lively Lemminkainen,
Said the handsome Kajakorven
"Let a weak ing ponder o'er it,
Let the worthless find such ending!
After five or six years' warfare,
Seven long summers spent in battle,
Not a hero would concern him, 330
Nor retire a step before it,
Therefore bring me now my mail-shirt,
And my well-tried battle armour,
I my father's sword will fetch me,
And my father's sword-blade look to.
In the cold it long was lying,
In a dark place long was hidden,
There has it been ever weeping,
For a hero who should wield it."

Thereupon he took his mail-shirt,
Took his well-tried battle armour, 340
And his father's trusty weapon
Sword his father always wielded.
And against the ground he thrust it,
On the floor the point he rested,
With his hand the sword he bended
Like the fresh crown of the cherry,
Or the juniper when growing.

Said the brave Lemminkäinen,
 "Hard 'twere in Pohja's castle
 Roms of Sampo the misty, 350
 Such a sword as this to gaze on,
 Such a sword blade to encounter."

From the wall his bow he lifted,
 From the peg he took a strong bow
 And he spoke the words when he drew
 And expressed himself in this wise:
 "I would hold the man deserving
 And regard him as a hero,
 Who to bend this bow was able,
 And could bend it and could string it 360
 There in Pohja's great castle
 Ports of Sampo the misty."

The name was Lemminkäinen
 He the handsome Kauko
 Fair of countenance and form,
 Clad himself in arms of battle,
 And his name he thus commanded:
 And he spoke the words when he drew
 "O my servant, lo! I will give thee,
 Workman, whom I got for nothing, 370
 Harness now my horse of battle,
 He shall be my horse of battle,
 The horse of my horse of battle,
 Let him be my horse of battle."

Harnessed quickly to the harness,
 And he fast once he harnessed
 A horse of the city of Sampo,
 A horse of the city of Sampo,
 "I have a horse of the city of Sampo 380
 A horse of the city of Sampo
 A horse of the city of Sampo
 A horse of the city of Sampo"

The name was Lemminkäinen
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Rune XXVII] Lemminkäinen's Journey 11

Started then in reckless fashion
 Then her son his mother counselled,
 Warned her child, the aged woman, 350
 At the door, beneath the rafters,
 At the place where stand the kettles.
 "O my only son, my dearest,
 O my child, of all the strongest,
 When thou com'st to the carousal,
 And thou comest where thou wishest
 Drink thou half a goblet only,
 Drink the measure to the middle,
 And the other half return thou,
 Give the worst half to a worse one. 400
 In the goblet rests a serpent,
 And a worm within the measure."
 Yet again her son she cautioned,
 To her child again gave warning,
 At the last field's furthest limit,
 At the last of all the gateways,
 "When thou com'st to the carousal
 And thou comest where thou wishest,
 Sit upon a half-seat only,
 Step thou with a half-step only, 450
 And the other half return thou;
 Give the worst half to a worse one,
 Thus wilt thou a man be reckoned,
 And a most illustrious hero,
 And through armies push thy pathway,
 And wilt crush them down beneath thee,
 In the press of mighty heroes,
 In the throng of men of valour."
 Then departed Lemminkäinen,
 When the horse in sledge was harnessed. 470
 With his ready whip he struck him,
 With his headed whip he smote him,
 And the fiery steed sprang forward,
 Onward sped the rapid courser
 When a short way he had journeyed,
 For about an hour had travelled,
 There he saw a flock of blackfowl,

In the air the grouse flew upward,
And the flock ascended rushing
From before the speeding courser, 430

On the ice there lay some feathers
Cast by grouse upon the roadway,
These collected Lemminkäinen.

And he put them in his pocket
For he knew not what might happen,
Or might chance upon his journey
In a house are a few things use-ful
Can at need be turned to something.

Then he drove a little further,
On his road a little further, 440
When to naught began the courser,
Froked his legs, came up in air.

Then the lovely Lemminkäinen,
He the handsome Kalkom
In the saddle at once leaned forward
Bending down to gaze about him.

There he saw as said his mother,
As his own old mother warned him,
How there flowed a fiery river,
Right across the horse's pathway, 450

In the stream a cataract fiery
In the fall a fiery lance,
On theisle a peak all fiery,
On the peak a fiery eagle
In his throat the fire was seething
And his mouth with flame was glowing,
And his plumage fire was flashing,
And the sparks around were scattering.

Kalko from afar he noticed,
From afar saw Lemminkäinen 460

"Whether wilt thou go, O Kalko,
Whether goes the son of Lempi?"

Answered lovely Lemminkäinen,
Said the handsome Kalkomies,
"Unto Pohja's feast I journey,
The carousal held in secret
Turn thee on one side & sing."

Runo XXVI] Lemminkainen's Journey 13

From the youth's path do thou turn thee,
Let the traveller make his journey,
Do not hinder Lemminkainen, 470
Therefore move aside a little,
Let him now pursue his journey."

Thereupon the eagle answered,
Hissing from his throat of fire,
"I will let the traveller pass me,
Will not hinder Lemminkainen,
Through my mouth will let him hasten
Let him thus pursue his journey.
Thither shall thy path direct thee,
Fortunate shall be thy journey, 480
To the banquet thou art seeking,
Where thou all thy life may'st rest thee."

Little troubled Lemminkainen,
And he let it not concern him,
But he felt into his pocket,
And his pouch he opened quickly
Took the feathers of the blackfowls,
Leisurely he rubbed the feathers,
And between his palms he rubbed them,
'Twixt his fingers ten in number, 490
And a flock of grouse created,
And a flock of capercaillies,
In the eagle's beak he thrust them,
To his greedy throat he gave them,
To the eagle's throat all fiery,
In the fire-bird's beak he thrust them,
Thus he freed himself from danger,
And escaped the first day's danger

With his whip he struck the courser,
With the beaded whip he struck him, 500
And the horse sped quickly onward,
And the steed sprang lightly forward.

Then he drove a little further,
But a little way had travelled,
When the horse again was shying,
And again the steed was neighing,
From the sledge again he raised him,

And he strove to gaze around him,
 And he saw, as said his mother,
 As his aged mother warned him,
 Right in front a trench of fire, 510
 Right across the path extending,
 Ever to the east extending,
 North west end easy extending,
 Full of stones to redness heated,
 Full of blocks of stone all glowing
 Little troubled Lemminkäinen,
 But he raised a prayer to Ukko.
 "Ukko, thou, of Gods the highest,
 Ukko, thou, our Heavenly Father, 520
 Send thou now a cloud from north west,
 Send thou from the west a second,
 And a third to east establish.
 "In the north east let them gather,
 Push their borders all together,
 Drive them edge to edge together,
 Let the snow fall stiff-deep round me,
 Deep as is the length of spear shaft,
 On these stones to redness heated.
 Blocks of stone all fiery glowing." 530
 Ukko, then, of Gods the highest,
 He the aged Heavenly Father
 Sent a cloud from out the north west,
 From the west he sent a second,
 In the east a cloud let gather,
 Let them gather in the north east;
 And he heaved them all together
 And he closed the gaps between them,
 Let the snow fall stiff-deep downward,
 Deep as is the length of spear shaft, 540
 On the stones to redness heated,
 Blocks of stone all fiery glowing.
 From the snow a pond was fashioned,
 And a lake with icy waters.
 Then the lively Lemminkäinen
 Sang a bridge of ice together,
 Stretching right across the snow pond,

Ru00 XXVI] Lemminkainen's Journey 15

From the one bank to the other,
O'er the fiery trench passed safely,
Passed the second day in safety. 550

With his whip he urged the courser,
Cracked the whip all bead-embroidered,
And began to travel quickly,
As the courser trotted onward

Quick he ran a verst, a second.
For a short space well proceeded,
When he suddenly stopped standing,
Would not stir from his position.

Then the lively Lemminkainen
Started up to gaze around him. 560

In the gate the wolf was standing,
And the bear before the passage,
There in Pohjola's dread gateway,
At the end of a long passage
Then the lively Lemminkainen,
He the handsome Kaukomieli,
Quickly felt into his pocket,
What his pouch contained exploring,
And he took some ewe's wool from it,
And until 'twas soft he rubbed it, 570
And between his palms he rubbed it,
'Twixt his fingers ten in number

On his palms then gently breathing,
Ewes ran bleating forth between them,
Quite a flock of sheep he fashioned,
And a flock of lambs among them,
And the wolf rushed straight upon them,
And the bear rushed after likewise,
While the lively Lemminkainen,
Further drove upon his journey 580

Yet a little space he journeyed,
Unto Pohjola's enclosure
There a fence was raised of iron,
Fenced with steel the whole enclosure,
In the ground a hundred fathoms,
In the sky a thousand fathoms,
Spears they were which formed the hedgestakes,

And for wattles creeping serpents,
 Thus the fence with snakes was wattled
 And among them there were lizards, 590
 And their tails were always waving,
 And their thick heads always swelling,
 Rows of heads erected a ways
 Heads turned out and tails turned inwards.

Then the lively Lemminkäinen
 Gave himself to his reflections
 "This is what my mother told me,
 This is what my mother dreaded
 Here I find a fence tremendous 600
 Reared aloft from earth to heaven,
 Down below there creeps a viper,
 Deeper yet the fence is sunken,
 Up aloft a bird is flying,
 But the fence is built higher."

Natheless was not Lemminkäinen
 Greatly troubled or uneasy;
 From the sheath he drew his knife out,
 From the sheath an iron weapon
 And he hewed the fence to pieces,
 And in twain he clove the hedgestakes, 610
 Thus he breached the fence of iron,
 And he drove away the serpents
 From the space between five hedgestakes,
 Likewise from the space 'twixt seven,
 And himself pursued his journey,
 On to Pohjola's dark ports.

In the path a snake was twisting,
 Just in front across the doorway,
 Even longer than the roof-tree,
 Thicker than the hall's great pullack, 620
 And the snake had eyes a hundred,
 And the snake had tongues a thousand,
 And his eyes than sieves were larger,
 And his tongues were long as spear-shafts,
 And his fangs were like rake-handles,
 Seven brats' length his back extended.
 Then the lively Lemminkäinen

Runo XXVI] Lemminkäinen's Journey 17

Would not instantly move onward
 To the snake with eyes a hundred,
 And the snake with tongues a thousand. 630
 Spoke the lively Lemminkäinen,
 Said the handsome Kaukomieli
 "Serpent black and subterranean,
 Worm whose hue is that of Tuoni,
 Thou amidst the grass when lookest,
 At the roots of Lempi's sage,
 Giding all among the hillocks,
 Creeping all among the tree roots,
 Who has brought thee from the stubble,
 From the grass roots has aroused thee, 640
 Creeping here on ground all open,
 Creeping there upon the pathway?
 Who has sent thee from thy nettles,
 Who has ordered and provoked thee
 That thy head thou first threatening,
 And thy neck thou stiffly raisest?
 Was't thy father or thy mother,
 Or the eldest of thy brothers,
 Or the youngest of thy sisters,
 Or some other near relation? 650
 "Close thy mouth, thy head conceal thou,
 Hide thou quick thy tongue within it,
 Coil thyself together tightly,
 Roll thyself into a circle,
 Give me way, though but a half way,
 Let the traveller make his journey,
 Or begone from out the pathway
 Creep, thou vile one, in the bushes,
 In the holes among the heathland,
 And among the moss conceal thee, 660
 Hide away, like ball of worsted.
 Like a withered stick of aspen,
 Hide thy head among the grass roots,
 Hide thyself among the hillocks,
 Neath the turf thy mouth conceal thou,
 Make thy dwelling in a hillock
 If you lift your head from out it,

Ukko surely will destroy it,
With his nails, all steely-pointed,
With a mighty hail of iron." 670

Thus was Lemminkäinen talking,
But the serpent heeded nothing,
And continued always hissing,
Darting out its tongue for ever
And its mouth was always hissing
At the head of Lemminkäinen.

Then the lively Lemminkäinen
Of an ancient spell bethought him,
Which the old crone once had taught him,
Which his mother once had taught him. 680

Said the lively Lemminkäinen,
Spoke the handsome Kaukomieh,
"If you do not heed my singing,
And 't is not quite sufficient,
Still you will swell up with anguish
When an ill day comes upon you.
Thou wilt burst in two, O vile one.
O thou toad, in three will burst thou,
If I should seek out your mother,
And should search for your ancestress. 690
Well I know thy birth, vile creature,
Whence thou comest, earthly horror,
For Syöjatar was your mother
And the sea fiend was your parent.

"Syöjatar she spat in water,
In the waves she left the spittle,
By the wind 'twas rocked thereafter,
Tossed upon the water-current,
Thus for six years it was shaken,
Thus for seven whole summers drifted, 700
On the ocean's shining surface,
And upon the swelling billows.
Thus for long the water stretched it,
By the sun 'twas warmed and softened,
To the wind the billows drove it,
On the beach a wave upcast it.

"Walked three Daughters of Creation

RUDO XXVI] Lemminkäinen's Journey 19

On the beach of stormy ocean,
On the beach, the waves that bounded,
On the beach they saw the spittle, 710
And they spoke the words which follow:
'What might perhaps of this be fashioned,
If a life by the Creator,
And if eyes were granted to it?'
"This was heard by the Creator
And he spoke the words which follow.
'Evil only comes from evil,
And a toad from toad's soul vomit,
If I gave a life unto it,
And if eyes were granted to it.' 720
'But the words were heard by Hiusi,
One for mischief always ready,
And he set about creating,
Hiusi gave a life unto it,
Of the slime of toad disgusting,
From Syöjätär's filthy spittle
Formed from this a twisting serpent,
To a black snake he transformed it.
"Whence the life he gave unto it?
Life he brought from Hiusi's coal heap. 730
Whence was then its heart created?
Out of Syöjätär's own heartstrings.
Whence the brains for this foul creature?
From a mighty torrent's foaming,
Whence its sense obtained the monster?
From a furious cataract's foaming.
Whence a head, this foul enchantment?
From the brain of a bear all rotten.
Whence were then its eyes created?
From a seed of flax of Lempo. 740
Whence were the toad's ears created?
From the leaves of Lempo's birch-tree.
Whence was then its mouth constructed?
Syöjätär's own mouth supplied it
Whence the tongue in mouth so evil?
From the spear of Kei Olonen.
Teeth for such an evil creature?

From the beard of Tuoni's barley
 Whence its fifty gums created?
 From the gums of Kalma's maiden 750
 Whence was then its back constructed?
 Of the coals of fire of Hui
 Whence its wriggling tail constructed?
 From the pails of Pahalamen
 Whence its earrings were constructed?
 These were drawn from Death's own girdle
 "Thus thy or gin, O serpent,
 Thine thy honour, as reported
 Back snake from the world infernal,
 Serpent of the hue of Tuoni 760
 Hue of earth, and hue of heather,
 As the colours of the rainbow
 On firm not the wanderer's pathway,
 From before he travels here
 Yield the pathway to the traveller,
 Make a way for Lemminkäinen
 To the feast at Ichja's holden,
 Where they hold the great revels!"
 Then the snake obeyed his orders,
 And the hundred-eyed crew acknowledged, 770
 And the great snake twisted his ways,
 Turning on a new direction,
 Giving thus the wanderer's pathway,
 Making way for Lemminkäinen
 To the feast at Ichja's holden,
 And the secret-bred carousal

RUNO XXVII—THE DUEL AT POHJOLA

Argument

Lemminkäinen comes to Pohjola and behaves with the greatest insolence (1-203). The Lord of Pohjola grows angry, and as he can do nothing against Lemminkäinen by magic, he challenges him to a duel (205-222). In the course of the duel Lemminkäinen seizes off the head of the Lord of Pohjola, and to avenge his, the Mikans of Pohjola raises an army against him (223-420).

Now that I have brought my Kanku,
 Carr ed Ahto Saarelainen,
 Often past Death's jaw expanded,
 Past the very tongue of Kama
 To the banquet held at Pohja
 And to the concealed carouse.
 Now must I relate in detail,
 And my tongue relate in fulness,
 How the lively Lemminkäinen,
 He the handsome Kankorin eli, 10
 To the homestead came of Pohja,
 Halls of Sampo the misty,
 Uninvited to the banquet,
 To the drinking-hall unbidden.
 Thus the lively Lemminkäinen,
 Ruddy youth, and ardent scoundrel,
 In the room at once came forward,
 Walking in the very middle,
 'Neath him swayed the floor of linden,
 And the room of firwood rattled. 20
 Spoke the lively Lemminkäinen,
 And he said the words which follow
 "Greetings to ye on my coming,
 Greetings also to the greeter!
 Harkken, Pohjola's great Master,
 Have you here within this dwelling,
 Barley for the horse's fodder,
 Beer to offer to the hero?"

There sat Pohjola's great Master
 At the end of the long table, 30
 And from thence he made his answer
 In the very words which follow
 'Perhaps there is within this dwelling,
 Standing room for your fine courser
 Nor would I indeed forbid you
 In the room a quiet corner
 Or to stand within the doorway
 In the doorway, neath the rafters
 In the space between two keelies,
 There where three large hoes are standing." 40

Then the lively Lemminkäinen
 Tore his black beard in his anger,
 ('Twas the colour of a kettle),
 And he spoke the words which follow
 "Lempe might perchance be willing
 Thus to stand within the doorway
 Where he might with soot be daubed,
 While the soot falls all around him
 But at no time did my father,
 Never did my aged father 50
 Ever stand in such a station,
 In the doorway, neath the rafters
 There was always room sufficient
 For his horse within the stable,
 And a clean room for the hero
 And a place to put his gloves on
 To hang his weapons,
 Was where swords may rest in order
 Why should I not do so find it,
 As my father always found it?" 60

After this he strode on forth
 To the end of the long table,
 At the bench end then he sat
 At the end of bench of firwood,
 And the bench it creaked beneath him,
 And the bench of firwood creaked
 Said the lively Lemminkäinen,
 'Seems to me that I'm unwelcome,

Rune XXVII] The Duel at Pohjola 23

As no ale is offered to me,
To the guest who just has entered." 70

Ipotar, the noble Mistress,
Answered in the words which follow
"O thou boy, O Lemminkainen,
Not as guest thou com'st among us,
But upon my head to trample,
And to make it bow before you
For our ale is still in barley,
Still in malt the drink delicious,
And the wheatbread still unbaken,
And unboiled the meat remaineth. 80
Yesternight you should have entered,
Or perchance have come to-morrow."

Then the lively Lemminkainen,
Twisted mouth and turned his head round
Tore his black beard in his anger,
And he spoke the words which follow -
"Eaten is the feast already,
Finished feast, and drunk the bride-ale,
And the ale has been divided,
To the men the mead been given, 90
And the cans away been carried,
And the pint-pots laid in storage.

"Pohjola's illustrious Mistress,
Long-toothed Mistress of Pimentola,
Thou hast held the wedding badly,
And in doggish fashion held it,
Baked the bread in loaves enormous,
Thou hast brewed the beer of barley,
Six times sent thy invitations,
Nine times hast thou sent a summons, 100
Thou hast asked the poor, the spectres,
Asked the scum, and asked the wasters,
Asked the leanest of the loafers,
Labourers with one garment only,
All folks else thou hast invited,
Me rejected uninvited.

"Wherefore should I thus be treated
When I sent myself the barley?

Others brought it by the spoonful,
Others poured it out by dishfuls, 110
But I poured it out in bushels,
By the half ton out I poured it,
Of my own, the best of barley,
Corn which I had sown aforetime.

"This not now that Lemminkäinen,

Is a guest of great distinction,

For no ale is offered to me.

Nor the pot set on the fire.

In the pot is nothing cooking.

Nor a pound of pork you give me, 120

Neither food nor drink you give me.

Now my weary journey's ended."

Ilmarinen, the noble Mistress,

Uttered then the words which follow

"O my little waiting-maiden,

O my ever ready servant

Put into the pot some dinner

Bring some ale to give the stranger."

"Then I got the child so wretched, 130

Washed it worst of all the day

And the spoons she then was washing

And the plates she was scouring,

Then into the pot put dinner

Pieces of meat, and heads of fishes,

Very unclean and soot-lump

Crossed with all manner of badness

And a pint of ale she brought him,

And a can of filthy vinegar.

"Give it to my Lemminkäinen

That he should drink out the refuse 140

And she spoke the words which follow

"If you are indeed a hero,

Can you drink the ale I bring you,

Nor upset the can that holds it?"

Lemminkäinen, youth so lively,

Looked at the can and he put it

And behold a worm was creeping,

In the midst there crept a serpent,

On the edge were serpents creeping,
Lizards also there were gliding,

150

Said the lively Lemminkäinen,
Loudly grumbled Kaukomiemi,
"Off to Tuonela the bearer,
Quick to Manala the handmaid,
Ere the moon again has risen,
Or this very day is ended!"

Afterwards these words he added,
"O thou beer, thou drink so nasty,
In an evil hour concocted,
Evil only lurks within thee!
Notwithstanding I will drink it,
On the ground will cast the refuse,
With my nameless finger lift it,
With my left thumb will I lift it."

160

Then he felt into his pocket,
And within his pouch was searching,
Took an angle from his pocket,
Iron hooks from out his satchel,
Dropped it down into the pint-pot,
In the ale began to angle,
Hooked the snakes upon his fish-hooks,
On his hooks the evil vipers,
Up he drew of toads a hundred,
And of dusky snakes a thousand.
Down upon the ground he threw them,
Threw them all upon the planking,
Thereupon a sharp knife taking,
From the sheath he quickly drew it,
Cut the heads from off the serpents,
Broke the necks of all the serpents,
Then he drank the ale with gusto,
Drank the black mead with enjoyment,
And he spoke the words which follow
"As a guest I am not honoured,
Since no ale was brought unto me
Which was better worth my drinking,
Offered me by hands more careful,
In a larger vessel brought me,

170

180

Since no sheep was slaughtered for me,
 No gigantic steer was slaughtered, 190
 In the hall no ox they brought me,
 From the house of hoofed cattle "

Then did Pohjola's great Master,
 Answer in the words which so low :
 " Wherefore have you then come hither,
 Who invited you among us ? "

Answered lively Lemminkainen,
 Said the handsome Kaukomieli
 " Good is perhaps the guest invited,
 Better still if uninvited. 200

Hearken then, thou son of Pohja,
 Pohjola's illustrious Master,
 Give me ale for cash directly,
 Reach me here some drink for money. "

Then did Pohjola's great Master,
 Angry grow and greatly furious,
 Very furious and indignant,
 Sang a pond upon the flooring,
 In the front of Lemminkainen,
 And he said the words which follow : 210
 " Here's a river you may drink of,
 Here's a pond that you may splash in. "

Little troubled Lemminkainen,
 And he spoke the words which follow
 " I'm no calf by women driven,
 Nor a bull with tail behind me,
 That I drink of river-water,
 Or from filthy ponds the water. "

Then himself began to conjure,
 And himself commenced his singing, 220
 Sang upon the floor a bullock,
 Mighty ox with horns all golden,
 And he soon drank up the puddle,
 Drank the river up with pleasure.

But the mighty son of Pohja
 By his spells a wolf created,
 And upon the floor he sang him,
 To devour the fleshy bullock.

Runo XXVIII] The Duel at Pohjola 27

Lemminkäinen, youth so lively,
Sang a white hare to his presence,
And upon the floor 'twas leaping,
Near the wolf jaws widely opened. 230

But the mighty son of Pohja,
Sang a dog with pointed muzzle;
And the dog the hare devoured,
Rent the Squint-eye into fragments.

Lemminkäinen, youth so lively,
On the rafters sang a squirrel,
And it frolicked on the rafters,
And the dog was barking at it. 240

But the mighty son of Pohja,
Sang a golden-breasted marten,
And the marten seized the squirrel,
On the rafter's end while sitting.

Lemminkäinen, youth so lively,
Sang a fox of ruddy colour,
And it killed the gold-breast marten,
And destroyed the handsome-haired one.

But the mighty son of Pohja
By his spells a hen created,
And upon the ground 'twas walking,
Just before the fox's muzzle. 250

Lemminkäinen, youth so lively,
Thereupon a hawk created,
Quickly with its claws it seized it,
And it tore the hen to pieces.

Then said Pohjola's great Master,
In the very words which follow
"Better will not be the banquet,
Nor the guest-provision lessened. 260

House for work, the road for strangers,
Unrefreshed from the carousal!
Quit this place, O scamp of Hisi,
Haste away from all folks' knowledge,
To thy home, O load the basest,
Forth, O scoundrel, to thy country!"

Answered lively Lemminkäinen,
Said the handsome Kaukomieli,

"None would let himself be harished,
Not a man, how bad soever, 270
From this place he ever driven.
Forced to fly from such a station."

Then did Pohjola's great Master
Snatch his sword from wall where hanging,
Grasped in haste the sharpened weapon,
And he spake the words which follow
"O thou Ahti Saarelainen,
Of thou handsome Kaakomieli,
Let us match our swords together,
Match the glitter of the sword-blades, 280
Whether my sword is the better,
Or is Ahti Saarelainen's."

Said the brave Lemminkäinen,
"Little of my sword's left me,
For on bones it has been shattered,
And on steel is completely broken!
But let this be as it may be,
If no better least is ready
Let us struggle, and determine
Which of our two swords is favoured. 290
Ne'er in former times my father
In a duel has been worsted.
Why should then his son be different,
Or his child be like a baby?"

Sword he took, and bared his sword-blade,
And he drew his sharp-edged weapon,
Drew it from the leather scabbard,
Hanging at his belt of antler skin.
Then they measured and compared
Which of their two swords was longer, 300
And a very little longer

Was the sword of Pohja's Master,
As upon the nail the blackness,
Or a half-joint of a finger.

Spoke then Ahti Saarelainen,
Said the handsome Kaakomieli,
"As your sword is rather longer,
Let the first attack be yours."

Rune XXVIII The Duel at Pohjola 29

Then did Pohjola's great Master,
Aim a blow, and tried to strike him,
Aimed his sword, but never struck it, 310
On the head of Lemminkäinen
Once indeed he struck the rafters,
And the beams resounded loudly,
And across the beam was shattered,
And the arch as twain was broken.

Then spoke Ahti Saarelainen,
Said the handsome Kulkormies:
"Well, what mischief did the rafters,
And what harm the beam effected, 320
That you thus attack the rafters,
And have made the arch so rattle?"

"Hear me, son of Pohja's country,
Pohjola's illustrious Master,
Awkward 'tis in room to combat,
Trouble would it give the women,
If the clean room should be damaged,
And with blood defiled the flooring.
Let us go into the courtyard,
In the field outside to battle, 330
On the grass outside to combat
In the yard the blood looks better,
In the yard it looks more lovely
On the snow it looks much better."

Out into the yard they wandered,
And they found therein a cowhide,
And they spread it in the courtyard,
And they took their stand upon it.

Then said Ahti Saarelainen:
"Hearken, O thou son of Pohja!
As your sword is rather longer,
And your sword is more terrific,
Perhaps indeed you need to use it,
Just before your own departure,
Or before your neck is broken
Strike away, O son of Pohja!" 340

Fenced away the son of Pohja,
Struck a blow, and struck a second,

And he struck a third blow after,
 But he could not strike him fairly, 350
 Could not scratch the flesh upon him,
 From his skin a single bristle.

Then spoke Ahti Saarelainen,
 Said the handsome Kaukomäki,
 "Give me leave to try a little,
 For at last my time is coming."

Nathless Pohjola's great Master,
 Did not pay the least attention,
 Striking on, without reflection,
 Ever striking, never hitting, 360
 From his sword-blade flashed red fire,
 And its edge was always gleaming
 In the hands of Lemminkäinen,
 And the sheen extended further,
 As against the neck he turned it
 Of the mighty son of Pohja.

Said the handsome Lemminkäinen,
 "Hearken, Pohjola's great Master,
 True it is, thy neck so wretched,
 Is as red as dawn of morning." 370

Thereupon the son of Pohja,
 He, the mighty lord of Pohja,
 Bent his eyes that he might witness
 How his own neck had been reddened.
 Then the lively Lemminkäinen,
 Hurriedly a stroke delivered,
 With his sword he struck the hero,
 Quickly with the sword he struck him.

Full and fair he struck the hero, 380
 Struck his head from off his shoulders,
 And the skull from neck he severed,
 As from off the stalk a turnip,
 Or an ear of corn is severed,
 From a fish a fin divided.
 In the yard the head went rolling,
 And the skull in the enclosure,
 As when it is struck by arrow
 Falls the capercaill from tree-top.

Rune XXVIII] The Duel at Pohjola 31

In the ground stood stakes a hundred,
In the yard there stood a thousand,
On the stakes were heads a hundred,
Only one stake still was headless.
Then the lively Lemminkäinen
Took the head of the poor fellow,
From the ground the skull he lifted,
And upon the stake he set it. 390

Then did Ahti Saaremaa,
He the handsome Kaukomies,
Once again the house re-enter
And he spoke the words which follow: 400
"Wicked maid, now bring me water,
That I wash my hands and cleanse them,
From the blood of wicked Master,
From the gore of man of evil."

Furious was the Crone of Pohja,
Wild with wrath and indignation,
And at once she sang up swordsmen,
Heroes well equipped for battle.
Up she sang a hundred swordsmen,
Sang a thousand weapon-bearers, 410
Lemminkäinen's head to capture,
From the neck of Kaukomies.

Now the time seemed really coming,
Fitting time for his departure,
Terror came at length upon him,
And too hard the task before him,
From the house the youthful Ahti
Lemminkäinen quick departed,
From the feast prepared at Pohja,
From the unannounced carousal. 420

RUNO XXVIII.—LEMMINKAINEN AND HIS MOTHER

Argument

Lemminkäinen escapes with all speed from Pohjola, comes home and asks his mother where he can hide himself from the people of Pohjola, who will soon attack him in his home, a hundred or one (14). His mother teaches him for his expedition to Pohjola, suggests various places of concealment, and at length advises him to go for a time to a certain island, where his father once lived in peace during a year of great war (15-294).

Then did Ah, i Saarela nen,
 He the lively Lemminkäinen,
 Haste to reach a place for hiding,
 Hasten quickly to remove him
 From the gloomy land of Pohja,
 From the gloomy house of Sora.
 From the room he rushed like snowfall,
 To the yard like snake he hurried,
 That he might escape the evil,
 From the crime he had committed. 10

When he came into the courtyard,
 Then he gazed around and pondered,
 Seeking for the horse he left there,
 But he nowhere saw him standing,
 In the field a stone was standing,
 On the waste a clump of willows.
 Who will come to give him counsel,
 Who will now advise and help him,
 That his head come not in danger,
 And his hair remain uninjured, 20
 Nor his handsome hair be dragged
 In the courtyard foul of Pohja?
 In the village heard he shouting,
 Up roar too from other homesteads,
 Lights were shining in the village,
 Eyes were at the open windows.

Then must lively Lemminkainen,
Then must Ahti Saarelainen,
Alter now his shape completely,
And transform without delaying,
And must soar aloft as eagle,
Up to heaven to soar attempting;
But the sun his face was scorching,
And the moon shone on his temples.

30

Then the lively Lemminkainen,
Sent aloft a prayer to Ukko
"Ukko, Jumala most gracious,
Thou the wisest in the heavens,
Of the thunderclouds the leader,
Of the scattered clouds the ruler!
Let it now be gloomy weather,
And a little cloudlet give me,
So that under its protection
I may hasten homeward quickly,
Homeward to my dearest mother,
Unto the revered old woman."

40

As he flew upon his journey,
As he chanced to look behind him,
There he saw a hawk, a grey one,
And its eyes were fiery-glowing,
As it were the son of Pohja,
Like the former lord of Pohja.

50

And the grey hawk called unto him,
"Ahti, O my dearest brother,
Think you on our former combat,
Head to head in equal contest?"

Then said Ahti Saarelainen,
Said the handsome Kaukomieli,
"O my hawk, my bird so charming,
Turn thyself and hasten homeward,
To the place from which you started,
To the gloomy land of Pohja.
Hark it is to catch the eagle,
Clutch the strong-winged bird with talons."

60

Then he hurried quickly homeward,
Homeward to his dearest mother,

And his face was full of trouble,
And his heart with care laden

Then his mother came to meet him,

As along the path he turned, 70

As he past the fence was walking,

And his mother first bespoke him

"O my son, my son, my youngest,

Thou the strongest of my children!

Why returnest thou so sadly,

Home from Pohjola's dark regions?

Hast thou harmed thyself by drinking

At the drinking bout of Pohja?

If the goblet made thee suffer,

Here a better one awaits thee, 80

Which thy father won in battle

Which he fought for in the contest."

Said the lovely Lemminkäinen

"O my mother who hast borne me,

If the goblet made me suffer

I would overcome the masters,

Overcome a hundred heroes

And would fare a thousand heroes."

Then said Lemminkäinen's mother

"Wherefore art thou then in trouble? 90

If the horse has overcome you,

Wherefore let the horse annoy you?

If the horse has overcome you

You should be yourself a better,

With your father's life-long savings

Which the aged man provided."

Said the lovely Lemminkäinen,

"O my mother who hast borne me,

If I quarrel with the courtes

Or the sea had overcome me, 100

I myself have shamed the masters,

Outcome the heroes' drivers,

Foals and drivers I have vanquished,

And the heroes with their courtes

Then said Lemminkäinen's mother,

"Wherefore art thou then in trouble,

Wherefore is thy heart so troubled
As from Pohjola thou comest?
Have the women laughed about you,
Or the maidens ridiculed you? 110
If the women laughed about you,
Or the maidens ridiculed you,
There are maidens to be jeered at,
Other women to be laughed at."

Said the lively Lemminkainen,
"O my mother who hast borne me,
If the women laughed about me,
Or the maidens ridiculed me,
I would laugh at all their menfolk,
And would wink at all the maidens, 120
I would shame a hundred women,
And a thousand brides would make them."

Then said Lemminkainen's mother,
"What has chanced, my son, my darling,
Hast thou perhaps encountered something
As to Pohjola thou wentest?
Have you eaten perhaps too freely
Eaten much, too much have drunken,
Or at night perchance when resting
Have you seen a dream of evil?" 130

Then the lively Lemminkainen,
Answered in the words which follow -
"Perhaps old women may remember,
What in sleep they saw in vision!
Though my nightly dreams I think on,
Yet are those of daytime better
O my mother, aged woman.
Fill my bag with fresh provisions,
With a good supply of flour,
And a lump of salt add likewise, 140
For thy son must travel farther,
Journey to another country,
Journey from this house beloved,
Journey from this lovely dwelling,
For the men their swords are whetting,
And the lance-tips they are sharpening."

Then his mother interrupted,
 Asking him his cause of trouble,
 "Wherefore whet the men their sword-blades,
 Wherefore sharpen they the lance-tips?" 150

Answered lively Lemminkäinen,
 Said the handsome Kaukomies,
 "Therefore do they whet their sword-blades,
 Therefore they the lance-tips sharpen:
 On the head of me unhappy,
 On my neck to bring destruction.
 From a quarrel rose a duel,
 There in Pohjola's enclosure;
 I have slain the son of Pohja,
 Slain the very lord of Pohja, 160
 Then rose Pohjola to battle,
 Close behind me comes the tumult,
 Raging all for my destruction,
 To surround a single warrior."

Then his mother gave him answer,
 To her child the old crone answered:
 "I myself already told you,
 And I had already warned you,
 And forbidden you most strictly
 Not to Pohjola to venture. 170
 Had you stayed at home in quiet,
 Living in your mother's dwelling,
 Safely in your parent's homestead,
 In the home of her who bore thee,
 Then no war had ever risen,
 Not appeared a cause of contest.

"Whither now, my son unhappy,
 Canst thou flee, unhappy creature,
 Go to hide thee from destruction,
 Flying from thy wicked action, 180
 Lest thy wretched head be captured,
 And thy handsome neck be severed,
 That thy hair remain uninjured,
 Nor thy glossy hair downtrodden?"

Said the lively Lemminkäinen,
 "No such refuge do I know of,

Where a safe retreat awaits me.
Where I from my crime can hide me
O my mother who hast borne me,
Where do you advise my hiding?"

190

Answered Lemminkäinen's mother,
And she spoke the words which follow:
"No, I know not where to hide you,
Where to hide you or to send you.
As a pine upon the mountain,
Juniper in distant places,
There might still misfortune find thee,
Evil fate might rise against thee.
Often is the mountain pine-tree
Cut to pieces into torches,
And the juniper on heathland,
Into posts is often cloven.

200

"As a birch-tree in the valley,
Or an alder in the greenwood,
There might still misfortune find thee,
Evil fate might rise against thee.
Often is the valley birch-tree
Chopped to pieces into faggots,
Often is the alder-thicket
Cut away to make a clearing.

210

"As a berry on the mountain,
Or upon the heath a cranberry,
Or upon the plain a strawberry,
Or in other spots a bilberry,
There might still misfortune find thee,
Evil fate might rise against thee,
For the girls might come to pluck thee,
Tin-adorned ones might uproot thee.

"In the lake as pike when hiding,
Powan in slow-flowing river
There misfortune still might find thee,
And at last destruction reach thee
If there came a youthful fisher,
He might cast his net in water,
And the young in net might take thee,
And the old with net might capture.

220

"Didst thou roam as wolf in forest,
 Or a bear in rugged country,
 There might still misfortune find thee,
 Evil fate might rise against thee; 230
 If a sooty tramp was passing,
 His perchance might spear the growler,
 Or the wolves bring to destruction,
 And the forest bears might slaughter."

Then the lively Lemminkäinen
 Answered in the words which follow -

"I myself know evil places,
 Worst of all do I esteem them,
 There where any death might seize me,
 And at last destruction reach me. 240
 O my mother who hast reared me,
 Mother who thy milk hast given,
 Whither would'st thou bid me hide me,
 Whither should I now conceal me?
 Death's wide jaws are just before me,
 At my beard destruction's standing,
 Every day for me it waiteth,
 Till my ruin is accomplished."

Then said Lemminkäinen's mother,
 And she spoke the words which follow: 250

"I can tell the best of places,
 Tell you one the best of any,
 Where to hide yourself completely,
 And your crime conceal for ever,
 For I know a little country,
 Know a very little refuge,
 Wasted not, and safe from battle,
 And untrodden by the swordsmen.
 Swear me now by oaths eternal,
 Binding, free from all deception, 260
 In the course of sixty summers,
 Nevermore to go to battle,
 Neither for the love of silver,
 Nor perchance if gold was needed."

Then said lively Lemminkäinen,
 "Now I swear by oaths the strongest,

Never in the first of summers,
Nor in any other summer,
Mix myself in mighty battles,
In the clashing of the sword-blades. 270
Wounds are still upon my shoulders,
In my breast deep wounds still rankle,
From my former battle-pleasures,
In the midst of all the tumult,
In the midst of mighty battles,
Where the heroes all contended."

Then did Lemminkäinen's mother
Answer in the words which follow

"Take the boat your father left you,
And make yourself to sailing, 280
Traverse nine lakes in succession,
Half the tenth one must thou traverse,
To an island on its surface,
Where the cliffs arise from water
There in former times your father
Hid, and kept himself in safety,
In the furious fights of summer,
In the hardest years of battle.
There you'll find a pleasant dwelling,
And a charming place to linger. 290
Hd. thyse f a year, a second,
In the third year come thou homeward,
To your father's well-known homestead,
To the dwelling of your parents."

RUNO XXIX.—LEMMINKAINEN'S ADVENTURES ON
THE ISLAND

Argument

Lemminkäinen sails across the lakes in his boat and comes safely to the island (1-180). There he lives pleasantly among the girls and women till the return of the men from warfare, who conspire against him (181-290). Lemminkäinen flies from the island, much to the grief both of the girls and himself (291-402). His boat is wrecked in a violent storm but he escapes by swimming to land, makes a new boat, and arrives safely on the shores of his own country (403-452). He finds his old house burned, and the whole surroundings laid waste, when he begins to weep and lament, especially for the loss of his mother (453-514). His mother, however, is still alive, having taken refuge in a thick forest where Lemminkäinen finds her to his great joy (515-546). She relates how the army of Pohjola came and burned down the house. Lemminkäinen promises to build a finer house after he has revenged himself upon the people of Pohjola, and describes his pleasant life in the island of refuge 547-602.

LEMMINKAINEN, youth so lively,
He the handsome Kaukomieh,
Took provisions in his satchel,
In his wallet summer butter,
Butter for a year to last him,
For another, pork sufficient,
Then he travelled off to hide him,
Started in the greatest hurry,
And he said the words which follow
"Now I go, and I'm escaping," 10
For the space of three whole summers,
And for five years in succession,
Be the land to snakes abandoned,
Let the lynxes snarl in greenwood,
In the fields the reindeer wander
In the brakes the geese conceal them.
"Fare thee well, my dearest mother,
If the people come from Pohja,
From Pimentola the army,
And about my head they ask you, 20

Runo XXIX] Lemminkainen's Adventures 41

Say that I have fled before them,
And have taken my departure,
And I have laid waste my clearing,
That which I had reaped so lately."

Then he pushed his boat in water,
On the waves he launched his vessel,
From the rollers steel he launched it,
From the haven lined with copper
On the mast the sails he hoisted,
And he spread the sails of linen,
At the stern himself he seated,
And prepared him for his journey,
Sitting by his birchwood rudder,
With the stern-oar deftly steering.

30

Then he spoke the words which follow,
And in words like these expressed him :

"Wind, inflate the sails above me,
Wind of spring, drive on the vessel,
Drive with speed the wooden vessel,
Onward drive the boat of pine-wood
Forward to the nameless island,
And the nameless promontory."

40

So the wind the bark drove onward,
O'er the foaming lake 'twas driven,
O'er the bright expanse of water,
Speeding o'er the open water.
Rocking while two moons were changing,
Till a third was near its ending.

At the cape were maidens sitting,
There upon the blue lake's margin
They were gazing, and were casting
Glances o'er the azure billows.
One was waiting for her brother,
And another for her father,
But the others all were waiting,
Waiting each one for a lover.

50

In the distance spied they Kauko,
Sooner still the boat of Kauko,
Like a little cloud in distance,
Just between the sky and water.

60

And the island-maids reflected,
 Said the maidens of the island
 "What's this strange thing in the water,
 What this wonder on the billows?
 If a boat of our relations,
 Sailing vessel of our island,
 Hasten then, and speed thee homeward,
 To the harbour of the island
 That we hear the tidings quick y
 Hear the news from foreign countries,
 If there's peace among the shore-folk,
 Or if war is waged among them."

70

So the wind the sail inflated,
 And the billows drove the vessel.
 Then the lively Lemminka nen
 Guided to the isle the vessel.
 To the island's end he drove it,
 Where it ends in jutting headland.

And he said on his arrival,
 To the cape as he was coming,
 "Is there room upon this island,
 On the surface of the island
 Where the boat may land upon it,
 And to dry land I may bring it?"

80

Said the girls upon the island,
 And the island-maidens answered:
 "There is room upon this island,
 On the surface of the island
 Where the boat may land upon it,
 And to dry land you may bring it.
 There are harbours for the vessel,
 On the beach sufficient rollers
 To receive a hundred vessels,
 Though the boats should come by thousands."

90

Then the lively Lemminkainen
 On the land drew up his vessel,
 On the wooden rollers laid it,
 And he spoke the words which follow:
 "Is there room upon this island,
 On the surface of the island,

100

Rune XXIX] Lemminkäinen's Adventures 43

Where a little man may hide him,
And a weak man may take refuge
From the din of furious battle,
And the clash of steely sword-blades?"

Said the girls upon the island,
And the island-maidens answered:
"There is room upon this island,
On the surface of the island,
Where a little man may hide him,
And a weak man may conceal him.

119

Here are very many castles,
Stately castles to reside in,
Though there came a hundred heroes,
And a thousand men of valour."

Said the lively Lemminkäinen,
And he spoke the words which follow:

"Is there room upon this island,
On the surface of the island,
Where there stands a larch-tree forest,
And a stretch of other country,
Where I perhaps may make a clearing,
Work upon my goodly clearing?"

120

Said the girls upon the island,
And the island-maidens answered:
"There is not up on this island,
On the surface of the island,
Not the space your back could rest on,
Land not of a bushel's measure,
Where you perhaps might make a clearing,
Work upon your goodly clearing.

130

All the land is now divided,
And the fields in plots are measured,
And allotted are the fallows,
Grassland managed by the commune."

Said the lively Lemminkäinen,
Asked the handsome Kaakomeli,
"Is there room upon this island,
On the surface of the island
Space where I my songs may carol,
Space where I may sing my ballads?"

140

Words within my mouth are melting,
And between my gums are sprouting."

Said the girls upon the island,
And the island-maidens answered:
"There is room upon this island,
On the surface of the island,
Space where you may sing your ballads,
And intone your splendid verses,
While you sport amid the greenwood,
While you dance among the meadows."

150

Then the lively Lemminkäinen
Hastened to commence his singing
In the court sang mountain-ashtrees,
In the farmyard oaks grew upward.
On the oaks were equal branches,
And on every branch an acorn.
Golden globes within the acorns,
And upon the globes were cuckoos
When the cuckoos all were calling,
From their mouths was gold distilling,
From their beaks was copper flowing,
Likewise silver pouring onward
To the hills all golden-shining,
And among the silver mountains.

160

Once again sang Lemminkäinen,
Once again he sang and chanted,
Gravel sang to pearls of beauty,
All the stones to gleaming lustre,
All the stones to glowing redness,
And the flowers to golden glory

170

Then again sang Lemminkäinen,
In the yard a well created,
O'er the well a golden cover,
And on this a golden bucket,
That the lads might drink the water,
And their sisters wash their faces.
Ponds he sang upon the meadows,
In the ponds blue ducks were floating,
Temples golden, beads of silver,
And their claws were all of copper.

180

R 110 XXIX] Lemminkainen's Adventures 45

Then the island-maidens wondered,
 And the girls were all astounded
 At the songs of Lemminkainen,
 And the craft of that great hero.
 Said the lively Lemminkainen
 Spoke the handsome Kaukomies,
 "I have sung a song most splendid
 But perchance might sing a better,
 If beneath a roof I sang it,
 At the end of the deal table. 190
 If a house you cannot give me,
 There to rest upon the plank, ay,
 I will ham my tunes in forest,
 Toss my songs among the bushes."
 Said the maidens of the island,
 Answered after full reflection
 "There are houses you may enter
 Handsome halls that you may dwell in,
 Safe from cold to sing your verses,
 In the open speak your magic." 200
 Then the lively Lemminkainen,
 Entered in a house directly
 Where he sang a row of pint-pots,
 At the end of the long table.
 All the pots with ale were brimming,
 And the cans with mead the finest,
 Filled as full as one could fill them,
 Dishes filled to overflowing.
 In the pots was beer in plenty,
 And the mead in covered tankards, 210
 Butter too, in great abundance,
 Pork was likewise there in plenty,
 For the feast of Lemminkainen,
 And for Kaukomies's pleasure.
 Kauko was of finest manners,
 Nor to eat was he accustomed,
 Only with a knife of silver,
 Hilted with a golden handle.
 So he sang a knife of silver,
 And a golden-hilted knife-blade, 220

And he ate til he was sated,
Drank the ale in full contentment.

Then the lively Lemminkäinen,
Roamed about through every village,
For the island-maidens' pleasure,
To delight the braidless damsels,
And where'er his head was turning,
There he found a mouth for kissing,
Wheresoe'er his hand was outstretched,
There he found a hand to clasp it.

230

And at night he went to rest him,
Hiding in the darkest corner;
There was not a single village
Where he did not find ten homesteads,
There was not a single homestead
Where he did not find ten daughters,
There was none among the daughters,
None among the mother's children,
By whose side he did not stretch him,
On whose arm he did not rest him.

240

Thus a thousand brides he found there,
Rested by a hundred widows;
Two in half-a-score remained not,
Three in a completed hundred,
Whom he left untouched as maidens,
Or as widows unmolested.

Thus the lively Lemminkäinen
Lived a life of great enjoyment,
For the course of three whole summers
In the island's pleasant hamlets,
To the island-maidens' rapture,
The content of all the widows;
One alone he did not trouble,
'Twas a poor and aged maiden,
At the furthest promontory
In the tenth among the hamlets.

250

As he pondered on his journey,
And resolved to wend him homeward,
Came the poor and aged maiden,
And she spoke the words which follow:

260

Runo XXIX] Lemminkainen's Adventures 47

" Handsome hero, wretched Kauko,
If you will not think upon me,
Then I wish that as you travel,
May your boat on rocks be stranded."

Rose he not before the cockcrow,
Nor before the hen's child rose he,
From his sporting with the maiden,
Laughing with the wretched woman.

Then upon a day it happened,
And upon a certain evening, 270
He resolved to rise and wander
Waiting not for morn or cockcrow.

Long before the time he rose up,
Sooner than the time intended
And he went around to wander,
And to wander through the village,
For his sporting with the damsels,
To amuse the wretched women

As alone by night he wandered,
Through the villages he sauntered 280
To the isle's extremest headland,
To the tenth among the hamlets,
He beheld not any homestead
Where three rooms he did not notice,
There was not a room among them
Where he did not see three heroes,
And he saw not any hero,
With a sword-blade left unwhetted,
Sharpened thus to bring destruction
On the head of Lemminkainen. 290

Then the lively Lemminkainen
Spoke aloud the words which follow:
" Woe to me, the day is dawning,
And the pleasant sun is rising
O'er a youth, of all most wretched,
O'er the neck of me unhappy !
Lempo may perchance a hero
With his shut protect and cover,
Perhaps will cover with his mantle,
Cast it round him for protection 300

Though a hundred men attacked him,
And a thousand pressed upon him "

Unembraced he left the maidens,
And he left them unmolested.
And he turned him to his vessel,
Luckless to his boat he turned,
But he found it burned to ashes,
Utterly consumed to ashes.

 Machief now he saw approaching,
O'er his head ill days were brooding, 310
So began to build a vessel,
And a new boat to construct him.

 Wood was failing to the craftsman,
Boards with which a boat to fashion,
But he found of wood a little,
Begged some wretched bits of boarding,
Five small splinters of a spindle,
And six fragments of a bobbin.

 So from these a boat he fashioned,
And a new boat he constructed, 320
By his magic art he made it,

With his secret knowledge made it,
Hammered once, one side he fashioned,
Hammered twice, called up the other,
Hammered then a third time only,
And the boat was quite completed,
Then he pushed the boat in water,
On the waves he launched the vessel,
And he spoke the words which follow,
And expressed himself in thiswise 330

" Float like badder on the water,
On the waves like water-lily
Eagle, give me now three leathers,
Eagle, three, and two from raven,
For the wretched boat's protection.
For the wretched vessel's bow-works."

 Then he stepped upon the planking,
At the stern he took his station,
Head bowed down, in deep depression,
And his cap awry adjusted, 340

Rune XXIX.] Lemminkäinen's Adventures 49

Since by night he dare not tarry
Nor by day could linger longer
For the island-maidens' pleasure,
Sporting with unbraided damsels.

Spoke the lively Lemminkäinen,
Said the handsome Kaukomeli
"Now the youth must take departure,
And must travel from these dwellings,
Joyless leave behind these damsels,
Dance no longer with the fair ones. 350
Surely when I have departed,
And have left this land behind me,
Never will rejoice these damsels,
Nor unbraided girls be jesting,
In their homes so full of sadness.
In the courtyards now so dreary."

Wept the island girls already
Damsels at the cape lamented:
"Wherefore goest thou, Lemminkäinen,
And departest, hero-bridegroom? 360
Dost thou go for maidens' coyness,
Or for scarcity of women?"

Spoke the lively Lemminkäinen,
Said the handsome Kaukomeli,
"'Tis not for the maidens' coyness,
Nor the scarcity of women.
I have had a hundred women,
And embraced a thousand maidens,
Thou departest Lemminkäinen
Quits you thus your hero-bridegroom, 370
Since the great desire has seized me,
Longing for my native country,
Longing for my own land's strawberries,
For the woods where grow the raspberries,
For the maidens on the headland,
And the poultry of my farmyard."

Then the lively Lemminkäinen
Pushed into the waves the vessel,
Blew the wind, and then it blustered,
Rising waves drove on the vessel 380

O'er the blue lake's shining surface,
And across the open water

On the beach there stood the sad ones,
On the shingles the unhappy,
And the island girls were weeping,
And the golden maids lamenting.
Wept for long the island-maidens,
Dawseers on the cape lamented,
Long as they could see the masthead,
And the ironwork was gleaming.
But they wept not for the masthead,
Nor bewailed the iron fittings,
By the mast they wept the steersman,
He who wrought the iron fittings.

390

Lemminkäinen too was weeping,
Long he wept, and long was saddened,
Long as he could see the island,
Or the outline of its mountains;
But he wept not for the island,
Nor lamented for the mountains,
But he wept the island-dawseers,
For the mountain geese lamented.

400

Then the lively Lemminkäinen
O'er the blue lake took his journey,
And he voyaged one day, a second,
And at length upon the third day
Rose a furious wind against him,
And the whole horizon thundered.
Rose a great wind from the north-west,
And a strong wind from the north-east,
Struck one side and then the other,
Thus the vessel overturning

410

Then the lively Lemminkäinen
Plunged his hands into the water,
Rowing forward with his fingers,
While his feet he used for steering

Thus he swam by night and daytime
And with greatest skill he steered him,
And a little cloud perceived he,
In the west a cloud projecting,

420

Rune XXIX] Lemminkäinen's Adventures 51

Which to solid land was changing,
And became a promontory

On the cape he found a homestead,
Where he found the mistress baking,
And her daughters dough were kneading

"O thou very gracious mistress,
If you but perceived my hunger,
Thought upon my sad condition,
You would hurry to the storehouse,
To the alehouse like a snowstorm, 430
And a can of ale would fetch me,
And a strip of pork would fetch me,
In the pan would broil it for me,
And would pour some butter on it,
That the weary man might eat it,
And the fainting hero drink it.
Nights and days have I been swimming
Out upon the broad lake's billows,
With the wind as my protector,
At the mercy of the lake-waves." 440

Thereupon the gracious mistress
Hastened to the mountain storehouse,
Sliced some butter in the storehouse,
And a slice of pork provided,
In the pan thereafter broiled it,
That the hungry man might eat it.
Then she fetched of ale a canful,
For the fainting hero's drinking,
And she gave him a new vessel,
And a boat completely finished, 450
Which to other lands should take him,
And convey him to his birthplace

Then the lively Lemminkäinen
Started on his homeward journey,
Saw the lands and saw the benches,
Here the islands, there the channels,
Saw the ancient landing-stages,
Saw the former dwelling-places.
And he saw the pine-clad mountains,
All the hills with fir-trees covered, 460

But he found no more his homestead,
And the walls he found not standing;
Where the house before was standing,
Rusted now a cherry-thicket,
On the mound were pine-trees growing,
Jan per beside the well-spring.

Spoke the lively Lemminkäinen,
Said the handsome Kaukomieh,
"I have roamed among these forests,
O'er the stones, and plunged in river, 470
And have played about the meadows,
And have wandered through the cornfields.
Who has spoiled my well-known homestead,
And destroyed my charming dwelling?
They have burned the house to ashes,
And the winds dispersed the ashes."

Thereupon he fell to weeping,
And he wept one day, a second,
But he wept not for the homestead,
Nor lamented for the storehouse, 480
But he wept the house's treasure,
Dearer to him than the storehouse,

Then he saw a bird was flying,
And a golden eagle hovering,
And he then began to ask it:
"O my dearest golden eagle,
Can you not perchance inform me,
What has happened to my mother,
To the fair one who has borne me,
To my dear and much-loved mother?" 490

Nothing knew the eagle of her,
Nor the stupid bird could tell him,
Only knew that she had perished,
Said a raven she had fallen,
And had died beneath the sword-blades,
Neath the battle-axes fallen.

Answered lively Lemminkäinen,
Said the handsome Kaukomieh
"O my fair one who hast borne me,
O my dear and much-loved mother! 500

Rune XXIX' Lemminkainen's Adventures 53

Hast thou perished, who hast borne me,
Hast thou gone. O tender mother?
Now thy flesh in earth has rotted,
Fir-trees o'er thy head are growing,
Jumper upon thy ankles
On thy finger-tips are willows

"Thus my wretched doom has found me,
And an ill reward has reached me,
That my sword I dared to measure,
And I dared to raise my weapons
There in Pohjola's great castle,
In the fields of Pimenmaa.
But my own race now has perished,
Perished now is she who bore me."

510

Then he looked, and turned on all sides.
And he saw a trace of footsteps,
Where the grass was lightly tramped
And the heath was slightly broken
Then he went the way they led him,
And he found a little pathway;
To the forest led the pathway,
And he went in that direction

520

Thus he walked a verst, a second,
Turned through a stretch of country,
And in darkest shades of forest,
In the most conceal'd recesses,
There he saw a hidden bath-house,
Saw a little cottage hidden,
In a cleft two rocks protected.
In a nook between three fir-trees;
There he saw his tender mother
There beheld the aged woman.

530

Then the lively Lemminkainen,
Felt rejoiced beyond all measure,
And he spoke the words which follow,
And in words like these expressed him:
"O my very dearest mother,
O my mother who hast nursed me,
Thou art living still, O mother,
Watchful still, my aged mother I

540

Yet I thought that thou had'st perished,
And wast lost to me for ever
Perished underneath the sword-blades,
Or beneath the spears had'st fallen,
And I wept my pretty eyes out,
And my handsome cheeks were ruined.*

Then said Lemminkäinen's mother,
"True it is that I am living,
But was forced to fly my dwelling,
And to seek a place of hiding
In this dark and gloomy forest,
In the most concealed recesses,
When came Pohja a to baltic,
Murderous hosts from distant countries,
Seeking but for thee, unhappy,
And our home they laid in ruins,
And they burned the house to ashes,
And they wasted all the holding."

550

Said the lively Lemminkäinen
"O my mother who hast borne me,
Do not give thyself to sadness,
Be not sad, and be not troubled
We will now erect fresh buildings,
Better buildings than the others,
And I will wage a war with Pohja,
Overthrowing Lempo's people."

560

Then said Lemminkäinen's mother
Answer in the words which follow
"Long hast thou, my son, been absent,
Long, my Kauko, hast been living
In a distant foreign country,
Always in the doors of strangers,
On a nameless promontory,
And upon an unknown island."

570

Answered lively Lemminkäinen,
Said the handsome Kaukomieli,
"There to dwell was very pleasant,
Charming was it there to wander
There the trees are crimson-shining,
Red the trees, and blue the country,

580

Rune XXX} Lemminkäinen and Tiera 55

And the pine-boughs shine like silver,
 And the flowers of heath all golden,
 And the mountains are of honey,
 And the rocks are made of hens' eggs,
 Flows the mead from withered pine-trees,
 Milk flows from the barren fir-trees,
 Butter flows from corner fences,
 From the posts the ale is flowing
 ' There to dwell was very pleasant,
 Lovely was it to reside there, 590
 Afterwards 'twas bad to live there,
 And unfit for me to live there
 They were anxious for the maidens,
 And suspicious of the women,
 Lest the miserable wenches,
 And the fat and wicked creatures,
 Might by me be badly treated,
 Visited too much at night time.
 But I hid me from the maidens,
 And the women's daughters guarded 600
 Just as hides the wolf from porkers,
 Or the hawks from village poultry."

RUNE XXX—LEMMINKÄINEN AND TIIRA

Argument

Lemminkäinen goes to seek his former comrade-in-arms, Tiera, to join him in an expedition against Pohjola (1122). The Mistress of Pohjola sends the Frost against them, who freezes the boat in the sea, and almost freezes the heroes themselves in the boat, but that Lemminkäinen rescues us by powerful charms and invocations (1123-316). Lemminkäinen and his companion walk across the ice to the shore, wander about in the waste for a long time in a miserable plight, and at last make their way home (317-400).

ANTI, youth for ever youthful,
 Lemminkäinen young and lively,
 Very early in the morning,
 In the very earliest morning,

Sauntered downward to the boathouse,
To the landing-stage he wandered.

There a wooden boat was weeping,
Boat with iron rowlocks graving,
"Here am I, for sailing ready,
But, O wretched one, rejected.
Abû rows not forth to battle,
For the space of sixty summers,
Neither for the lust of silver
Or if need of gold should drive him."

10

Then the lively Lemminkäinen
Struck his glove upon the vessel,
With his coloured glove he struck it,
And he said the words which follow:
"Care thou not, O deck of pine-wood,
Nor lament, O timber-sided
Thou once more shalt go to battle,
And shalt mingle in the combat
Shalt again be filled with warriors,
Ere to-morrow shalt be ended."

20

Then he went to seek his mother,
And he said the words which follow:
"Do not weep for me, O mother,
Nor lament, thou aged woman,
If I once again must wander
And again must go to battle;
For my mind resolve has taken
And a plan my brain has seized on,
To destroy the folk of Pohja,
And revenge me on the scoundrels."

30

To restrain him sought his mother,
And the aged woman warned him:
"Do not go, my son, my dearest,
Thus against Pohjola to combat!
There perchance might death overcome thee,
And destruction fall upon thee."

40

Little troubled Lemminkäinen,
But he thought on his departure,
And he started on his journey.
And he spoke the words which follow:

" Can I find another hero,
Find a man, and find a swordsman,
Who will join in Ahti's battle,
And with all his strength will aid me ?

" Well is Tiera known unto me,
Well with Kuusa I'm acquainted, 50
He will be a second hero,
He is a hero and a swordsman.
He will join in Ahti's battle,
And with all his strength will aid me "

Through the villages he wandered,
Found his way to Tiera's homestead,
And he said on his arrival,
Spoke the object of his coming :

" O my Tiera, faithful comrade,
Of my friends most loved and dearest, 60
Thinkest thou on days departed,
On the life we lived aforetime,
When we wandered forth together
To the fields of mighty battles ?
There was not a single village
Where ten houses were not numbered,
There was none among the houses,
Where ten heroes were not living.
There was none among the heroes,
Not a man, however valiant, 70
None who did not fall before us.
By us twain who was not slaughtered."

At the window worked the father,
And a spear-shaft he was carving,
By the threshold stood the mother,
Busy as she churned the butter,
At the door the ruddy brothers,
And they wrought a sledge's framework ;
At the bridge-end stood the sisters.
And the clothes they there were wringing. 80

From the window spoke the father,
And the mother from the threshold,
From the door the ruddy brothers,
From the bridge-end spoke the sisters.

"Tiera cannot go to battle,
 Nor may strike with spear in warfare,
 Other duties call for Tiera,
 He has made a life-long compact,
 For a young wife has he taken
 As the mistress of his household,
 But untouched is she at present,
 Uncaressed is still her bosom."

90

By the stove was Tiera resting,
 By the stove-side Kaura rested,
 At the stove one foot he booted,
 And the other at the stove-bench,
 At the gale his belt he tightened,
 In the open girt it round him,
 Then did Tiera grasp his spear-shaft,
 Not the largest of the largest,
 Nor the smallest of the smallest,
 But a spear of mid dimensions,
 On the blade a steed was standing,
 On the side a foal was trotting,
 At the joint a wolf was howling,
 At the haft a bear was growling.

100

Thus his spear did Tiera brandish,
 And he brandished it to whirling,
 Hured it then to fathom-deepness
 In the stiff clay of the cornfield,
 In a bare spot of the meadow,
 In a flat spot free from hillocks.

110

Then his spear was placed by Tiera
 With the other spears of Ahti,
 And he went and made him ready
 Swift to join in Ahti's battle.

Then did Ahti Saareainen
 Push his boat into the water,
 Like a snake in grass when creeping,
 Even like a living serpent,
 And he sailed away to north-west,
 On the lake that borders Pohja.

120

Then did Pohjoia's old Mistress
 Call the wicked Frost to aid her,

On the lake that borders Pohja,
 On the deep and open water,
 And she said the words which follow,
 Thus she spoke and thus commanded :
 " O my Frost, my boy so little,
 O thou foster-child I nurtured ! 130
 Go thou forth where I shall bid thee,
 Where I bid thee, and I send thee.
 Freeze the boat of the great scoundrel,
 Boat of ivily Lemminkäinen,
 On the lake's extended surface,
 On the deep and open water,
 Freeze thou too the master in it,
 Freeze thou in the boat the rascal,
 That he nevermore escape thee,
 In the course of all his lifetime, 140
 If myself I do not loose him,
 If myself I do not free him "

Then the Frost, that wicked fellow,
 And a youth the most malicious,
 Went upon the lake to freeze it,
 And upon the waves he brooded.
 Forth he went, as he was ordered
 And upon the land he wandered,
 But the leaves from off the branches,
 Grass from off the flowerless meadows. 150

Then he came upon his journey
 To the lake that borders Pohja,
 To the endless waste of water,
 And upon the first night on y
 Froze the boys and froze the lakelets,
 Hurried forward on the seashore,
 But the lake was still unfrozen,
 And the waves were still unstiffened.
 If a smail-fish swam the water,
 On the waves a water-wagtail, 160
 Still its claws remained unfrozen,
 And its little head unstiffened

On the second night, however,
 He began his work more strong y,

Growing insolent extremely
 And he now grew most terrific,
 Then the ice on ice he loaded,
 And the great Frost still was freezing,
 And with ice he clothed the mountains,
 Scattered snow to height of spear shaft, 170
 Froze the boat upon the water,
 Ahti's vessel on the billows,
 Then he would have frozen Ahti,
 And in ice his feet would fasten,
 And he seized upon his fingers,
 And beneath his toes attacked him
 Angry then was Lemminkäinen,
 Very angry and indignant,
 Pushed the Frost into the fire,
 Pushed him in an iron furnace 180

With his hands the Frost then seized he,
 Grasped him in his fists securely,
 And he spake the words which follow,
 And in words like these expressed him :
 " Pakkari, Puhuri's offspring,
 Thou the son of cold of winter,
 Do not make my fingers frozen,
 Nor my little toes thus stiffen.
 Let my ears remain unhindered,
 Do not freeze my head upon me. 190

" There's enough that may be frozen,
 Much is left you for your freezing,
 Though the skins of men you freeze not,
 Nor the forms of mother's children
 Be the plains and marshes frozen,
 Freeze the stones to frozen coldness,
 Freeze the willows near the water,
 Grasp the aspen till it murmurs,
 Peel the bark from off the hark-tree,
 And the pine trees break in pieces. 200
 But the men you shall not trouble,
 Nor the hair of mother's children

If this is not yet sufficient,
 Other things remain for freezing

Thou may'st freeze the stones when heated,
 And the slabs of stone when glowing,
 Thou may'st freeze the iron mountains,
 And the rocks of steely hardness,
 And the mighty river Vuoksi,
 Or the Imatra terrific, 210
 Stop the course of raging whirlpool,
 Foaming in its utmost fury.

"Shall I tell you of your lineage,
 And shall I make known your honours?
 Surely do I know thy lineage,
 All I know of thine upbringing;
 For the Frost was born 'mid willows,
 Nurtured in the sharpest weather,
 Near to Pohjola's great homestead,
 Near the hall of Pimentola, 220
 Sprung from father, ever crime-stained,
 And from a most wicked mother

"Who was it the Frost who suckled,
 Bathed him in the glowing weather?
 Milkless wholly was his mother,
 And his mother wholly breastless.

"Adders 'twas the Frost who suckled,
 Adders suckled, serpents fed him,
 Suckled with their pointless nipples,
 Suckled with their dried-up udders, 230
 And the Northwind rocked his cradle,
 And to rest the cold air soothed him,
 In the wretched willow-thicket,
 In the midst of quaking marshes.

"And the boy was reared up vicious,
 Led an evil life destructive,
 But as yet no name was given,
 To a boy so wholly worthless,
 When at length a name was given,
 Frost it was they called the scoundrel, 240

"Then he wandered by the hedges,
 Always dancing in the bushes,
 Wading through the swamps in summer
 On the broadest of the marshes,

Roaring through the pines in winter,
Crying out among the fir-trees,
Crashing through the woods of birch-trees,
Sweeping through the alder thickets,
Freezing all the trees and grasses,
Making level all the meadows. 250
From the trees he bit the foliage,
From the heather bit the blossoms,
Cracked the bark from off the pine-trees,
And the twigs from off the fir-trees.

"Now that thou hast grown to greatness,
And attained thy fullest stature,
Darest thou me with cold to threaten,
And to seize my ears attemptest,
To attack my feet beneath me,
And my finger-tips attacking? 260

"But I shall not let you freeze me.
Not to miserably freeze me,
Fire I'll thrust into my stockings,
In my boots thrust burning firebrands,
In the seams thrust burning embers,
Fire will thrust beneath my shoestrings,
That the Frost may never freeze me,
Nor the sharpest weather harm me.

"Thither will I now condemn thee,
To the furthest bounds of Pohja, 270
To the place from whence thou camest,
To the home from whence thou camest.
Freeze upon the fire the kettles,
And the coals upon the hearthstone,
In the dough the hands of women,
And the boy in young wife's bosom,
In the ewes the milk congeal thou,
And in mares let foals be frozen.

"If to this thou pay'st no heedings,
Then indeed will I condemn thee 280
To the midst of coals of Husi,
Even to the hearth of Lempo,
Thrust thee there into the furnace,
Lay thee down upon the anvil,

Unprotected from the hammer,
 From the pounding of the hammer,
 That the hammer beat thee helpless,
 And the hammer beat thee sorely.

"If this will not overcome thee,
 And my spears are insufficient, 290
 Still I know another station,
 Know a fitting station for thee
 I will lead thy mouth to summer,
 And thy tongue to home of summer,
 Whence thou never canst release thee,
 In the course of all thy lifetime,
 If I do not give thee freedom,
 And I should myself release thee."

Then the Frost, the son of Northwind,
 Felt that he was near destruction, 300
 Whereupon he prayed for mercy
 And he spoke the words which follow.
 "Let us understand each other,
 Nor the one the other injure,
 In the course of all our lifetime,
 While the golden moon is shining.

"Should'st thou hear that I would freeze you,
 Or again should crush thee,
 Thrust me then into the furnace,
 Sink me in the blazing fire, 310
 In the smith's coals do thou sink me,
 Under Ilmarinen's anvil,
 Or my mouth to summer turn thou,
 And my tongue to home of summer,
 Never more release to hope for,
 In the course of all my lifetime."

Then the lovely Lemminkäinen
 Left his vessel to the ice flies,
 Left his captured ship of battle,
 And proceeded on his journey; 320
 Tiera too, the other hero,
 Followed in his comrade's footsteps.

O'er the level ice they wandered,
 Neath their feet the smooth ice crunching,

And they walked one day, a second,
And at length upon the third day,
Then they saw a cape of hunger,
And afar a wretched village.

'Neath the cape there stood a castle,
And they spoke the words which follow 330
"Is there meat within the castle,
Is there fish within the household.
For the worn and weary heroes.
And the men who faint with hunger?"
Meat was none within the castle,
Nor was fish within the household.

Spoke the lively Lemminkäinen,
Said the handsome Kaskomies,
"Fire consume this wretched castle.
Water sweep away such castles." 340

He himself pursued his journey,
Pushing onward through the forest,
On a path with houses nowhere,
On a pathway that he knew not.

Then the lively Lemminkäinen,
He the handsome Kaskomies,
Shore the wood from stones in passing,
From the rocks the hair he gathered,
And he wove it into stockings,
Into mittens quickly wrought it, 350
In the nightly colds downy,
Where the frost was freezing all things.

On he went to seek a pathway
Searching for the right direction.
Through the wood the pathway led him,
Led him in the right direction.

Spoke the lively Lemminkäinen,
Said the handsome Kaskomies,
'O my dearest brother Tiera,
Now at length we're coming somewhere, 360
Now that days and months we've wandered,
In the open air for ever."

Then said Tiera make him answer,
And he spoke the words which follow;

"We unhappy sought for vengeance,
 Recklessly we sought for vengeance,
 Rushing forth to mighty conflict
 In the gloomy land of Pohja
 There our lives to bring in danger,
 Rushing to our own destruction,
 In this miserable country,
 On a pathway that we knew not, 370

' Never is it known unto us,
 Never known and never guessed at,
 What the pathway is that leads us,
 Or the road that may conduct us
 To our death at edge of forest,
 Or on heath to meet destruction,
 Here in the abode of ravens.
 In the fields by crows frequented 380

" And the ravens here are flocking,
 And the evil birds are croaking,
 And the flesh the birds are tearing,
 And with blood the crows are sated,
 And the ravens' beaks are moistened
 In the wounds of us, the wretched,
 To the rocks our bones they carry,
 And upon the stones they cast them

" Ah, my hapless mother knows not,
 Never she, with pain who bore me, 390
 Where her flesh may now be carried,
 And her blood may now be flowing,
 Whether in the furious battle,
 In the equal strife of foemen,
 Or upon a snake's broad surface
 On the far-extending t flows,
 Or on hills with pine-cones loaded.
 Wandering 'mid the fallen branches

" And my mother can know nothing
 Of her son, the most unhappy 400
 Only know that he has perished,
 Only know that he has fallen
 And my mother thus will weep me,
 Thus lament, the aged woman

"Thus my hapless son has perished,
 And the wretched one has fallen
 He has sown the seed of Tuoni,
 Harrows now in Kama's country
 Perhaps the son I love so dearly,
 Perhaps my son, O me unhappy 410
 Leaves his bows untouched for ever,
 Leaves his handsome bows to rust,
 Now the birds may live securely,
 In the leaves the grouse may flutter,
 Bears may live their lives of rapine,
 In the fields the reindeer roll them."

Answered lively Lemminkäinen,
 Said the handsome Kaukoniemi
 "Thus it is, unhappy mother 420
 Thou unhappy, who hast borne me!
 Thou a flight of doves hast nurtured,
 Quite a flock of swans hast nurtured,
 Rose the wind, and all were scattered,
 Jampo came, and he dispersed them,
 One in one place, one in other,
 And a third in yet another

"I remember times aforetime,
 And the better days remember,
 How like flowers we gathered round thee,
 In one home and, just like berries. 430
 Many gazed upon our figures
 And admired our forms so handsome,
 Otherwise than in the present,
 In this time so full of evil.
 Once the wind was our acquaintance,
 And the sun was gazing on us
 Now the clouds are gathering round us,
 And the rain has overheard us,
 But we let not trouble vex us,
 Even in our greatest sorrow 440
 Though the birds were living hardly,
 And the brainless mads were cackling
 And the women all were laughing
 And the brides were sweet as honey,

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Tearless, spite of all vexation,
And unshaken when in trouble.

"But we are not here enchanted
Not bewitched, and not enchanted.
Here upon the paths to perish,
Sinking down upon our journey, 450
In our youth to sadly perish.
In our bloom to meet destruction.

"Let those whom the sorcerers harassed
And bewitched with eyes of evil,
Let them make their journey homeward,
And regain their native country
Be the sorcerers' selves enchanted,
And with songs bewitched their children;
Let their race for ever perish,
And their race be brought to ruin. 460

"Ne'er in former times my father,
Never has my aged father
Yielded to a sorcerer's orders,
Or the wiles of Lapiand's children.
Thus my father spoke aforetime,
And I now repeat his sayings
'Guard me, O thou kind Creator,
Guard me, Jumala most gracious,
Aid me with thy hand of mercy
With thy mighty power protect me, 470
From the plots of men of evil,
And the thoughts of aged women,
And the curses of the bearded,
And the curses of the beardless,
Grant us now thy aid eternal,
Be our ever-faithful guardian,
That no child be taken from us,
And no mother's child shall wander
From the path of the Creator
Which by Jumala was fashioned.'"
480

Then the lively Lemminkäinen,
He the handsome Kaukomieli,
From his care constructed horses,
Coursers black composed from trouble,

Runa from evil days he fashioned,
 Saddles from his secret sorrows,
 Then his horse's back he mounted,
 On his white front courser mounted,
 And he rode upon his journey,
 At his side his faithful Tiera, 490
 And I along the shores he journeyed,
 On the sandy shores proceeded,
 Till he reached his tender mother,
 Reached the very aged woman
 Now will I a arlon Karko,
 Long from out my song will leave him,
 But he showed the way to Tiera,
 Sent him on his homeward journey
 Now my song aside will wander,
 While I turn to other matters. 500

RUNO XXXI UNTAMO AND KULLERVO

Argument

Untamo wages war against his brother Kullervo, overthrows Kalemo and his army, sparing only a single pregnant woman of the whole clan. She is carried away to Untamo's people, and gives birth to her son Kullervo (1-82). Kullervo resolves in his cradle to take revenge on Untamo, and Untamo attempts several times to put him to death, but without success (83-207). When Kullervo grows up, he spins all his work, and therefore Untamo sells him as a slave to Ilmarinen (208-374).

'Twas a mother reared her chickens,
 Large the flock of swans she nurtured,
 By the hedge she placed the chickens,
 Sent the swans into the river,
 And an eagle came and scared them,
 And a hawk that came dispersed them,
 And a flying bird dispersed them.
 One he carried to Carrion,
 Into Russia bore the second.
 In its home he left the third one. 10

Whom the bard to Russia carried
 Soon grew up into a merchant;
 Whom he carried to Carelia,
 Kallervo was called by others,
 While the third at home remaining,
 Bore the name of Untamoinen,
 For his father's lifelong anguish,
 And his mother's deep affliction.

Untamoinen laid his netting
 Down in Kallervo's fish-waters;
 Kallervoimen saw the netting,
 In his bag he put the fishes.
 Untamo of hasty temper

25

Then became both vexed and angry,
 And his fingers turned to battle,
 With his open palms he urged it,
 Making strife for fishes' entrails,
 And for perch-fry made a quarrel.

Thus they fought and thus contended,
 Neither overcame the other,
 And though one might smite the other,
 He himself again was smitten.

30

At another time it happened,
 On the next and third day after,
 Kallervoimen oats was sowing,
 Back of Untamoinen's dwelling.

Sheep of Untamo most reckless
 Browsed the oats of Kallervoimen,
 Whereupon his dog ferocious
 Tore the sheep of Untamoinen.

40

Untamo began to threaten
 Kallervo, his very brother,
 Kallervo's race vowed to slaughter,
 Smite the great, and smite the little,
 And to fall on all the people,
 And their houses burn to ashes.

Men with swords in belt he mustered,
 Weapons for their hands provided,
 Little boys with spears in girdle,
 Handsome youths who shouldered axes,

50

And he marched to furious battle,
Thus to fight his very brother

Kaervinich's son & fair consort
Then was sitting near the window
And she looked from out the window,
And she spoke the words which follow :

" Is it smoke I see arising,
Or a gloomy cloud that rises,
On the borders of the cornfields,
Just beyond the new-made pathway ?" 60

But no dark cloud there was rising,
Nor was smoke ascending thickly,
But 'twas Untamo's assemblage
Marching onward to the battle.

On came Untamo's assemblage,
In their belts their swords were hanging,
Kalev's folk overwhelming,
And his mighty race they slaughtered,
And they burned his house to ashes,
Like a level field they made it. 70

Left of Kalev's folk only
But one girl, and she was pregnant,
Then did Untamo's assemblage
Lead her homeward on their journey,
That she there might sweep the chamber,
And the floor might sweep from litter,

But a little time passed over,
When a little boy was born her,
From a most unhappy mother,
So by what name should they call him ? 80
Kullervo his mother called him,
Untamo, the Battle-hero.

Then the little boy they swaddled,
And the orphan child they rested
In the cradle made for rocking
That it might be rocked to lull him.

So they rocked the child in cradle,
Rocked it till his hair was tossing,
Rocked him for one day, a second,
Rocked him on the third day likewise, 90

When the boy began his kicking,
And he kicked and pushed about him,
Tore his swaddling clothes to pieces,
Freed himself from all his clothing,
Then he broke the lime-wood cradle,
All his rags he tore from off him.

And it seemed that he would prosper,
And become a man of mettle.

Untamo thought already

That when he was grown to manhood, 100
He would grow both wise and mighty,
And become a famous hero,
As a servant worth a hundred,
Equal to a thousand servants.
Thus he grew for two and three months,
But already in the third month,
When a boy no more than knee high,
He began to speak in thiswise:

"Presently when I am bigger 110
And my body shall be stronger,
I'll avenge my father's slaughter,
And my mother's tears atone for "

This was heard by Untamoren,
And he spoke the words which follow:
"He will bring my race to ruin,
Kullervo reborn is in him."

Thereupon the heroes pondered
And the old crones all considered
How to bring the boy to ruin, 120
So that death might come upon him.

Then they put him in a barrel,
In a barrel did they thrust him,
And they pushed it to the water
Pushed it out upon the billows.

Then they went to look about them,
After two nights, after three nights,
If the boy had sunk in water,
Or had perished in the barrel

In the waves he was not sunken, 130
Nor had perished in the barrel,

He had 'scaped from out the barre,
 And upon the waves was sitting,
 In his hand a rod of copper,
 At the end a line all silken,
 And for lake-fish he was fishing,
 As he floated on the water
 There was water in the lakelet,
 Which perchance might fill two ladles,
 Or if more exactly measured,
 Partly was a third filled a so

140

Untamo again reflected,
 "How can we overcome the infant,
 That destruction come upon him,
 And that death may overtake him?"

Then he bade his servants gather
 First a large supply of birch-trees,
 Pine-trees with their hundred needles,
 Trees from which the pitch was oozing,
 For the burning of the infant,
 And for Kullervo's destruction.

150

So they gathered and collected
 First a large supply of birch-trees,
 Pine-trees with their hundred needles,
 Trees from which the pitch was oozing,
 And of bark a thousand sledgefuls,
 Ash-trees, long a hundred fathoms
 Fire beneath the wood they kindled,
 And the pyre began to crackle,
 And the boy they cast upon it,
 'Mid the glowing fire they cast him
 Burned the fire a day, a second,
 Burning likewise on the third day,
 When they went to look about them.

160

Knee-deep sat the boy in ashes,
 In the embers to his elbows
 In his hand he held the coal-rake,
 And was stirring up the fire.
 And he raked the coals together
 Not a hair was singed upon him,
 Not a lock was even tangled.

170

Then did Untamo grow angry.
 "Where then can I place the infant,
 That we bring him to destruction,
 And that death may overtake him?"
 So upon a tree they hanged him,
 Strung him up upon an oak-tree.

Two nights and a third passed over,
 And upon the dawn thereafter,
 Untamo again reflected
 "Time it is to look around us,
 Whether Kullervo has fallen,
 Or is dead upon the gallows."

180

Then he sent a servant forward,
 Back he came, and thus reported:
 "Kullervo not yet has perished,
 Nor has died upon the gallows
 Pictures on the tree he's carving,
 In his hands he holds a graver
 All the tree is filled with pictures,
 All the oak-tree filled with carvings;
 Here are men, and here are sword-blades,
 And the spears are leaning by them."

190

Where should Untamo seek aidance,
 'Gainst this boy, the most unhappy?
 Whatsoever deaths he planned him,
 Or he planned for his destruction,
 In the jaws of death he fell not,
 Nor could he be brought to ruin.

And at length he grew full weary
 Of his efforts to destroy him
 So he reared up Kullervomen
 As a slave beneath his orders.

200

Thereupon said Untamo-nen,
 And he spoke the words which follow:
 "If you live as it is fitting,
 Always acting as is proper,
 In my house I will retain you.
 And the work of servants give you.
 I will pay you wages for it
 As I think that you deserve it,

210

For your waist a pretty girdle,
Or upon your ear a buffet."

So when Kullervo was taller,
And had grown about a span-length,
Then he found some work to give him,
That he should prepare to shroud
'Twas to rock a little infant,
Rock a child with little fingers.
"Watch with every care the infant,
Give it food, and eat some also,
Wash his napkins in the river,
Wash his little clothes and cleanse them."

230

So he watched one day, a second,
Broke his hands, and gouged his eyes out,
And at length upon the third day,
Let the infant die of sickness,
Cast the napkins in the river,
And he burned the baby's cradle.

Untamo thereon reflected,
"Such a one is quite unfitted
To attend to little children,
Rock the babes with little fingers.
Now I know not where to send him,
Nor what work I ought to give him.
Perhaps he ought to clear the forest?"
So he went to clear the forest.

235

Kullervo, Kullervo's offspring,
Answered in the words which follow:
"Now I first a man can deem me,
When my hands the axe are wielding.
I am handsomer to gaze on,
Far more noble than aforetime,
Five men's strength I feel within me,
And I equal six in valour."

240

Then he went into the smithy
And he spake the words which follow:
"O thou smith, my dearest brother,
Forge me now a little hatchet,
Such an axe as fits a hero,
Iron tool for skilful workman,

250

For I go to clear the forest,
And to fell the slender birch-trees."

So the smith forged what he needed,
And an axe he forged him quickly;
Such an axe as fits a hero.
Iron tool for skilful workman

Kullervo, Kullervo's offspring,
Set to work the axe to sharpen,
And he ground it in the day-time,
And at evening made a handle.

260

Then he went into the forest,
High upon the wooded mountains,
There to seek the best of planing,
And to seek the best of timber
With his axe he smote the tree-trunks,
With the blade of steel he felled them,
At a stroke the best he severed,
And the bad ones at a half-stroke.

Five large trees at length had fallen,
Fifty in all he felled before him,
And he spoke the words which follow,
And in words like these expressed him:
"I long may the work accomplish,
Hence now may shape the timber!"

270

In a stump he struck his axe-blade,
And began to shout full loudly.
And he piped, and then he whistled,
And he said the words which follow:
"Let the word be felled around me,
Overthrown the slender birch-trees,
Far as sounds my voice resounding,
Far as I can send my whistle.

280

"Let no sapling here be growing,
Let no blade of grass be standing,
Never while the earth endureth
Or the golden moon is shining,
Here in Kullervo's son's forest,
Here upon the good man's clearing.

"If the seed on earth has fallen,
And the young corn should shoot upward,

290

If the sprout should be developed,
And the stalk should form upon it,
May it never come to earing,
Or the stalk-end be developed "

Then the mighty Untamo:nen,
Wandered forth to gaze about him,
Learn how Kalervo's son cleared it,
And the new slave made a clearing.
But he found not any clearing,
And the young man had not cleared it. 300

Untamo thereon reflected,
" For such labour he's unsuited,
He has spoiled the best of timber,
And has felled the best for planking.
Now I know not where to send him,
Nor what work I ought to give him.
Should I let him make a fencing ? "
So he went to make a fencing.

Kalervo, Kalervo's offspring,
Set himself to make a fencing, 310
And for this he took whole pine-trees,
And he used them for the fence-stakes,
Took whole fir-trees from the forest,
Wattled them to make the fencing,
Bound the branches fast together
With the largest mountain-ashtrees ;
But he made the fence continuous,
And he made no gateway through it,
And he spoke the words which follow,
And in words like these expressed him : 320

" He who cannot raise him birdlike,
Nor upon two wings can hover,
Never may he pass across it,
Over Kalervo's son's fencing ! "

Then did Untamo determine
Forth to go and gaze around him,
Viewing Kalervo's son's fencing
By the slave of war constructed
Stood the fence without an opening
Neither gap nor crevice through it. 330

On the solid earth it rested,
Up among the clouds it towered.
Then he spoke the words which follow :

" For such labour he's unsuited.
Here's the fence without an opening,
And without a gateway through it.
Up to heaven the fence is builded,
To the very clouds uprising ;
None can ever pass across it,
Pass with n through any opening.
Now I know not where to send him,
Nor what work I ought to give him.
There is rye for threshing ready."
So he sent him to the threshing.

340

Kullervo, Kalervo's offspring,
Set himself to do the threshing,
And the rye to chaff he pounded,
Into very chaff he threshed it.
Soon thereafter came the master,
Strolling forth to gaze around him,
See how Kalervo's son threshed it,
And how Kullervoinen pounded.
All the rye to chaff was pounded,
Into very chaff he'd threshed it.

350

Untamoinen then was angry.
" As a labourer he is useless.
Whatsoever work I give him,
And his work he spoils from malice,
Shall I take him into Russia,
Shall I sell him in Carelia,
To the smith named Imarinen,
That he there may wield the hammer? "

360

Kalervo's son took he with him,
And he sold him in Carelia,
To the smith named Imarinen,
Skillful welder of the hammer

What then gave the smith in payment?
Great the payment that he made him ;
For he gave two worn-out kettles,
And three halves of hoes he gave him,

370

And five worn-out scythes he gave him,
 And six worn-out rakes he gave him,
 For a man the most unskilful
 For a slave completely worthless.

RUNO XXXII KULLERVO AND THE WIFE OF ILMARINEN

Argument

The wife of Ilmarinen makes Kullervo her herdsmen and maliciously bakes him a stone in his lunch (1-32). She then sends him out with the cattle, after using the usual prayers and charms for their protection from bears in the pastures (33-54R).

KULLERVO, Kallervo's offspring,
 Old man's son, with blue dyed stockings,
 Finest locks of yellow colour,
 And with shoes of best of leather,
 To the smith's house went directly,
 Asked for work that very evening,
 Asked the master in the evening,
 And the mistress in the morning
 "Give me something now to work at,
 Give me work that I may do it, 10
 Set me something now to work at,
 Give some work to me the wretched!"
 Then the wife of Ilmarinen,
 Pondered deeply on the matter,
 What the new slave could accomplish,
 What the new bright wretch could work at,
 And she took him as her herdsmen,
 Who should herd her flocks extensive.
 Then the most malicious mistress,
 She, the smith's wife, old and jeering, 20
 Baked a loaf to give the herdsmen,
 And a great cake did she bake him,
 Oats below and wheat above it,
 And between, a stone inserted.

Then she spread the cake with butter,
And upon the crust laid haem,
Gave it as the slave's allowance,
As provision for the herdsman
She herself the slave instructed,
And she spoke the words which follow : 30
" Do not eat the food I give you,
Till in wood the herd is driven."

Then did Ilmarinen's housewife
Send the herd away to pasture,
And she spoke the words which follow,
And in words like these expressed her :
" Send the cows among the bushes,
And the milkers in the meadow,
Those with wide horns to the aspens,
Those with curved horns to the birches, 40
That they thus may fatten on them,
And may load themselves with tallow,
There upon the open meadows,
And among the wide spread borders,
From the lofty birchen forest,
And the lower growing aspens,
From among the golden fir woods,
From among the silver woodlands

" Watch them, Jomala most gracious,
Guard them, O thou kind Creator, 50
Guard from harm upon the pathway,
And protect them from all evil,
That they come not into danger,
Nor may fall in any evil.

" As beneath the roof-trees watch them,
Keep them under thy protection,
Watch them also in the open,
When beyond the fold protect them,
That the herd may grow more handsome,
And the mistress' cattle prosper, 60
To the wish of our well-wishers,
Gainst the wish of our ill-wishers.

" If my herdsman is a bad one,
Or the herd-girls should be proud.

Make the willow then a herdsman,
 Let the alder watch the cattle,
 Let the mountain-ash protect them,
 And the cherry lead them homeward,
 That the mistress need not seek them,
 Nor need other folks be anxious

70

"If the willow will not herd them,
 Nor the mountain-ash protect them,
 Nor the alder watch the cattle,
 Nor the cherry lead them homeward,
 Send thou then thy better servants,
 Send the Daughters of Creation,
 That they may protect my cattle,
 And the whole herd may look after,
 Very many are thy maidens,
 Hundreds are beneath thy orders,
 Dwelling underneath the heavens,
 Noble Daughters of Creation

80

"Suvelar, the best of women,
 Etelatar, Nature's old one,
 Hongatar, the noble mistress,
 Kataatar, maiden fairest,
 Pihlajatar, little damsel,
 Tuometar, of Tapio daughter,
 Mielikki, the wood's step-daughter,
 Teijervo, the maid of Tapio,
 May ye all protect my cattle,
 And protect the best among them,
 Through the beauty of the summer,
 In the pleasant time of leafage,
 While the leaves on trees are moving,
 Grass upon the ground is waving.

90

"Suvelar the best of women,
 Etelatar, Nature's old one,
 Spread thou out thy robe of softness,
 And do thou spread out thy apron,
 As a covering for my cattle,
 For the hiding of the small ones,
 That no ill winds blow upon them,
 Nor an evil rain fall on them

100

"Do thou guard my flock from evil,
 Guard from harm upon the pathways,
 And upon the quaking marshes,
 Where the surface all is shifting,
 Where the marsh is always moving,
 And the depths be ow are shaking, 110
 'That they come not into danger,
 Nor may fall in any evil,
 That no hoof in swamp is twisted,
 Nor may slip among the marshes,
 Save when Jumala perceives it,
 'Gainst the will of him, the Holy

"Fetch the cow-horn from a distance,
 Fetch it from the midst of heaven,
 Bring the mead-horn down from heaven,
 Let the honey-horn be sounded. 120
 Blow into the horn then strongly,
 And repeat the tunes resounding,
 Blow then flowers upon the hammocks,
 Blow then fair the heathland's borders,
 Make the meadow's borders lovely,
 And the forest borders charming,
 Borders of the marshes fertile,
 Of the springs the borders rolling

"Then give fodder to my cattle,
 Give the cattle food sufficient, 130
 Give them food of honey-sweetness,
 Give them drink as sweet as honey,
 Feed them now with hay all golden,
 And the heads of silvery grasses,
 From the springs of all the sweetest,
 From the streams that flow most swiftly,
 From the swiftly rushing torrents,
 From the swiftly-running rivers,
 From the hills all golden-shining,
 And from out the silvery meadows. 140

"Dig them also wells all golden
 Upon both sides of the pastures,
 That the herd may drink the water,
 And the sweet juice then may trickle

Down into their teeming udders,
 Down into their swelling udders,
 That the veins may all be moving,
 And the milk may flow in rivers,
 And the streams of milk be loosened,
 And may foam the milky torrents, 150
 And the milk-streams may be silent,
 And the milk-streams may be swollen,
 And the milk be always flowing,
 And the stream be always dropping,
 Down upon the greenest haycocks,
 And no evil fingers guide it,
 That no milk may flow to Mana,
 Nor upon the ground be wasted.

"There are many who are wicked,
 And who send the milk to Mana, 160
 And upon the ground who waste it,
 Give the cattle's yield to others.
 They are few, but they are skilful
 Who can bring the milk from Mana,
 Sourest milk from village storage,
 And when new from other quarters.

"Never has indeed my mother
 Sought for counsel in the village,
 Brought it from another household,
 But she fetched her milk from Mana, 170
 Sour milk brought from those who stored it,
 And fresh milk obtained from others,
 Had the milk from distance carried,
 Had it fetched from distant regions,
 Fetched the milk from realms of Tuoni,
 'Neath the earth in Mana's kingdom.
 Secretly at night they brought it,
 And in murky places hid it,
 That the wicked should not hear it,
 Nor the worthless ones should know it, 180
 Nor had hay should fall into it,
 And it should be saved from spoiling.

"Thus my mother always told me
 In the very words which follow;

'Where has gone the yield of cattle,
Whither has the milk now vanished?
Has it been conveyed to strangers,
Carried to the village storehouse,
In the laps of beggar wenches,
In the arms of those who envy,
Or among the trees been carried,
And been lost amid the forest,
And been scattered in the woodlands,
Or been lost upon the heathlands?

190

"But no milk shall go to Mana,
Nor the yield of cows to strangers,
In the laps of beggar-wenches,
In the arms of those who envy,
Nor among the trees be carried,
Nor be lost amid the forest,
Nor be scattered in the woodlands,
Nor be lost upon the heathlands
In the house the milk is useful,
And at all times it is needed,
In the house there waits the mistress,
In her hand the wooden milk-pail."

200

"Sovereign, the best of women,
Etelair, Nature's old one,
Go and fodder my Syotikki,
Give thou drink to my Juotikki,
Milk confer upon Herrikki,
And fresh fodder give Tuonikki,
Give thou milk unto Marikki,
Put fresh milk into the cowhouse,
From the heads of brightest herbage,
And the reeds of all the forest,
From the lovely earth upspringing,
From the hillocks rich in honey,
From the sweetest meadow-grasses,
And the berry-bearing regions,
From the goddess of the heather,
And the nymph who tends the grasses,
And the milkmaid of the cloud-els,
And the maid in midst of heaven.

210

220

Give the cows their milk-filled udders
 Always filled to overflowing.
 To be milked by dwarfish women,
 That a little girl may milk them.

"Rose, O virgin, from the valley,
 From the spring, in gorgeous raiment, 230
 From the spring, O maiden, rise thou,
 From the ooze arise, O fairest.
 From the spring take thou some water,
 Sprinkle thou my cattle with it,
 That the cattle may be finer,
 And the mistress' cattle prosper,
 Ere the coming of the mistress,
 Ere the herd-girl look upon them,
 She, the most unskilful mistress,
 And the very timid herd-girl. 240

"Mierikki, the forest's mistress,
 Of the herds the bounteous mother,
 Send the tallest of thy handmaids,
 And the best among thy servants,
 That they may protect my cattle,
 And my herd be watched and tended
 Through the finest of the summer,
 In the good Creator's summer,
 Under Jumala's protection,
 And protected by his favour 250

"Tellervo, O maid of Tapio,
 Little daughter of the forest,
 Clad in soft and beauteous garments,
 With thy yellow hair so lovely.
 Be the guardian of the cattle,
 Do thou guard the mistress' cattle
 All through Metsola so lovely,
 And through Tapio's bright regions
 Do thou guard the herd securely
 Do thou watch the herd unsleeping. 260

"With thy lovely hands protect them,
 With thy slender fingers stroke them,
 Rub them with the skins of lynxes,
 Comb them with the fins of fishes,

Like the hue of the lake creatures,
 Like the wool of ewe of meadow
 Come at evening and night's darkness,
 When the twilight round is closing,
 Then do thou lead home my cattle,
 Lead them to their noble mistress,
 On their backs the water pouncing,
 Lakes of milk upon their cruppers.

170

"When the sun to rest has sunk,
 And the bird of eve is singing,
 Then I say unto my cattle,
 Speak unto my horned creatures.

"Come ye home, ye curve-horned cattle,
 Milk-dispensers to the household,
 In the house 'tis very pleasant,
 Where the floor is nice for resting,
 On the waste 'tis bad to wander,
 Or upon the shore to bellow,
 Therefore you should hasten homeward,
 And the women fire will kindle,
 In the field of honeyed grasses,
 On the ground overgrown with berries.'

280

"Nyyrëki, O son of Tapio,
 Blue-coat offspring of the forest
 Take the stumps of tallest pine-trees,
 And the lofty crowns of fir-trees,
 For a bridge in many places,
 Where the ground is bad for walking,
 Deep morass, and swampy moorland,
 And the treacherous pools of water,
 Let the curve-horned cattle wander,
 And the split-hoofed cattle gallop,
 Unto where the smoke is rising,
 Free from harm, and free from danger,
 Sinking not into the marshes,
 Nor embogged in many places.

190

300

"If the cattle pay no heeding,
 Nor will home return at nightfall,
 Pihlajatar, little damsel,
 Katajatar, fairest maiden,

Quickly cut a branch of birch tree,
 Take a rod from out the hushes,
 Likewise take a whip of cherry,
 And of juniper to scourge them,
 From the back of Tappio's castle,
 From among the slopes of alder
 Drive the herd towards the household,
 At the time for bathroom-hearing
 Homeward drive the household cattle,
 Cows from Metsola's great forest

310

"Otso, apple of the forest,
 With thy honey-paws sit curving,
 Let us make a peace between us,
 Haste to make a peace between us,
 So that always and for ever
 In the days that we are living,
 Thou wilt sell no hoofed cattle,
 Nor wilt overthrow the milch kine,
 Through the finest of the summer,
 In the good Creator's summer

320

"When thou hearst the cow-bells ringing,
 Or thou hearst the cow-horn sounding,
 Cast thee down among the hillocks,
 Sleep thou there upon the meadow
 Thrust thine ears into the stubble,
 Hide thy head among the bullocks,
 Or conceal thee in the thickets,
 To thy mossy lair retreat thou,
 Go thou forth to other districts,
 Flee away to other hillocks
 That thou mayst not hear the cow-bells,
 Nor the talking of the herdsmen

330

"O my Otso, O my darling,
 Handsome one, with paws of honey,
 I forbid thee to approach them,
 Or molest the herd of cattle,
 Neither with thy tongue to touch them,
 Nor with ugly mouth to seize them,
 With thy teeth to tear to pieces
 Neither with thy claws to scratch them

340

“Go thou stooping through the meadow,
Go in secret through the pasture,
Sinking off when bells are ringing,
Shun the talking of the shepherds,
If the herd is on the heathland,
Then into the swamps retreat thou, 350
If the herd is in the marshes,
Then conceal thee in the thickets,
If the herd should climb the mountain,
Quickly then descend the mountain,
If the herd should wander downward,
Wander then along the mountain,
If they wander in the bushes,
To the thicker woods retreat thou,
If the thicker wood they enter,
Wander then into the bushes, 360
Wander like the golden cuckoo,
Like the dove of silver colour,
Move aside as moves the povan,
Hide away like fish in water,
As a flock of wool drifts sideways,
Or a roll of flax the lightest,
In thy fur thy claws conceal thou,
In thy gums thy teeth conceal thou,
That the herd thou dost not frighten,
Nor the little calves be injured 370
“Let the cattle rest in quiet,
Leave in peace the hooded cattle,
Let the herd securely wander,
Let them march in perfect order
Through the swamps and through the open,
Through the tangle of the forest,
Never do thou dare to touch them,
Nor to wickedly molest them.
“Keep the former oath thou sworest,
There by Tuonela’s deep river, 380
By the raging fall of water,
At the knees of the Creator,
Thou hast been indeed permitted,
Three times in the course of summer,

To approach the bells when ringing,
 And the tinkling of the cow-bells,
 But tis not permitted to thee,
 Nor permission has been given,
 To commence a work of evil,
 Or a deed of shame accomplish. 390

"Should thy frenzy come upon thee,
 And thy teeth be seized with longing,
 Cast thy frenzy in the bushes.
 On the heath thy evil longing,
 Then attack the trees all rotten,
 Overthrow the rotten birch-trees
 Turn to trees in water standing,
 Growl in berry-bearing districts.

"If the need for food should be on thee,
 Or for food the wish thou feel'st, 400
 Eat the fungi in the forest,
 And do thou break down the ant-hills,
 And the red rooks do thou devour,
 There are Metsas sweet dainties,
 Eat no grass reserved for fodder,
 Neither do thou hurt my pasture.

"When in Metsas the honey
 Is fermenting and is working,
 On the hills of golden colour,
 And upon the plains of silver, 410
 There is food for those who hunger,
 There is drink for all the thirsty,
 There is food to eat that fails not,
 There is drink that never lessens.

"Let us make a league eternal,
 Make an endless peace between us,
 That we live in perfect quiet,
 And in comfort all the summer,
 And to us the lands are common,
 And our provender common. 420

"If thou dost desire a combat,
 And wouldst live in hopes of battle,
 Let us combat in the winter,
 And contend in time of snowfall.

When the marshes thaw in summer
And the pools are all unfrozen,
Never venture to approach thou,
Where the golden herd is lying.

'When thou comest to this country,

And thou movest in this forest 430

We at any time will shoot you.

Though the gunners should be absent

There are very skilful women,

All of them accomplished housewives,

And they will destroy your pathway,

On your journey bring destination,

Just you might work any evil,

Or indulge in any mischief,

Not by Jumala not sanctioned,

And against his blessed orders. 440

"Ulko, thou, of Gods the highest,

Shouldst thou hear that he is coming,

Then do thou transform my cattle,

Suddenly transform my cattle,

Into stones convert my own ones,

Change my fair ones into ree-funks,

When the monster rears the chair-st,

And the big one wanders through it.

"If I were myself a Brin,

Roamed about a honey-potter one, 450

Never would I care to venture

To the feet of aged women.

There are many other regions,

There are many other penfolds,

Where a man may go to wander,

Revering a morsel of his pleasure.

Therefore move thy paws across them,

Do thou move thy paws across them,

In the blue wood's deep recesses,

In the depths of murmuring forest. 460

"On the heath o'er pine-comes wander,

Tramp thou through the sandy districts,

Go thou where the way is level,

Let thou bound along the lakeshore,

To the furthest bounds of Pohja,
 To the distant plains of Lapland.
 There indeed mayst thou be happy,
 Good it is for thee to dwell there,
 Wandering shoeless in the summer,
 Wandering sockless in the autumn, 470
 Through the wide expanse of marshland,
 And across the wide morasses.

‘ But if thou should not go thither,
 If thou canst not find the pathway,
 Hasten then to distant regions,
 Do thou wander, on thy pathway
 Unto Tuonela’s great forest,
 Or across the heaths of Kalma.
 There are marshes to be traversed,
 There are heaths that thou mayst traverse, 480
 There is Kurus, there is Karjus,
 There are many other cattle,
 Fitted with their iron neck chains,
 Ten among them altogether,
 There the lean kine quickly fatten,
 And their bones are soon flesh-covered.

“ Be propitious, wood and forest,
 Be thou gracious, O thou bare wood,
 Give thou peace unto the cattle,
 And protection to the hoofed ones, 490
 Through the whole length of the summer,
 Of the Lord the love best season.

“ Kuppasa, thou king of woodland,
 Active greybeard of the forest,
 Hold thy dogs in careful keeping,
 Watch thou well thy dogs and guard them;
 Thrust some fangs in one nostril,
 In the other thrust an apple,
 That they may not smell the cattle,
 And they may not scent their odour. 500
 Bind their eyes with saken riipands,
 Likewise bind their ears with linen,
 That they may not hear them moving,
 And they may not see them walking.

" If this is not yet sufficient,
 And they do not much regard it,
 Then do thou forbid thy children,
 Do thou drive away thy offspring,
 Lead them forth from out his forest,
 From this lakeshore do thou drive them, 510
 From the lands where roam the cattle,
 From among the spreading willows,
 Do thou hide thy dogs in caverns,
 Nor neglect to bind them firmly,
 Bind them with the golden fetters,
 With the slender silver fetters,
 That they may commit no evil,
 And be guilty of no outrage.

" If this is not yet sufficient,
 And they do not much regard it, 520
 Ukko, then, O golden monarch,
 Ukko, O thou silver guardian,
 Harken to my words so golden,
 Listen to my lovely sayings!
 Take a snaffle made of rowan,
 Fix it on their stumpy muzzles,
 Or if rowan will not bind them,
 Cast thou then a copper muzzle,
 If too weak is found the copper,
 Forge thou then an iron muzzle, 530
 If they break the iron muzzle,
 And it should itself be shattered,
 Drive thou then a stake all golden,
 Through the chin and through the jawbone,
 Do thou cause their jaws sore agony
 Fix them that they cannot move them,
 That they cannot move their jawbones,
 And their teeth can scarcely open,
 If the iron is not opened,
 If the steel should not be loosened, 540
 If with knife it is not severed,
 If with hatchet it is not broken "

Then did Ilmannon's housewife,
 Of the smith the wife so artful,

Drive from out their stalls the cattle,
 Send the cattle forth to pasture,
 After them she sent the shepherd,
 That the slave should drive the cattle.

RUNO XXXIII. THE DEATH OF ILMARINEN'S WIFE

Argument

While Kullervo is in the pasture in the afternoon he tries to eat the rage with his knife which he completely spoils, and this goes to his heart the more because the knife was the only remembrance left to him of his family (1598). To revenge himself on the mistress, he drives the cattle into the marshes to be devoured by brasts of the forest, and gathers together a herd of woves and beasts, which he drives home in the evening (99-184). When the mistress goes to milk them she is torn to pieces by the wild brasts (185-296).

KULLERVO, Kallervo's offspring,
 Put his lunch into his wallet,
 Drove the cows along the marshes,
 While across the heath he wandered,
 And he spoke as he was going,
 And repeated on his journey,
 "Woe to me, a youth unhappy,
 And a youth of wretched fortune!
 Wheresoe'er I turn my footsteps,
 Nought but idleness awaits me; 10
 I must watch the tails of oxen,
 And must watch the calves I follow,
 Always tramping through the marshes,
 Through the worst of level country."
 Then upon the ground he rested,
 On a sunny slope he sat him,
 And he then composed these verses,
 And expressed himself in singing:
 'Son of Jumma! O shine thou,
 Of the Lord, thou wheel, shine warmly, 20
 On the warder of the smith's herd,
 And upon the wretched shepherd,

Runo XXXIII] Death of Ilmarinen's Wife 93

Not on Ilmarinen's household,
Least of all upon the mistress.
For the mistress lives luxurious,
And the wheaten-bread she slices,
And the finest cakes devours.
And she spreads them o'er with butter.
Gives the wretched shepherd dry bread,
Dry crusts only for his chewing, 30
Only oaten-cake she gives me,
Even this with chaff she mixes,
Even straw she scatters through it,
Gives for food the bark of fir-trees,
Water in a birch-bark bucket.
Upscooped 'mid the grassy hills.
March, O sun, and wheat, O wander,
Sink in Jumi's own season,
Hasten, sun, among the pine-trees,
Wander, wheat, into the bushes, 40
Mid the junipers, O hasten,
Fly thou to the plains of a deer,
Lead thou then the herdsman homeward,
Give him butter from the barrels,
Let him eat the freshest butter,
Over all the cakes extending."

But the wife of Ilmarinen
While the shepherd was lamenting,
And while Kullervo was singing,
Ate the butter from the barrels, 50
And she ate the freshest butter,
And upon the cakes she spread it,
And hot soup had she made ready,
But for Kullervo could eat nought,
Whence the dog the fat had eaten,
And the black dog made a meal from,
And the spotted dog been sated,
And the brown dog had sufficient.

From the branch there sang a birding,
Sang a small bird from the bushes, 60
"Time 'tis for the servant's supper,
O thou orphan boy, 'tis evening."

Kallervo, Kallervo's offspring,
 Looked, and saw the sun was sinking,
 And he said the words which follow
 "Now the time has come for eating,
 Yes, the time has come for eating,
 Time it is to take refreshment."

So to rest he drove the cattle,
 On the heath he drove the cattle, 70
 And he sat him on a hillock,
 And upon a green hill sat him
 From his back he took his wallet,
 Took the cake from out the wallet,
 And he turned it round and eyed it,
 And he spoke the words which follow:
 "Many a cake is outside handsome,
 And the crust looks smooth from outside,
 But within is only fir-bark,
 Only chaff beneath the surface." 80

From the sheath he took his knife out,
 And to cut the cake attempted
 On the stone the knife struck sharply,
 And against the stone was broken
 From the knife the point was broken,
 And the knife itself was broken.

Kallervo, Kallervo's offspring,
 Looked, and saw the knife was broken.
 And at length he burst out weeping,
 And he said the words which follow: 90
 "Save this knife I'd no companion,
 Nought to love except this iron,
 'Twas an heirloom from my father,
 And the aged man had used it
 Now against a stone 'tis broken,
 'Gainst a piece of rock 'tis shattered
 In the cake of that vile mistress,
 Baked there by that wicked woman.

"How shall I for this reward her,
 Woman's prank, and damsel's mockery, 100
 And destroy the base old woman,
 And that wicked wench, the bakeress?"

Runo XXXIII] Death of Ilmarinen's Wife 95

Then a crow cawed from the bushes,
Cawed the crow, and croaked the raven,
"O thou wretched golden huckle,
Kaervo's surviving offspring,
Wherefore art thou so unhappy,
Wherefore is thy heart so troubled?
Take a switch from out the bushes,
And a huck from forest valley,
Drive the fowl beasts in the marshes,
Chase the cows to the morasses,
Half to largest wolves deliver,
Half to bears amid the forest

110

"Call thou all the wolves together,
All the bears do thou assemble,
Change the wolves to little cattle,
Make the bears the larger cattle
Lead them then like cattle homeward,
Lead them home like branded cattle,
Thus repay the woman's teasing,
And the wicked woman's insult"

120

Kalervo, Kalervo's offspring
Uttered then the words which follow -
"Wait thou, wait thou where of Hrs.
For my father's knife I'm weeping,
Soon wilt thou thyself be weeping,
And be weeping for thy mother"

From the bush a switch he gathered,
Juniper as whip for cattle,
Drove the cows into the marshes,
And the oxen in the thicket,
Half of these the wolves devoured,
To the bears he gave the others,
And he sang the wolves to cattle,
And he changed the bears to oxen,
Made the first the little cattle,
Made the rest the larger cattle

130

In the south the sun was sinking,
In the west the sun descended
Bending down towards his pine-trees
At the time of cattle making.

140

Then the dusty wicked herd-boy,
 Kulervo, Kalervo's offspring,
 Homeward drove the bears before him,
 And the wolf flock to the farmyard,
 And the bears he thus commanded.
 And the wolves he thus instructed
 "Tear the mistress' thighs asunder,
 See that through her calves you bite her, 150
 When she comes to look around her,
 And she bends her down to milk you."

Then he made a pipe of cow-bone,
 And a whistle made of ox-horn,
 From Tuomikki's leg a cow-horn,
 And a flute from heel of Kirjo,
 Then upon the horn blew loudly,
 And upon his pipe made music.
 Thrice upon the hill he blew it,
 Six times at the pathway's opening. 160

Then did Ilmarinen's housewife,
 Wife of smith, an active woman,
 Who for milk had long been waiting,
 And expecting summer butter,
 Hear the music on the marshes,
 And upon the heath the cattle,
 And she spoke the words which follow,
 And expressed herself in thiswise :
 "Praise to Jumala be given,
 Sounds the pipe, the herd is coming, 170
 Whence obtained the slave the cow-horn,
 That he made a horn to blow on ?
 Wherefore does he thus come playing,
 Blowing tunes upon the cow-horn,
 Blowing till he bursts the eardrums,
 And he gives me quite a headache ?"

Kulervo, Kalervo's offspring,
 Answered in the words which follow :
 " In the swamp the horn was lying,
 From the sand I brought the cow-horn, 180
 To the lane I brought your cattle,
 In the shed the cows are standing ;

Rune XXXIII] Death of Ilmarinen's Wife 97

Come you forth to smoke the cattle,
And come out to milk the cattle."

Then did Ilmarinen's housewife
Bid the mother milk the cattle
"Mother, go and milk the cattle,
Do thou go to tend the cattle,
For I think I cannot finish
Kneading dough as I would have it."

190

Kullervo, Kalervo's offspring,
Answered in the words which follow:
"Ever do the thirsty housewives,
Ever do the careful housewives
Go the first to milk the cattle,
Set themselves to milk the cattle."

Then did Ilmarinen's housewife
Hasten forth to smoke the cattle,
And she went to milk the cattle,
And surveyed the herd before her,
Gazed upon the horned cattle,
And she spoke the words which follow:
"Beauteous is the herd to gaze on,
Very sleek the horned cattle,
They have all been rubbed with lynx skin
And the wool of sheep of forest,
Well filled, too, are all their udders,
And expanded with their fulness."

200

So she stooped her down to milk them,
And she sat her down for milking,
Pulled a first time and a second,
And attempted it a third time,
And the wolf sprang fiercely at her,
And the bear came fiercely after
At her mouth the wolf was tearing,
And the bear tore through her tendons,
Halfway through her calves they bit her,
And they broke across her shankbones.

210

Kullervo, Kalervo's offspring
Thus repaid the damsel's jesting,
Damsel's jesting, woman's mocking,
Thus repaid the wicked woman

220

Ilmarinen's wife illustrious
Then herself was brought to weeping,
And she spoke the words which follow,
"If thou dost, O wicked herdsman,
Driving bears unto the homestead,
To the yard these wolves gear fit."

Kuulervo, Kuulervo's offspring
Heard, and thus he made her answer. 230

"If I did, a wicked herd-boy,
Not so great as wicked mistress.
In my cake a stone she baked me,
Baked a lump of rock within it,
On the stone my knife struck sharply
'Gainst the rock my knife was shattered,
'Twas the knife of mine own father
Of our race a cherished heirloom."

Then said Ilmarinen's housewife, 240

"O thou herd-boy, dearest, herd-boy,
Wilt thou alter thy intention,
And recall thy words of magic,
And release me from the wolf's jaws.
From the bear's claws now release me?
Better shirts wilt I then give you,
And will give you handsome aprons,
Give you wheaten-bread, and butter,
And the sweetest mead for drinking,
For a year no work wilt give you,
Give you aught work in the second 250

"If you haste not to release me,
Come not quickly to my rescue,
Death wilt quickly fall upon me,
And to earth shall I be a tere."

Kuulervo, Kuulervo's offspring,
Answered in the words which follow:

"If you die, so may you perish,
If you perish, may you perish
Room there is in earth to hold you,
Room in Ilmarinen's home for lost ones, 260
For the mightiest there to slumber,
For the proudest to repulse them."

Rune XXXIII] Death of Ilmarinen's Wife 99

Then said Ilmarinen's housewife,
 " Ukko, thou, of Gods the hig est,
 Haste to bend thy mighty crossbow,
 Of thy bows the best select thou,
 Take thou then a bolt of copper,
 And ad ust it to the crossbow,
 Shoot thou then a flaming arrow,
 Shoot thou forth the bolt of copper, 270
 Shoot it quickly through the arm-pits,
 Shoot it that it split the shoulders
 Thus let Kalervo's son perish,
 Shoot thou dead this wicked creature,
 Shoot him with the steel-tipped arrow,
 Shoot him with thy bolt of copper."

Kalervo, Kalervo's offspring
 Uttered then the words which follow :
 " Ukko, thou, of Gods the highest,
 Shoot me not as she has prayed thee, 280
 Shoot the wife of Ilmarinen,
 Do thou kill this wicked woman,
 Ere from off this spot she riseth,
 Or can move herself from off it."

Then did Ilmarinen's housewife,
 Wife of that most skilful craftsman,
 On the spot at once fall dying,
 Fell, as falls the soot from kettle,
 In the yard before her homestead,
 In the narrow yard she perished. 290

Thus it was the young wife perished,
 Thus the fairest housewife perished,
 Whom the smith so long had yearned for,
 And for six long years was sought for,
 As the joy of Ilmarinen,
 Pride of him, the smith so famous.

RUNO XXXIV.—KULLERVO AND HIS PARENTS

Argument

Kullervo escapes from the homestead of Ilmari, and wanders sorrowfully through the forest, where he meets with the Old Woman of the Forest who informs him that his father, mother, brothers and sisters are still living (1. 128). Following her directions he finds them on the borders of Lapland (129-133). His mother tells him that she had long supposed him to be dead, and also that her elder daughter had been lost when gathering berries (134-246).

KULLERVO, Kallervo's offspring,
 He, the youth with blue-dyed stockings,
 And with yellow hair the finest
 And with shoes of finest leather,
 Hurried quickly on his journey
 From the home of Ilmari,
 Ere report could reach the master
 Of the death his wife had suffered,
 And might harm him in his anger,
 And he might at once destroy him. 10
 From the smith he hurried piping,
 Joyful left the lands of Ilma,
 On the heath his horn blew loudly,
 Shouted loudly in the clearing,
 And he dashed through plains and marshes,
 While the heath re-echoed loudly,
 And his horn kept loudly blowing,
 And made horrible rejoicing.
 In the smithy did they hear it,
 At the forge the smith was standing, 20
 To the lair he went to listen,
 To the yard to look around him,
 Who was playing in the forest,
 And upon the heath was piping.
 Then he saw what just had happened,
 Saw the truth without deception,

Runo XXXIV] Kullervo and his Parents 101

There he saw his wife was resting,
Saw the fair one who had perished.
Where she in the yard had fallen, 30
On the grass where she had fallen

Even while the smith was standing,
All his heart was dark with sorrow;
Many nights he spent in weeping,
Many weeks his tears were flowing,
And his soul like tar was darkened,
And his heart than soot no lighter

Kullervo still wandered onwards,
Aimlessly he hurried forward,
For a day through thickest forest,
Through the timber-grounds of Hus 40
And at evening, when it darkened,
Down upon the ground he threw him.

There the orphan boy was sitting,
And the friendless one reflected :
" Wherefore have I been created,
Who has made me, and has doomed me,
Thus 'neath moon and sun to wander
'Neath the open sky for ever ?

" Others to their homes may journey
And may travel to their dwellings, 50
But my home is in the forest.
And upon the heath my homestead.
In the wind I find my fire-place,
In the rain I find my bath-room.

" Never, Jumala most gracious,
Never in the course of ages,
Form a child thus mis-created,
Doomed to be for ever friendless,
Fatherless beneath the heavens, 60
From the first without a mother,
As thou, Jumala, hast made me,
And hast formed me to be wretched,
Formed me like a wandering seagull,
Like a seagull on the lake-cliffs
Shines the sun upon the swallow,
Brightly shines upon the sparrow,

In the air the birds are joyous,
 I myself am never happy,
 On my life the sun shines never,
 And my life is always joyless. 70

"Now I know not who has nursed me,
 And I know not who has borne me,
 For, as water hens are used to,
 Or as ducks among the marshes,
 Like the teal on shore she left me,
 Or in hollow stone, merganser

"I was small, and lost my father
 I was weak, and lost my mother,
 Dead is father, dead is mother,
 All my mighty race has perished, 80
 Shoes of ice to wear they left me,
 Filled with snow they left my stockings,
 On the ice they left me lying,
 Rolling on the platform left me,
 Thus I fell into the marshes,
 And amid the mud was swallowed.

"But in all my life I never,
 Never in my life I hastened,
 Through the swamp to make a platform,
 Or a bridge in marshy places, 90
 But I sank not in the marshes,
 For I had two hands to help me,
 And I had five nimble fingers,
 And ten nails to lift me from it."

Then into his mind it entered
 In his brain he fixed the notion
 Unto Untamo to journey,
 There his father's wrongs avenging,
 Father's wrongs, and tears of mother,
 And the wrongs himself had suffered. 100

Then he spoke the words which follow:
 "Wait thou, wait thou, Untamminen,
 Watch thou, of my race destroyer!
 If I seek thee out in battle,
 I will quickly burn thy dwelling,
 And thy farms to flame deliver."

RUNO XXXIV] Kullervo and his Parents 103

Then an old dame came to meet him,
Blue-robed lady of the Forest,
And she spoke the words which follow,
And in words like these expressed her: 110
"Whither goeth Kullervoinen,
Where wilt Kallervo's son hasten?"

Kullervo, Kallervo's offspring,
Answered in the words which follow
"In my mind the thought has entered,
In my brain has fixed the notion
Hence to other lands to wander,
Unto Untamo's own village,
There my father's death avenging,
Father's wrongs, and tears of mother, 120
There with fire to burn the houses,
And to burn them up completely."

But the old wife made him answer,
And she spoke the words which follow
"No, your race has not yet perished,
Nor has Kallervo been murdered;
For your father still is living,
And on earth in health your mother."

"O my dearest of old women,
Tell me, O my dear old woman, 130
Where I yet may find my father
Where the fair one who has borne me?"

"Thither is thy father living,
There the fair one who has borne thee,
Far away on Lapland's borders,
On the borders of a fishpond."

"O my dearest of old women,
Tell me, O my dear old woman,
How I best can journey to them,
And the road I may discover?" 140

"Easy 'tis for thee to journey,
Though to thee unknown the pathway.
Through the forest must thou journey,
By the river thou must travel,
Thou must march one day, a second,
And must march upon the third day,

Then must turn thee to the north-west,
 Till you reach a wooded mountain
 Then march on beneath the mountain,
 Go the left side of the mountain, 150
 Till thou comest to a river,
 (On the right side thou wilt find it.)
 By the river-side go further
 Till three waterfalls rush foaming,
 When thou comest to a headland,
 With a narrow tongue projecting,
 And a house at point of headland,
 And beyond a hut for fishing
 There thy father still is living,
 There the fair one who has borne thee, 160
 There thou'lt also find thy sisters,
 Two among the fairest maidens."
 Kulervo, Kalervo's offspring,
 Started then upon his journey,
 And he marched one day, a second,
 Likewise marched upon the third day,
 Then he turned him to the north-west,
 Till he reached a wooded mountain,
 Then he marched halfway below it,
 Turning westward from the mountain, 170
 Till at length he found the river,
 And he marched along the river,
 On the west bank of the river,
 Past three water-falls he journeyed,
 Till at length he reached a headland
 With a narrow tongue projecting,
 And a house at point of headland,
 And beyond, a hut for fishing.
 Thereupon the house he entered,
 In the room they did not know him 180
 "From what lake has come the stranger,
 From what country is the wanderer?"
 "Is your son then all forgotten,
 Know you not your child, your offspring,
 Who by Untamo's marauders,
 With them to their home was carried,

Rune XXXIV] Kullervo and his Parents 105

Greater not than span of father,
Longer not than mother's spindle?"

Then his mother interrupted
And exclaimed the aged woman, 190

"O my son, my son unhappy,
O my golden brooch so wretched,
Hast thou then, with eyes yet living,
Wandered through these countries hither,
When as dead I long had mourned thee,
Long had wept for thy destruction?"

"I had two sons in the past days,
And two daughters of the fairest,
And among them two have vanished, 200
Two are lost among the elder,
First my son in furious battle,
Then my daughter, how I know not.
Though my son has reached the homestead,
Never has returned my daughter."

Kullervo, Kullervo's offspring,
In his turn began to question.
"How then has your daughter vanished,
What has happened to my sister?"

Then his mother made him answer
And she spoke the words which so low: 210
"Thus has disappeared my daughter,
Thus it happened to your sister
To the wood she went for berries,
Sought for raspberries 'neath the mountain,
There it is the dove has vanished.
There it is the bird has perished,
Thus she died without our knowledge,
How she died we cannot tell you."

"Who is longing for the maiden?
Save her mother, no one missed her. 220
First her mother went to seek her,
And her mother sought, who missed her,
Forth I went, unhappy mother.
Forth I went to seek my daughter,
Through the wood like bear I hurried,
Speeding through the wastes like otter,

Thus I sought one day, a second,
Sought her also on the third day
When the third day had passed over,
For a long time yet I wandered, 230
Till I reached a mighty mountain
And a peak of all the highest,
Calling ever on my daughter,
Ever grieving for the lost one.
"Where is now my dearest daughter?
O my daughter, come thou homeward!"
"Thus I shouted to my daughter,
Grieving ever for the lost one,
And the mountains made me answer,
And the peaks again re-echoed, 240
'Call no more upon thy daughter,
Call no more, and shout no longer,
Never will she come back living,
Nor return unto her household,
Never to her mother's dwelling,
To her aged father's boathouse!"

RUNO XXXV KULIERVO AND HIS SISTER

Argument

Kulervo attempts to do different kinds of work in his parents' house, but only succeeds in spoiling everything, so his father sends him to go and hunt (1-34). On his way home he meets his sister who has been taken as a slave, whom he drags into his sledge (35-159). At home when his sister learns who he is, she throws herself into a corner, but Kulervo hurries home, relates his sister's terrible fate to his mother and promises to put an end to his own life (160-344). His mother soothes him from suicide, and advises him to retire to some friends, where he may be able to recover from his remorse. But Kulervo resolves before all things to avenge himself on Untamo (345-372).

KULIERVO, Kulervo's offspring,
With the very best stockings,
After this continued lying
In the shelter of his parents,

But he comprehended nothing,
Nor attained to manly wisdom,
For his rearing had been crooked,
And the child was rocked all wrongly,
By perversest foster-father,
And a foolish foster-mother. 20

Then to work the boy attempted
Many things he tried his hand at,
And he went the fish to capture,
And to lay the largest drag-net,
And he spoke the words which follow,
Pondered as he grasped the oar
"Shall I pull with all my efforts,
Row exerting all my vigour;
Shall I row with common efforts,
Row no stronger than is needful?" 30

And the steersman made him answer,
And he spoke the words which follow:
' Pull away with all your efforts,
Row, exerting all your vigour.
Row the boat in twain you cannot,
Neither break it into fragments."

Kullervo, Kalervo's offspring,
Puled thereat with all his efforts,
Rowed, exerting all his vigour
Rowed in twain the wooden rowlocks,
Ribs of juniper he shattered, 30
And he smashed the boat of aspen.

Kalervo came forth to see it,
And he spoke the words which follow:
" No, you understand not rowing,
You have split the wooden rowlocks,
Ribs of juniper have shattered,
Shattered quite the boat of aspen.
Thresh the fish into the drag-net,
Perhaps you'll thresh the water better" 40

Kullervo, Kalervo's offspring
Then went forth to thresh the water,
And as he the pole was lifting,
Uttered he the words which follow.

"Shall I thresh with all my efforts,
Putting forth my manly efforts;
Shall I thresh with common efforts,
As the threshing-pole is able?"

Answered thereupon the net-man,
"Would you call it proper threshing, 50
If with all your strength you threshed not,
Putting forth your manly efforts?"

Kullervo, Kalervo's offspring,
Threshed away with all his efforts,
Putting forth his manly efforts.
Into soup he churned the water,
Into tow he threshed the drag-net,
Into slime he crushed the fishes.

Kalervo came forth to see it,
And he spoke the words which follow: 60
"No, you understand not threshing,
Into tow is threshed the drag-net,
And the floats to chaff are beaten,
And the meshes torn to fragments,
Therefore go and pay the taxes,
Therefore go and pay the land-dues,
Best it is for you to travel,
Learning wisdom on the journey."

Kullervo, Kalervo's offspring, 70
With the very bluest stockings,
And with yellow hair the finest,
And with shoes of finest leather,
Went his way to pay the taxes,
And he went to pay the land-dues.

When he now had paid the taxes,
And had also paid the land-dues,
In his sledge he quickly bounded,
And upon the sledge he mounted,
And began to journey homeward,
And to travel to his country 80

And he drove, and rattled onward,
And he travelled on his journey,
Traversing the heath of Väino,
And his clearing made aforetime.

And by chance a maiden met him,
 With her yellow hair all flowing,
 There upon the heath of Väino,
 On his clearing made aforetime
 Kullervo, Kalervo's offspring,
 Checked the sledge upon the instant, 90
 And began a conversation,
 And began to talk and wheedle
 "Come into my sledge, O maiden,
 Rest upon the furs within it "

From her snowshoes said the maiden,
 And she answered, as she skated.
 "In thy sledge may Death now enter,
 On thy furs be Sickness seated "

Kullervo, Kalervo's offspring,
 With the very bluest stockings, 100
 With his whip then struck his courser,
 With his beaded whip he lashed him
 Sprang the horse upon the journey
 Rocked the sledge, the road was traversed
 And he drove and rattled onward,
 And he travelled on his journey,
 On the lake's extended surface

And across the open water
 And by chance a maiden met him,
 Walking on, with shoes of leather, 110
 O'er the lake's extended surface,
 And across the open water

Kullervo, Kalervo's offspring,
 Checked his horse upon the instant,
 And his mouth at once he opened,
 And began to speak as follows
 "Come into my sledge. O fair one,
 Pride of earth, and journey with me "

But the maiden gave him answer.
 And the well-shod maiden answered 120
 "In thy sledge may Tuoni seek thee,
 Marjainen journey with thee."

Kullervo, Kalervo's offspring,
 With the very bluest stockings,

With the whip then struck his courser,
 With his beaded whip he lashed him
 Sprang the horse upon his journey,
 Rocked the sledge, the way was shortened,
 And he rattled on his journey,
 And he sped upon his pathway, 130
 Straight across the heaths of Pohja,
 And the borders wide of Lapland
 And by chance a maiden met him,
 Wearing a tin brooch, and singing,
 Out upon the heaths of Pohja,
 And the borders wide of Lapland
 Kallervo, Kallervo's offspring,
 Checked his horse upon the instant,
 And his mouth at once he opened,
 And began to speak as follows, 140
 "Come into my sledge, O maiden,
 Underneath my rug, my dearest
 And you there shall eat my apples
 And shall crack my nuts in comfort."
 But the maiden made him answer,
 And the un-adorned one shouted
 "At your sledge I spit, O villain,
 Even at your sledge, O scoundrel!
 Underneath your rug is coldness,
 And within your sledge is darkness," 150
 Kallervo, Kallervo's offspring,
 With the very finest stockings
 Dragged into his sledge the maiden,
 And into the sledge he pulled her,
 And upon the furs he laid her,
 Underneath the rug he pushed her
 And the maiden spoke unto him,
 Thus outspoke the un-adorned one
 "From the sledge at once release me,
 Leave me child in perfect freedom, 160
 That I hear of nothing evil,
 Neither foul nor filthy language,
 Or upon the ground I'll throw me,
 And will break the sledge to splinters,

And will smash your sledge on a anvil,
Break the stretched sledge to pieces."

Kullervo, Kallervo's offspring,
With the very bluest stockings,
Opened then his hide-bound coffer,
Casting raised the pictured cover,
And he showed her all his silver,
Out he spread the choicest fabrics,
Stockings too, all gold-embroidered,
Cordons all adorned with silver.

170

Soon the fabrics turned her dizzy,
To a bride the money changed her,
And the silver it destroyed her,
And the shining gold deluded.

Kullervo, Kallervo's offspring,
With the very bluest stockings,
Thereupon the maiden fastened,
And he wheeled and carressed her,
With one hand the horse controlling,
On the maiden's breast the other.

180

Then he sported with the maiden,
Wheeled out the tin adorned one
Neath the rug all copper-unselled,
And upon the furs all spotted.

Then when Juna a bright morning,
On the second day thereafter,
Then the damsel spoke unto him,
And she asked, and spoke as follows
"Tell me now of your relations,
What the brave race that you spring from,
From a mighty race it seems me,
Offspring of a mighty father."

190

Kullervo, Kallervo's offspring
Answered in the words which so low
"No, my race is not a great one,
Not a great one, not a small one,
I am just of middle station,
Kallervo's unhappy offspring,
Stupid boy, and very foolish,
Worthless chud, and good for nothing.

200

Tell me now about your people,
And the brave race that you spring from,
Perhaps from mighty race descended,
Offspring of a mighty father."

And the girl made answer quickly,
And she spoke the words which follow: 210

"No, my race is not a great one,
Not a great one, not a small one,
I am just of middle station,
Kalervo's unhappy daughter,
Stupid girl, and very foolish,
Worthless chid, and good for nothing.

"When I was a little infant,
Living with my tender mother,
To the wood I went for berries,
'Neath the mountain sought for raspberries 220
On the plains I gathered strawberries,
Underneath the mountain, raspberries,
Plucked by day, at night I rested,
Plucked for one day and a second.
And upon the third day likewise,
But the pathway home I found not,
In the woods the pathways led me,
And the footpath to the forest

"There I stood, and burst out weeping,
Wept for one day and a second. 230

And at length upon the third day,
Then I climbed a mighty mountain,
To the peak of all the highest.
On the peak I called and shouted,
And the woods made answer to me,
While the heaths re-echoed likewise:
'Do not call, O girl so senseless,
Shout not, void of understanding!
There is no one who can hear you,
None at home to hear your shouting.' 240

"Then upon the third and fourth days,
Lastly on the fifth and sixth days,
I to take my life attempted,
Tried to hurl me to destruction,

But by no means did I perish,
 Nor could I, the wretched, perish
 "Would that I, poor wretch, had perished,
 Hapless one, had met destruction,
 That the second year thereafter,
 Or the third among the summers, 250
 I had shone forth as a grass-blade,
 As a lovely flower existed,
 On the ground a beautiful berry,
 Even as a scarlet cranberry.
 Then I had not heard these horrors,
 Would not now have known these terrors."
 Soon as she had finished speaking,
 And her speech had scarce completed,
 Quickly from the sledge she darted,
 And she rushed into the river, 260
 In the furious foaming cataract,
 And amid the raging whirlpool,
 There she found the death she sought for,
 There at length did death overtake her,
 Found in Tuonela a refuge,
 In the waves she found compassion.
 Kullervo, Kallervo's offspring,
 From his sledge at once descended,
 And began to weep full loudly,
 With a piteous lamentation. 270
 "Woe my day, O me unhappy,
 Woe to me, and all my household,
 For indeed my very sister,
 I my mother's child have outraged!
 Woe my father, woe my mother,
 Woe to you, my aged parents,
 To what purpose have you reared me,
 Reared me up to be so wretched
 Far more happy were my fortune,
 Had I ne'er been born or nurtured, 280
 Never in the air been strengthened,
 Never in this world had entered
 Wrongly I by death was treated,
 Nor disease has acted wisely,

That they did not fall upon me,
And when two nights old destroy me."

With his knife he loosed the collar
From the saddle the chains he severed,
On the horse's back he vaulted.

On the whitefront steed he galloped, 290
But a little way he galloped.

But a little course had traversed,
When he reached his father's dwelling,
Reached the grass-plot of his father.

In the yard he found his mother
'O my mother who hast borne me,

O that thou, my dearest, mother

Few as soon as thou hadst borne me,
In the bath-room smoke hadst laid me,

And the bath-house doors had bolted, 300
That amid the smoke I smothered.

And when two nights old had perished,
Smothered me among the blankets

With the curtain thou hadst checked me,
Thrust the cradle in the fire.

Pushed it in the burning embers

'If the village folk had asked thee,
'Why's in the room my child?

Wherefore have you closed the bath-house?' 310

Then I might have been the answer, 310
'In the fire I burned the cradle,

Where on hearth the fire's glowing

While I made the mat on that base,

While the milk was fully sweetened."

Then his mother asked him quickly,
Asked him that he never knew

'O my son what happened to thee,

What the dreadful news thou bringest?

Swears now Tuonela thou comest,

As from Manala thou comest." 320

But from Kalevala he ran,

Answered in the words which follow:

"I err now must be reported,

And most horrible misfortunes.

I have wronged my very sister,
And my mother's child dishonoured.

"First I went and paid the taxes,
And I also paid the land-dues,
And by chance there came a maiden,
And I sported with the maiden, 330
And she was my very sister,
And the child of mine own mother.

"Thereupon to death she cast her,
Plunged herself into desolation,
In the furious foaming cataract,
And amid the raging whirlpool.
But I cannot now determine
Not decide and not imagine
How myself to death should cast me,
I the hapless one, should slay me, 340
In the mouths of wolves all howling,
In the throats of bears all growling,
In the whale's vast belly perish,
Or between the teeth of lake-pike."

But his mother made him answer:
"Do not go, my son, my dearest,
To the mouths of wolves all howling,
Nor to throats of bears all growling,
Neither to the whale's vast belly,
Neither to the teeth of lake-pike 350
Large enough the Cape of Suomi,
Wide enough are Savo's borders,
For a man to hide from evil,
And a criminal conceal him.
Hide thee there for five years, six years,
There for nine long years conceal thee,
Till a time of peace has reached thee,
And the years have calmed thine anguish."

Kullervo, Kullervo's *Sister*,
Answered in the words which to low: 360
"Nay I will not go in hiding,
Fly not forth, a wicked outlaw,
To the mouth of Death I wander,
To the gate of Kalma's courtyard,

To the place of furious fighting,
 To the battle-field of heroes.
 Upright stal is standing Unto,
 And the wicked man unfallen,
 Unavenged my father's sufferings,
 Unavenged my mother's tear-drops, 370
 Counting not my bitter sufferings,
 Wrongs that I myself have suffered."

RUNO XXXVI.—THE DEATH OF KULLERVO

Argument

Kullervo prepares for war and leaves home joyfully, for no one but his mother is sorry that he is going to his death (1-54). He comes to Uuamola, lays waste the whole district, and burns the homestead (55-250). On returning home he finds his home deserted, and no living thing about the place but an old black dog, with which he goes into the forest to shoot game for food (251-296). While traversing the forest he arrives at the place where he met his sister, and ends his remorse by killing himself with his own sword (297-360).

KULLERVO, Kallervo's offspring,
 With the very bluest stockings,
 Now prepared himself for battle,
 And prepared himself for warfare.
 For an hour his sword he sharpened,
 Sharpened spear-points for another
 Then his mother spoke unto him,
 "Do not go, my son unhappy,
 Go not to this mighty battle,
 Go not where the swords are clashing! 10
 He who goes for nought to battle,
 He who wilful seeks the combat,
 In the fight shall find his death-wound,
 And shall perish in the conflict,
 By the sword-blades shall he perish,
 Thus shall fall, and thus shall perish.

" If against a goat thou fightest,
And wouldst meet in fight a he-goat,
Then the goat will overcome thee,
In the mud the he goat cast thee, 20
That like dog thou home returnest,
Like a frog returnest homeward "

Kullervo, Kalerwo's offspring,
Answered in the words which follow
" In the swamps I shall not sink me,
Nor upon the heath will stumble,
In the dwelling place of ravens,
In the fields where crows are croaking,
If I perish in the battle,
Sinking on the field of battle, 30
Noble 'tis to fall in battle,
Fine 'mid clash of swords to perish,
Exquisite the battle-fever,
Quickly hence a youth it hurries,
Takes him quickly forth from evil,
There he falls no more to hunger "

Then his mother spoke and answered,
" If you perish in the battle,
Who shall cater for your father,
And shall tend the old man daily ? " 40

Kullervo, Kalerwo's offspring,
Answered in the words that follow -
" Let him perish on the dust-heap,
Leave him in the yard to perish "

" Who shall cater for your mother,
And shall tend the old dame daily ? "

" Let her die upon a haycock,
In the cowshed let her stifle "

" Who shall cater for thy brother,
Tend him day by day in future ? " 50

" Let him perish in the forest,
Let him faint upon the meadow "

" Who shall cater for thy sister,
Tend her day by day in future ? "

" Let her fall in well, and perish,
Let her fall into the wash tub."

Kullervo, Kaervo's offspring,
Just as he his home was leaving,
Spoke these words unto his father :
" Now farewell, O noble father !
Shal' you perhaps be weeping sorely,
If you hear that I have perished,
And have vanished from the people,
And have perished in the battle ? "

60

Then his father gave him answer :
" Not for thee shall I be weeping,
If I hear that you have perished,
For another son I'll rear me,
And a better son will rear me.
And a son by far more clever "

70

Kullervo, Kaervo's offspring,
Answered in the words which follow :
" Nor for you shall I be weeping,
If I hear that you have perished,
I will make me such a father,
Mouth of clay, and head of stonework,
Eyes of cranberries from the marshes,
And a beard of withered stubble,
Legs of willow-twigs will make him,
Flesh of rotten trees will make him "

80

Then he spoke unto his brother,
" Now farewell, my dearest brother,
Shall you weep for my destruction,
If you hear that I have perished,
And have vanished from the people,
And have fallen in the battle ? "

But his brother gave him answer,
" Not for you shall I be weeping,
If I hear that you have perished,
I will find myself a brother
Better brother far than thou art,
And a brother twice as handsome "

90

Kullervo, Kaervo's offspring,
Answered in the words which follow :
" Nor for you shall I be weeping,
If I hear that you have perished,

I will make me such a brother
 Head of stone, and mouth of saw,
 Eyes of cranberries I will make him,
 Make him hair of withered stubble, 100
 Legs of willow-twigs will make him,
 Flesh of rotten trees will make him."

Then he spoke unto his sister,
 "Now farewell my dearest sister,
 Shall you weep for my destruction,
 If you hear that I have perished
 And have vanished from the people,
 And have perished in the battle?"

But his sister gave him answer:
 "Not for you shall I be weeping, 110
 If I hear that you have perished.
 I will find myself a brother,
 Better brother far than thou art,
 And a brother far more clever."

Kullervo, Kullervo's offspring,
 Answered in the words which follow:
 "Nor for you shall I be weeping,
 If I hear that you have perished.
 I will make me such a sister, 120
 Head of stone and mouth of saw,
 Eyes of cranberries I will make her,
 Make her hair of withered stubble,
 Ears of water-lily make her,
 And of maple make her body."

Then he said unto his mother,
 "O my mother, O my dearest,
 Thou the fair one who hast borne me,
 Thou the golden one who nursed me,
 Shalt thou weep for my destruction,
 Shouldst thou hear that I have perished, 130
 And have vanished from the people,
 And have perished in the battle?"

Then his mother gave him answer,
 And she spoke the words which follow:
 "Not thou knowest a mother's feelings,
 Nor a mother's heart esteemest

I shall weep for thy destruction,
 If I hear that thou hast perished,
 And from out the people vanished,
 And have perished in the battle ; 140
 Weep until the house is flooded,
 Weep until the floor is swimming,
 Weep until the paths are hidden,
 And with tears the cowsheds weighted,
 Weep until the snows are slippery,
 Till the ground is bare and slippery,
 Lands unfrozen team with verdure,
 And my tears flow through the greenness.

" If I cannot keep on weeping,
 And no strength is left for grieving, 150
 Weeping in the people's presence,
 I will weep in bath-room hidden,
 Till the seats with tears are flowing,
 And the flooring all is flooded."

Kullervo, Kalervo's offspring,
 With the very bluest stockings,
 Went with music forth to battle,
 Joyfully he sought the conflict,
 Playing tunes through plains and marshes,
 Shouting over all the heathland, 160
 Crashing onwards through the meadows,
 Trampling down the fields of stubble.

And a messenger o'ertook him,
 In his ear these words he whispered :
 " At thy home has died thy father,
 And thy aged parent perished.
 Now return to gaze upon him,
 And arrange for his interment."

Kullervo, Kalervo's offspring,
 Made him answer on the instant ; 170
 " Is he dead, so let him perish
 In the house there is a gelding,
 Which unto the grave can drag him,
 And can sink him down to Kalma "

Played he, as he passed the marshes,
 And he shouted in the clearings,

And a messenger o'ertook him,
 In his ear these words he whispered :
 " At thy home has died thy brother
 And thy parent's child has perished. 180
 Now return to gaze upon him,
 And arrange for his interment."

Kullervo, Kullervo's offspring,
 Made him answer on the instant -
 " Is he dead, so let him perish.
 In the house there is a stallion,
 Which unto the grave can drag him,
 And can sink him down to Kalma."

Through the marshes passed he, playing,
 Blew his horn amidst the fir-woods, 190
 And a messenger o'ertook him,
 In his ear these words he whispered :
 " At thy home has died thy sister,
 And thy parent's child has perished.
 Now return to gaze upon her,
 And arrange for her interment."

Kullervo, Kullervo's offspring,
 Made him answer on the instant,
 " Is she dead, so let her perish.
 In the house a mare is waiting, 200
 Which unto the grave can drag her,
 And can sink her down to Kalma."

Through the meadows marched he shouting,
 In the grassfields he was shouting,
 And a messenger o'ertook him,
 In his ear these words he whispered
 " Now has died thy tender mother,
 And thy darling mother perished.
 Now return to gaze upon her,
 And arrange for her interment." 210

Kullervo, Kullervo's offspring,
 Answered in the words which follow
 " Woe to me, a youth unhappy,
 For my mother now has perished,
 Wearied as she made the curtains,
 And the counterpane embroidered.

With her long spout she was working,
 As she turned around her spindles,
 I was not at her departure,
 Near her when her soul was parting. 220
 Perhaps the cold was great and killed her
 Or perchance was bread too scanty
 " In the house with care, O wash her,
 With the Saxon soap, the finest
 Wrap her then in sicken wrappings,
 Wrap her in the finest linen,
 Thus unto the grave convey her,
 Sink her gently down to Kalma,
 Then appraise the songs of mourning,
 Let resound the songs of mourning, 230
 For it is yet can I turn homeward,
 Untamo is still unfallen
 Yet unfled the man of evil,
 Undestroyed is yet the villain "
 Forth he went to battle, playing,
 Went to Untola rejoicing,
 And he said the words which follow:
 " Ukko, thou, of Gods the highest,
 Give me now a sword bestial,
 Give me now a sword most splendid, 240
 Which were worth an army to me
 Through a hundred camps against me "
 Hear the sword he asked was granted,
 And a sword most most splendid,
 And he slaughtered all the people,
 Untamo's whole tribe he slaughtered,
 Ripped the houses all to ashes,
 A cold flame completely burned them,
 Leaving nothing but the hearthstones,
 Nought but in each yard the raven. 250
 Kalevo, Kalevo's offspring,
 Then to his own home returned,
 To his father's former dwelling,
 To the home fields of his parents,
 Empty did he find the hearthstead,
 Inhabited the open places,

Rune XXXVII The Death of Kullervo 123

No one forward came to greet him,
 No one came his hand to offer
 To the hearth he stretched his hand out,
 On the hearth the coals were frozen, 250
 And he knew on his arrival
 That his mother was not living.
 To the stove he stretched his hand out,
 At the stove the stones were frozen.
 And he knew on his arrival
 That his father was not living
 On the floor his eyes then casting,
 All he noticed in confusion,
 And he knew on his arrival,
 That his sister was not living. 270
 To the mooring place he hastened,
 But no boats were at their moorings,
 And he knew on his arrival
 That his brother was not living.
 Thereupon he broke out weeping,
 And he wept one day, a second,
 And he spoke the words which follow:
 "O my mother O my dearest,
 Hast thou left me nought behind thee,
 When thou rested in this earth?
 280 "But thou hearest not, O mother,
 Even though my eyes are sobbing,
 And my temples are lamenting,
 And my head is all complaining."
 In the grave his mother wakened,
 And beneath the mound made answer:
 "Still there lives the black dog, Musti,
 Go with him into the forest
 At thy side let him stand thee,
 Take him to the wooded country, 290
 Where the forest rises thickest,
 Where reside the forest-maidens,
 Where the Blue Maids have their dwelling
 And the birds frequent the pine trees,
 There to seek for their assistance,
 And to seek to win their favour."

Kalervo, Kalervo's offspring,
 At his side the black dog taking,
 Tracked his path through trees of forest,
 Where the forest rose the thickest 300
 But a short way had he wandered
 But a little way walked onward.
 When he reached the stretch of forest,
 Recognized the spot before him,
 Where he had seduced the maiden,
 And his mother's child dishonoured

There the tender grass was weeping,
 And the lovely spot lamenting,
 And the young grass was deplo'ring,
 And the flowers of heath were grieving, 310
 For the ruin of the maiden,
 For the mother's child's destruction.
 Neither was the young grass sprouting,
 Nor the flowers of heath expanding,
 Nor the spot had covered over,
 Where the evil thing had happened,
 Where he had seduced the maiden,
 And his mother's child dishonoured

Kalervo, Kalervo's offspring,
 Grasped the sharpened sword he carried, 320
 Looked upon the sword and turned it,
 And he questioned it and asked it,
 And he asked the sword's opinion,
 If it was disposed to slay him,
 To devour his guilty body,
 And his evil blood to swallow

Understood the sword his meaning,
 Understood the hero's question,
 And it answered him as follows 330
 "Wherefore at thy heart's desire
 Should I not thy flesh devour,
 And drink up thy blood so evil?
 I who goddesses' flesh have eaten,
 Drank the blood of those who sinned not?"

Kalervo, Kalervo's offspring,
 With the very best stockings,

Rune XXXVII] Gold and Silver Bride 125

On the ground the haft set firmly,
On the heath the hilt pressed tightly,
Turned the point against his bosom,
And upon the point he threw him, 340
Thus he found the death he sought for,
Cast himself into destruction

Even so the young man perished,
Thus died Kullervo the hero,
Thus the hero's life was ended,
Perished thus the hapless hero.

Then the aged Väinämöinen,
When he heard that he had perished
And that Kullervo had fallen,
Spoke his mind in words that follow: 350

"Never, people, in the future,
Rear a child in crooked fashion,
Rocking them in stupid fashion,
Soothing them to sleep like strangers
Children reared in crooked fashion,
Boys thus rocked in stupid fashion,
Grow not up with understanding,
Nor attain to man's discretion,
Though they live till they are aged,
And in body well-developed." 360

Rune XXXVII --THE GOLD AND SILVER BRIDE

Argument

Ilmarinen weeps long for his dead wife and then forges himself a wife of gold and silver which gives labour and trouble (162). At night he rests by the golden bride, but finds in the morning that the side which he has turned towards her is quite cold (163-195). He offers his golden bride to Väinämöinen, who declines to receive her and advises him to forge more useful things, or to send her to other countries where people wish for gold (197-250).

AFTERWARDS smth Ilmarinen
Mourned his wife throughout the evenings,
And through sleepless nights was weeping,
All the days bewailed her fasting,

And he mourned her all the mornings,
 In the morning hours lamented
 Since the time his young wife perished,
 Death the fair one had overtaken
 In his hand he swung no longer
 Copper handle of his hammer 10
 Nor his hammer's clang resounded.
 While a month its course was running

Said the smith, said Ilmarinen,
 "Happy youth, I know no longer,
 How to pass my sad existence,
 For at night I sit and sleep not,
 Always in the night comes sorrow,
 And my strength grows weak from trouble.

"All my evenings now are weary,
 Somewhat are all my mornings, 20
 And the nights indeed are dismal,
 Worst of all when I am waking.
 Grieve I not because 'tis evening
 Sorrow not because 'tis morning,
 Trouble not for other seasons,
 But I sorrow for my sorrow,
 And I sorrow for my dear one,
 Grieve for her, the dark-browed beauty

"Sometimes in these times so dismal
 Often in my time of trouble, 30
 Often in my dreams at midnight,
 Has my hand felt out at nothing,
 And my hand upheld on a throne,
 As it strayed about in strangeness."

Thus he sorrowed while he lived with her,
 And without his wife grew older
 Wept for two months and for three months,
 But upon the fourth month after,
 Gold from out the lake he gathered,
 Gathered silver from the hollows, 40
 And a pile of wood collected,
 Nothing short of thirty siegelmads,
 Then he burned the wood to charcoal,
 Took the charcoal of the smith

Of the gold he took a portion,
 And he chose him out some silver,
 Even like a ewe of autumn,
 Even like a hare of winter,
 And the gold to redness heated,
 Cast the silver in the furnace, 50

Set his slaves to work the bellows,
 And his labourers pressed the bellows,
 Toned the slaves, and worked the bellows,
 And the labourers pressed the bellows
 With their ungloved hands they pressed them,
 Worked them with their naked shoulders,
 While himself, smith Ilmarinen,
 Carefully the fire was tending,
 As he strove a bride to fashion
 Out of gold and out of silver 60

Badly worked the slaves the bellows,
 And the labourers did not press them,
 And on this smith Ilmarinen
 Went himself to work the bellows.
 Once and twice he worked the bellows,
 For a third time worked the bellows,
 Then looked down into the furnace,
 Looking closely to the bellows,
 What rose up from out the furnace,
 What from out the flames ascended. 70

Then a ewe rose from the furnace,
 And it rose from out the bellows.
 One half gold another copper,
 And the third was all of silver
 Others might therein find pleasure,
 Ilmarinen felt no pleasure.

Said the smith, said Ilmarinen,
 "Such as you a wolf may wish for,
 But I want a golden consort,
 One of silver have I constructed." 80

Thereupon smith Ilmarinen
 Thrust the ewe into the furnace,
 Gold onto the mass he added,
 And he added silver to it,

Set his slaves to work the bellows,
And his labourers pressed the bellows,
Toiled the slaves and worked the bellows,
And the labourers pressed the bellows,
With their ungloved hands they pressed them
Worked them with their naked shoulders, 90
While himself, smith Ilmarinen,
Carefully the fire was tending,
As he strove a bride to fashion
Out of gold and out of silver
Badly worked the slaves the bellows,
And the labourers did not press them,
And on this smith Ilmarinen
Went himself to work the bellows.
Once and twice he worked the bellows,
For the third time worked the bellows, 100
Then looked down into the furnace,
Looking closely to the bellows,
What rose up from out the furnace,
What from out the flames ascended.
Then a foal rose from the furnace,
And it rose from out the bellows,
Mane of gold, and head of silver,
And his hoofs were all of copper;
But though others it delighted,
Ilmarinen felt no pleasure. 110
Said the smith, said Ilmarinen,
"Such as you a wolf may wish for,
But I want a golden consort,
One of silver half constructed."
Thereupon smith Ilmarinen
Thrust the foal into the furnace,
Gold unto the mass he added,
And he added silver to it,
Set his slaves to work the bellows,
And his labourers pressed the bellows. 120
Toiled the slaves and worked the bellows,
And the labourers pressed the bellows,
With their ungloved hands they pressed them,
Worked them with their naked shoulders,

While himself, smith Ilmarinen,
 Carefully the fire was tending,
 As he strove a bride to fashion,
 Out of gold and out of silver
 Hadi worked the slaves the bellows,
 And the labourers did not press them, 130
 And on this, smith Ilmarinen
 Went himself to work the bellows,
 Once and twice he worked the bellows,
 For a third time worked the bellows,
 Then looked down into the furnace,
 Looking closely to the bellows,
 What rose up from out the furnace,
 What from out the flames ascended.
 Then a maid rose from the furnace,
 Golden-locked, from out the bellows, 140
 Head of silver, hair all golden,
 And her figure all was lovely.
 Others might have shuddered at her,
 Ilmarinen was not frightened.
 Thereupon smith Ilmarinen
 Set to work to shape the image,
 Worked at night without cessation,
 And by day he worked unceasing,
 Feet he fashioned for the maiden,
 Fashioned feet, and hands he made her, 150
 But the feet would not support her,
 Neither would the arms embrace him,
 Ears he fashioned for the maiden,
 But the ears served not for hearing,
 And a dainty mouth he made her
 Tender mouth and shining eyeballs,
 But the mouth served not for speaking,
 And the eyes served not for seeing.
 Said the smith, said Ilmarinen
 "She would be a pretty maiden, 160
 If she had the art of speaking,
 And had sense, and spoke discreetly."
 After this he laid the maiden
 On the softest of the blankets,

Smoothed for her the softest pillows,
On the sliken bed he laid her

Yet the smith himself.

Quickly warmed the steaming bath-room,
Took the soap into the bath-room,
And provided twigs for his whisks,
And of water took three tubs full
That the white linch should wash her,
And the little goldfinch cleanse her
Cleanse her beauty from the ashes

170

When the smith had also bathed him
Washed himself by his satisfaction,
At the maiden's side he stretched him,
On the softest of the blankets
Neath the steel buckled hangings

180

Neath the overarching iron,
As it were a hammer,
Even on the very first night,
Asked for coverlets in plenty,
And for blankets to protect him,
As two and three of bearskins,
Five or six of woollen mantles,
Ad upon one side to lay him

That towards the golden image

And out of the warm sufficiency
Which was covered by the bedclothes,

190

That beside the youthful damsel,
Turned towards the golden image

Alas, his side was fully frozen.

And with frost was quite encased,

For the ice on the other side,

For the ice on the other side,

For the ice on the other side,

For the ice on the other side,

For the ice on the other side,

For the ice on the other side,

For the ice on the other side,

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For the ice on the other side,

For the ice on the other side,

For the ice on the other side,

For the ice on the other side,

For the ice on the other side,

For the ice on the other side,

200

On his knee as was to seat her

Dove he on his arms to nestle

So, V. nola he took her,

And he saw upon his coming,

Runo XXXVIII] Gold and Silver Bride 131

In the very words which follow -

"O thou aged Vainamöinen
Here I bring a damsel for you,
And a damsel a r to gaze on,
And her mouth gapes not too widely,
And her chin is not too bristled." 210

Vainamöinen, old and steady,
Looked upon the golden image,
Looked upon her head all golden,
And he spoke the words which follow
"Wherefore have you brought her to me,
Brought to me this golden spectre?"

Said the smith, said Ilmarinen,
"With the best intent I brought her,
On your knee as wife to rest her,
Dovewife in your arms to nest her." 220

Said the aged Vainamöinen,
"O thou smith, my dearest brother,
Thrust the damsel in the furnace,
Forge all sorts of objects from her,
Or convey her hence to Russia,
Take your image to the Saxons,
Since they wed the spoils of battle,
And they woo in fiercest combat,
But it suits not my position,
Nor to me myself is suited, 230
Thus to win a bride all golden,
Or distress myself for silver."

Then dissuaded Vainamöinen,
And forbade the wave-sprung hero,
All the rising generation,
Likewise hose upgrown already,
For the sake of gold to bow them,
Or debase themselves for silver
And he spoke the words which follow,
And in words like these expressed him: 240

"Never youths, however wretched
Nor in future, upgrown heroes,
Whether you have large possessions,
Or are poor in your possessions,

In the course of all your lifetime,
 While the golden moon is shining,
 May you woo a golden woman,
 Or distress yourselves for si ver,
 For the gleam of gold is freezing,
 Only frost is breathed by si ver²⁵ 250

Runo XXXVIII. ILMARINEN'S NEW BRIDE FROM
 POHJOLA

Argument

Ilmarinen goes to Pohjola to woo the younger sister of his first wife, but as he receives only repelling words in reply he becomes angry, seizes the maiden, and carries her home with him (173). On the way the maiden treats Ilmarinen with contempt and provokes him till he changes her into a squirrel (174-286). When Ilmarinen comes home, he relates to Väinämöinen how the inhabitants of Pohjola are free from care since they possessed the Sampo, and also tells him how badly his wooing has prospered (287-328).

THENCEUPON smit Ilmarinen,
 He the great primeval craftsman,
 Cast away the golden image,
 Cast away the silver damsel,
 Afterwards his horse he harnessed,
 Yoked before the sledge the chestnut,
 On the sledge himself he mounted,
 And within the sledge he sat him,
 And departed on his journey,
 And proposed, as he was driving,
 He to Pohjola would travel 10
 There to ask another daughter,
 So he drove for one day onward,
 Journeyed also on the second,
 And at length upon the third day
 Came to Pohjola's broad courtyard.
 Louhi, Pohjola's old Mistress
 Came into the yard to meet him,

And began the conversation,
And she turned to him and asked him
How her child's health was at present,
If her daughter was contented,
As the daughter-in-law of master,
And the daughter-in-law of mistress,

Thereupon smith Ilmarinen,
Head bowed down, and deeply grieving,
And his cap all sloping sideways,
Answered in the words which follow :
" Do thou not, O mother, ask me,
Do not question me in thiswise
How your daughter may be living,
How your dear one now is dwelling !
Death has borne her off already,
Gnaly death has seized upon her
In the ground is now my berry,
On the heath is now my fair one,
And her dark locks 'neath the stubble,
'Neath the grass my silver-fair one.
Give me now your second daughter,
Give me now that youthful maiden,
Give her to me, dearest mother,
Give me now your second daughter,
Thus to occupy the dwelling,
And the station of her sister "

Louhi, Pohjola's old Mistress,
Answered in the words which follow :
" Ill have I, unhappy, acted,
And it was a sad misfortune
When to thee my child I promised,
And I gave to thee the other,
In her early youth to slumber,
For the rosy-cheeked one perished.
To the mouth of wolf I gave her,
To the jaws of bear when growling,

" No more daughters will I give you,
Nor my daughter wilt I give you,
That she wash the soot from off you,
And she scratch the soot from off you,

Sooner would I give my daughter,
 And would give my tender daughter, 60
 To the fiercely foaming cataract,
 To the ever-seething whirlpool,
 As a prey to worms of Mana,
 To the teeth of pike of Tuoni."

Thereupon smith Ilmarinen,
 Mouth and head both turning sideways,
 With his black hair in disorder,
 As his head he shook in anger,
 Pushed his way into the chamber,
 And beneath the roof he entered, 70
 And he spoke the words which follow
 "Come thou now with me, O maiden,
 In the station of thy sister,
 And to occupy her dwelling,
 Cakes of honey there to bake me,
 And the best of ale to brew me."

From the floor there sang a baby,
 Thus he sang and thus made answer
 "Quit our castle, guest unwelcome,
 From our doors, O stranger, hasten! 80
 Thou before hast harmed our castle,
 Evil much hast wrought our castle,
 When the first time here thou camest,
 And when our doors hast entered.

"Maiden, O my dearest sister,
 O rejoice not in this lover
 Neither in his mouth so subtle,
 Neither in his feet well-shapen,
 For his gums are like a wolf's gums,
 Curved his claws like those of foxes, 90
 And the claws of bears conceals he,
 And his belt-knife blood is drinking,
 'Tis with this that heads he severs,
 And with this the backs lays open."

Then the maiden's self made answer,
 Thus she spoke to Ilmarinen -
 "I myself will not go with you,
 Trouble not for such a scoundrel.

For your first wife you have murdered,
 And my sister you have slaughtered. 100
 You perchance would also slay me,
 Murder me, as her you murdered.
 Such a maiden is deserving
 Of a man of greater standing,
 And whose form is far more handsome,
 In a finer sledge to take me,
 To a larger, finer dwelling,
 To a better home than thou hast,
 Not unto a smith's black coalhouse
 To a stupid husband's homestead." 110

Thereupon smith Ilmarinen,
 He the great primeval craftsman,
 Mouth and head both turning sideways,
 And his black hair in disorder,
 Seized without ado the maiden,
 In his grasp he seized the maiden,
 From the room he rushed like snowstorm,
 Dragged her where his sledge was standing,
 In the sledge he pushed the maiden,
 And within the sledge he cast her, 120
 Started quickly on his journey,
 And prepared him for his journey,
 With one hand the horse he guided,
 On the girl's breast laid the other,
 Wept the maiden and lamented,
 And she spoke the words which follow:
 "Now I come where grow the cranberries,
 To the swamps where grow the arums,
 Now the dove approaches ruin,
 And the bird is near destruction. 130

"Hear me now, smith Ilmarinen,
 If you wilt not now release me,
 I will smash your sledge to pieces,
 And will break it into fragments,
 Break it with my knees asunder
 Break it with my legs to fragments."

Thereupon smith Ilmarinen
 Answered in the words that follow:

" Know, the sledge by smith was fashioned,
And the boards are bound with iron, 140
And it can withstand the pushing,
And the noble maiden's struggles."

Then the hapless girl lamented,
And bewailed the copper-belted,
Struggled till she broke her fingers,
Struggled till her hands were twisted,
And she spoke the words which follow:
" If you will not now release me,
To a lake-fish I'll transform me,
In the deepest waves a powan." 150

Thereupon smith Ilmarinen
Answered in the words which follow:
" Even so you will not 'scape me,
I myself as pike will follow."

Then the hapless girl lamented,
And bewailed the copper-belted,
Struggled till she broke her fingers,
Struggled till her hands were twisted,
And she spoke the words which follow:
" If you will not now release me, 160
To the wood will I betake me,
Hiding in the rocks like ermine."

Thereupon smith Ilmarinen
Answered in the words which follow:
" Even thus you will not scape me,
For as otter I'll pursue you."

Then the hapless girl lamented,
And bewailed the copper-belted,
Struggled till she broke her fingers,
Struggled till her hands were twisted, 170
And she spoke the words which follow:
" If you will not now release me,
As a lark I'll soar above you,
And behind the clouds will hide me."

Thereupon smith Ilmarinen,
Answered in the words which follow:
" Even thus you will not scape me,
For as eagle I'll pursue you."

But a little way they journeyed,
Short the distance they had traversed, 180
When the horse pricked ears to listen,
And the long-eared steed was shying.

Then her head the maiden lifted,
In the snow she saw fresh footprints,
And she thereupon inquired,
"What has passed across our pathway?"

Said the smith, said Ilmarinen,
" 'Twas a hare that ran across it."

Then the hapless girl was sighing,
Much she sobbed, and much was sighing, 190
And she spoke the words which follow

"Woe to me, unhappy creature!
Better surely had I found it,
And my lot were surely better
If the hare's track I could follow,
In the traces of the Crook-leg,
Than in sledge of such a sutor,
'Neath the rug of one so wrinkled,
For the hairs of hare are finer,
And his mouth-cleft is more handsome." 200

Thereupon smith Ilmarinen,
Bit his lips, his head turned sideways,
And the sledge drove rattling onward,
And a little way they journeyed,
When the horse pricked ears to listen,
And the long-eared steed was shying.

Then her head the maiden lifted,
In the snow she saw fresh footprints,
And she thereupon inquired,
"What has passed across our pathway?" 210

Said the smith, said Ilmarinen,
" 'Twas a fox that ran across it."

Then the hapless girl was sighing,
Much she sobbed, and much was sighing,
And she spoke the words which follow.
"Woe to me, unhappy creature,
Better surely had I found it,
And my lot were surely better,

Were I riding in a fox sledge,
 And in Lapland sledge were fleeing, 230
 Than in sledge of such a suitor,
 'Neath the rug of one so wrinkled,
 For the hairs of fox are finer
 And his mouth cleft is more handsome.'

There upon smit Ilmarinen
 Bit his lips, his head turned sideways,
 And the sledge drove rattling onward,
 And a little way they journeyed,
 When the horse pricked ears to listen,
 And the long eared steed was saying, 235

Then her head the maiden lifted,
 In the snow she saw fresh footprints,
 And she thereupon inquired,
 "What has passed across our pathway?"

Said the smith, said Ilmarinen
 "Twas a wolf that ran across it."

Then the hairless girl was sighing,
 Much she sobbed, and much was sighing,
 And she spoke the words which follow:
 "Woe to me, unhappy creature!" 240

Better surely had I found it,
 And my lot were surely better
 If a growling wolf I followed,
 Tracked the pathway of the Snouted,
 Than in sledge of such a suitor,
 'Neath the rug of one so wrinkled,
 For the hair of wolf is finer
 And his mouth cleft is more handsome."

Thereupon smit Ilmarinen
 Bit his lips, his head turned sideways, 245
 And the sledge drove rattling onwards,
 And at night they reached a village.

With the journey overworned,
 Slept the smith, and slept profoundly,
 And none her than her husband
 Made the girl laugh as he slept there

Thereupon smit Ilmarinen
 In the morning when he awakened.

Mouth and head both twisted sideways,
Tossed his black hair in disorder 260

After this, smith Ilmarinen
Pondered till he spoke as follows :
"Shall I now commence my singing,
Shall I sing a bride like this one,
To a creature of the forest,
Or a creature of the water ?

"Not to forest beast I'll sing her,
All the forest would be troubled
Neither to a water-creature,
Lest the fishes all should shun her ; 270
Better slay her with my hanger,
With my sword will I despatch her."

But the sword perceived his object,
Understood the hero's language,
And it spoke the words which follow :
"Not for this was I constructed,
That I should despatch the woman,
And the weak I thus should slaughter "

Thereupon smith Ilmarinen
Presently commenced his singing, 280
And began to speak in anger,
Sing his wife into a seamew,
Thenreforth round the cliffs to clamour,
Scream upon the rocks in water,
Moan around the jutting headlands,
Struggle with the winds against her

After this smith Ilmarinen
In his sledge again dashed forward,
And the sledge drove rattling onward,
Head bowed down in great depression, 290
Back he journeyed to his country,
Till he reached the well known regions.

Väinämöinen, old and steadfast,
Came upon the road to meet him,
And began to speak as follows
"Ilmarinen, smith and brother,
Wherefore is your mood so gloomy
Wherefore is your cap pushed sideways,

As from Pohjola thou comest?
 How at Pohjola exist they?" 300
 Said the smith, said Ilmarinen,
 "How at Pohjola exist they?
 There the Sampo grinds for ever,
 And revolves the pictured cover
 And one day it grinds provisions,
 Grinds for sale upon the second,
 On the third what needs the household.
 "Thus I speak, and tell you truly,
 And again repeat it to you,
 How at Pohjola exist they, 310
 When at Pohjola is the Sampo!
 There is ploughing there is sowing,
 There is every kind of increase,
 And their welfare is eternal."
 Said the aged Väinämöinen,
 "Ilmarinen, smith and brother,
 Where hast thou thy wife abandoned,
 Where thy youthful bride so famous,
 That you here return without her
 Ever driving homeward wifeless?" 320
 Thereupon smith Ilmarinen
 Answered in the words which follow:
 "Such a wife she was, I sang her
 To the sea-cliffs as a seamew
 Now she screams aloud as seagull,
 Shrieks aloud without cessation,
 Moans about the rocks in water,
 And around the cliffs she clamours."

RUNO XXXIX. THE EXPEDITION AGAINST POHJOLA

Argument

Vainämöinen persuades Ilmarinen to go with him to Pohjola to bring away the Sampo. Ilmarinen consents, and the heroes start off on their journey in a boat (1-330). Lemminkäinen hails them from the shore, and on hearing where they are going, proposes to join them, and is accepted as a third comrade (331-436).

VAINÄMÖINEN, old and steadfast,
Uttered then the words which follow.

"O thou smith, O Ilmarinen,
Unto Pohjola we'll travel,
And will seize this splendid Sampo,
And behold its pictured cover."

Thereupon smith Ilmarinen
Answered in the words which follow.

"No, we cannot seize the Sampo,
Cannot bring the pictured cover, 10
From the gloomy land of Pohja,
Sariola for ever misty
There the Sampo has been carried,
And removed the pictured cover
Unto Pohjola's stone mountain,
And within the hill of copper
There by nine locks is it fastened,
And three roots have sprouted from it,
Firmly fixed, nine fathoms deeply. 20
In the earth the first is rooted,
By the water's edge the second,
And the third within the home-hill."

Said the aged Vainämöinen,
"O thou smith, my dearest brother,
Unto Pohjola we'll travel,
And will carry off the Sampo.
Let us build a ship enormous,
Fit to carry off the Sampo,
And convey the pictured cover, 30
Forth from Pohjola's stone mountain,

From within the hill of copper,
And the ninefold locks that hold it."

Said the south, said Ilmarinen,
"Safest is by land the journey
Lampo on the lake is brooding,
Death upon its mighty surface,
And the wind might drive us onward,
And the tempest might o'erturn us,
We might have to row with fingers,
And to use our hands for steering."

40

Said the aged Vanamönn,
'Safest is by land the journey,
Safest, but the most fauguing,
And moreover, full of windings.
Pleasant 'tis in boat on water,
Swaying as the boat glides onward,
Gadding o'er the sparkling water,
Driving o'er its shining surface.
While the wind the boat is rocking,
And the waves drive on the vessel,
While the west-wind rocks it gently,
And the south-wind drives it onward,
But let this be as it may be
If you do not like the lake-voyage,
We by land can journey thither,
And along the shore can journey

50

'First a new sword do you forge me,
Make me now a keen-edged weapon,
So that I with beasts can struggle,
Chase away the folk of Pohja.
Forth I go to seize the Sampo,
From the cold and dismal w'ldage,
From the gloomy land of Pohja,
Sampo's for ever in sty."

60

Thereupon smith Ilmarinen
He the great primeval craftsman.
Cast some iron in the fire,
Steel upon the glowing charcoal,
And of gold he took a handful,
And of silver took a handful,

70

Set the slaves to work the bellows,
And he made the labourers press them.
Worked the slaves the bellows strongly,
Well the labourers pressed the bellows,
Like soup spread out the iron,
And like dough the steel was yielding,
And the silver shone like water,
And the gold swelled up like billows.

Thereupon smith Ilmarinen,
He the great primeval craftsman, 80
Strooped to look into the furnace,
At the edges of the bellows,
And he saw a sword was forming,
With a hilt of gold constructed

From the fire he took the weapon,
Took the work so finely fashioned,
From the furnace to the anvils,
To the hammer and the mallet
Forged the sword as he would wish it, 90
And a blade the best of any,
And with finest gold inlaid it,
And with silver he adorned it.

Väinämöinen old and steadfast,
Entered then to view the weapon,
And he found a keen-edged sword-blade.
Straightway in his hand he raised it,
And he turned it and surveyed it,
And he spoke the words which follow:
"Does this sword befit a hero?
Is the sword to bearer suited?" 100

And the sword the hero suited,
Well did it befit the bearer
On its point the moon was shining,
On its side the sun was shining,
On the haft the stars were gleaming,
At the tip a horse was neighing,
On the knob a cat was mew'ing,
On the sheath a dog was barking

After this the sword he brandished, 110
And he cleft an iron mountain,

And he spoke the words which follow :

"Thus, with such a blade as this is,
Can I cleave the mountains open,
Cleave the rocky hills asunder."

After this did Ilmarinen

Speak aloud the words which follow :

"How shall I myself, unhappy,
How shall I, the weak, defend me,
And shall armour me, and beat me,
'Gainst the risks of land and water? 120
Shall I clothe myself in armour,
In a coat of mail the strongest,
Gird a belt of steel around me?
Stronger is a man in armour,
In a coat of mail is better,
With a belt of steel more mighty."

Then arrived the time for starting,

And preparing for departure,
First the aged Väinämöinen,
Secondly smith Ilmarinen, 130
And they went to seek the courser,
And to find the yellow-maned one,
And the one-year old to bridle,
And to see the foal was rough-shod.
Then they went to seek the courser,
Went to seek him in the forest,
And they gazed around them keenly,
And they sought around the blue wood,
Found the horse among the bushes,
Found the yellow-maned in firwood. 140

Väinämöinen, old and steadfast,

Secondly smith Ilmarinen,
On his head the bit adjusted,
And the one-year old they bridled,
And they drove upon their journey.
On the shore drove both the heroes,
On the shore they heard lamenting,
From the haven heard complaining.

Then the aged Väinämöinen

Spoke aloud the words which follow. 150

"Perhaps it is a girl complaining,
Or perchance a dove lamenting.
Shall we go to look about us,
Shall we nearer go to listen?"

Therefore to the spot they sauntered,
Nearer went to gaze around them,
But no maiden there was weeping
And no dove was there lamenting,
But they found a vessel weeping,
And a boat was there lamenting.

160

Said the aged Vainämöinen
As he went towards the vessel,
"Wherefore weep, O wooden vessel,
Boat with rowlocks, why lamentest?
Dost thou weep that thou art clumsy,
And art dreaming at thy moorings?"

Then the wooden boat made answer
Thus replied the boat with rowlocks:

"Know, a vessel longs for water,
And its tarry sides desire it,
As a maiden may be longing
For the fire home of a husband
Therefore weeps the boat unhappy,
And the hapless boat lamenteth,
And I weep to speed through water,
And to float upon the billows.

170

'It was said when I was fashioned,
When my boards were sung together,
That I should become a warship,
And should be employed for warboat,
And should bear the plunder homeward
In my hold should carry treasure,
But I have not been in battle,
Neither have been stored with plunder.

180

"Other boats, and even bad ones,
Always wander forth to battle,
And are led to battle-struggle
Three times in the course of summer
And return with money loaded,
In their hold they carry treasure,

190

But for me though well constructed,
 Of a hundred boards constructed,
 Here upon my rests I'm rotting,
 Lying idly at my moorings,
 And the worst worms of the country
 Underneath my ribs are lurking
 While the birds, of all most horrid
 In my masts their nests are building,
 All the toads from out the forest
 Over all my deck are leaping. 100
 'Twice it had been better for me,
 Two or three times were it better
 Had I been a mountain pine-tree,
 Or upon the heath a fir tree,
 With a squirrel in my branches,
 Underneath my boughs a puppy."
 Vainamöinen, old and steadfast,
 Answered in the words which follow:
 "Do not weep, O wooden vessel,
 Fret thyself, O boat with rowlocks! 210
 Soon shalt thou go forth to battle,
 There to mix in furious conflict
 Boat, who wast by builder fashioned,
 'Twas this gift the builder gave thee
 That thy prow should reach the water,
 And thy sides the billows traverse,
 Even though no hand should touch thee,
 Neither arm be thrust against thee,
 Though no shoulder should direct thee,
 And as though no arm should guide thee." 220
 Then replied the wooden vessel,
 Answered thus the boat with rowlocks:
 "None of all my race so mightily,
 Neither will the boats, my brothers,
 Move unpushed into the water,
 Nor unrowed upon the billows,
 If no hand is laid upon us,
 And no arm should urge us forward."
 Said the aged Vainamöinen,
 "If I push you in the water, 230

Will you make, unrowed, your journey,
Unassisted by the oars,
By the rudder undirected,
When the sails no breeze is filling?"

Answer made the wooden vessel,
Thus repud the boat with rowlocks
"None of al. my race so noble,
Nor the host of other vessels,
Speed along unrowed by fingers,
Unassisted by the oars,
By the rudder undirected,
When the sails no breeze is filling."

340

Vanamönen, old and steadfast,
Answered in the words which follow:
"Can you speed if some one rows you,
If assisted by the oars,
By the rudder if directed,
When the sails the breeze is filling?"

Answered then the wooden vessel,
Thus repud the boat with rowlocks:
"Yes, my race would hasten onward,
All the other boats my brothers,
Speed along if rowed by fingers,
If assisted by the oars,
By the rudder if directed.

350

When the sails the breeze is filling."

Then the aged Vanamönen
Left his horse upon the sandhills,
On a tree he fixed the haler,
Tied the reins upon the branches,
Pushed the boat into the water,
Sang the vessel in the billows,
And he asked the wooden vessel,
And he spoke the words which follow:
"O thou boat, of shape so curving,
O thou wooden boat with rowlocks,
Art thou not as fit to bear us,
As thyself art fair to gaze on?"

260

Answered thus the wooden vessel
Thus replied the boat with rowlocks

270

"I am fitted well to bear you,
 And my floor is very spacious,
 And a hundred men might row me,
 And a thousand others stand there."

So the aged Väinämöinen

Softly then began to caw,
 Sang on one side of the vessel
 Handsome youths, with hair brushed smoothly,
 Hair smoothed down and hands all hardened,
 And their feet were finely booted, 280
 Sang on other side of vessel
 Girls with tin upon their head-dress,
 Head-dress tin, and belts of copper,
 Golden rings upon their fingers;
 And again sang Väinämöinen,
 Till the seats were full of people,
 Some were very aged people,
 Men whose lives were nearly over,
 But for these the space was scanty,
 For the young folks came before them. 290

In the stern himself he seated,
 Sat behind the birchwood vessee,
 And he steered the vessel onward,
 And he spoke the words which follow:
 "Speed thou on through treeless regions,
 O'er the wide expanse of water,
 O'er the lake do thou float lightly,
 As on waves a water-lily."

Then he set the youths to rowing,
 But he left the maidens resting, 300
 Rowed the youths, and bent the oars,
 Yet the vessel moved not onward.

Then he set the girls to rowing,
 But he left the youths reposing,
 Rowed the girls, and bent their fingers,
 Yet the vessel moved not onward.

Then the old folks set to rowing,
 While the young folks gazed upon them;
 Rowed they till their heads were shaking,
 Still the vessel moved not onward. 310

Thereupon smit Ilmarinen
 Sat him down, and set to rowing :
 Now moved on the wooden vessel,
 Sped the boat and made good progress,
 Far was heard the splash of oars,
 Far the splashing of the rudder
 On he rowed, while splashed the water,
 Cracked the seats, and shook the planking,
 Crashed the mountain-ashwood oars,
 Creaked like hazel-grouse the rudders, 320
 And their tips like cry of blackcock
 Like a swan the prow clove onward,
 Croaked the stern as croaks a raven,
 Hissed the rowlocks just as geese hiss,
 And the aged Vainamöinen
 Steered the vessel quickly onward,
 From the stern of the red vessel,
 With the aid of the strong rudder,
 Till they saw a cliff before them,
 And perceived a wretched village. 330
 On the cape was Ahti dwelling,
 In its bend was Kauko living,
 Weeping that the fish had failed him,
 Weeping that the bread had failed him ;
 For the smallness of his storehouse,
 Wept the scamp his wretched fortune.
 At a boat's planks he was working,
 At a new boat's keel was working,
 On this hungry promontory.
 And beside the wretched village. 340
 Very keen was Ahti's hearing,
 But his sight was even keener
 As he gazed afar to north-west,
 And to south his head was turning,
 Suddenly he saw a rainbow
 And a single cloud beyond it,
 What he saw was not a rainbow
 Nor a little cloud beyond it
 But a boat that speeded swiftly,
 And a vessel rushing onward 350

O'er the broad lake's shining surface,
Out upon the open water,
In the stern a noble hero,

And a handsome man was rowing,
Said the lively Lemminkäinen,
"What this boat may be I know not,
Whose may be this handsome vessel,
Which a brother rowed from Suomi,
From the east, with strokes of oars,
And its rudder to the north-west."

350

Then with all his might he shouted,
Shouted, and continued shouting,
From the cape the hero shouted,
Shouted loudly o'er the water
"Whose the boat that cleaves the water,
Whose the vessel on the billows?"

From the boat the men made answer,
And the women answered likewise,
"Who art thou, O forest-dweller?
Hero, breaking through the thicket,
That thou dost not know this vessel,
Whose from Vainola this vessel,
Dost not even know the steersman,
Nor the hero at the oars?"

370

Said the lively Lemminkäinen,
"Now do I perceive the steersman,
And I recognize the oarsman
Vainamöinen, old and steadfast,
In the vessel's stern is sitting,
Ilmarinen at the oars."

380

Whither then away, O heroes
Whither do you journey, heroes?"

Said the aged Vainamöinen
"To the northward do we journey,
Journey through the fanning billows,
And above the foam-flashed hill we
Forth we go to seize the Sampo,
Gaze upon its pictured cover,
There in Pohjola's stone mountain,
And within the hill of copper."

390

Said the lively Lemminkäinen,
 "O thou aged Väinämöinen
 Take me with you as your comrade,
 As the third among the heroes,
 When you go to seize the Sampo,
 Bear away the pictured cover
 Perhaps my manly sword may aid you,
 In the combat may be useful,
 As my hands may bear you witness,
 And my shoulders witness to you."

400

Väinämöinen, old and steadfast,
 Took the man upon his journey,
 In the boat he took the rascal,
 And the lively Lemminkäinen
 Hurried on to climb upon it,
 And he hastened quick to board it,
 And his planks he carried with him
 To the boat of Väinämöinen.

Said the aged Väinämöinen,
 "In my boat is wood in plenty,
 Planks sufficient for the vessel,
 And besides 'tis heavy laden.
 Wherefore do you bring more planking,
 Bringing timber to the vessel?"

410

Said the lively Lemminkäinen,
 "Foresight will not sink the vessel,
 Nor o'erturns a prop the haystack.
 Often on the lake of Pohja,
 Does the wind destroy the planking,
 When the sides are dashed together."

420

Said the aged Väinämöinen,
 "Therefore in a ship for battle
 Are the sides composed of iron,
 And the prow of steel constructed,
 Lest the wind aside should turn it,
 Storms should shatter it to pieces."

RUNO XL.—THE PIKE AND THE KANTELE

Argument

The Sampo-raiders come to a waterfall, beneath which the boat is caught fast on the back of a great pike (1-94). The pike is killed, and the front part is taken into the boat, cooked, and eaten (94-204). Väinämöinen makes the jaws of the pike into a kantele, on which several of the party attempt to play, but without success (205-342).

VAINÄMÖINEN, old and steadfast,
Steered the vessel swiftly forward,
On beyond the jutting headland,
On beyond the wretched village,
Singing songs upon the water,
Joyous songs upon the billows.

On the cape were maidens standing,
And they looked around and listened.
"From the lake there comes rejoicing,
And what song from lake re-echoes,
Far more joyous than aforesaid,
And a finer song than any?"

10

Onward steered old Väinämöinen,
For a day o'er lake was steering,
For the next through marshy waters,
For the third day past a cataract.

Then the lively Lemminkäinen
Thought of spells he heard aforesaid,
For the ears of furious cataract,
And the sacred river's whirlpool,
And he spoke the words which follow,
And expressed himself in singing

20

"Cease, O Cataract, thy foaming,
Mighty water, cease thy rushing,
Thou, foam-maiden, Cataract's daughter,
On the foam-flecked stones, O seat thee,
On the wet stones do thou seat thee,
In thy lap the waters gather,

Rune XI The Pike and the Kantele 153

And in both thy hands collect them,
With thy hands repress their fury, 30
That upon our breasts they splash not,
Nor upon our heads are falling

"Thou, old dame, beneath the billows,
Lady, pilloved on the waters,
Raise thy head above the waters,
Rise from bosom of the waters,
That the foam be heaped together,
And that thou mayst watch the foam-wreaths,
Lest they should o'erwhelm the guiltless,
And should overthrow the faultless. 40

'Stones that stand amid the river,
Slabs of stone with foam o'ercowered,
Be ye sunk into the water,
And your heads be pressed beneath it,
From the red boat's pathway banished,
From the course the tarred boat follows.

'If this is not yet sufficient,
Kimmo-stone, O son of Kammo,
Make an opening with thy auger,
Pierce an opening with thy auger, 50
Through the stones in river standing,
And the dangerous slabs that border,
That the boat may pass uninjured,
And the vessel pass undamaged.

"If this is not yet sufficient,
Water-Father, neath the river,
Into moss the rocks transform thou,
Make the boat like pike's light bladder,
As amid the foam it rushes
As beneath the banks it passes. 60

"Maiden in the cataract dwelling,
Girl who dwellst beside the river,
Do thou spin a thread of softness,
In a soft ball do thou wind it,
Drop thy thread into the water,
Through the blue waves do thou guide it,
That the boat its track may follow,
While its tarry breast speeds onward,

So that men the east instructed,
E'er the inexperienced find it 70

"Melatar, thou gracious matron!
Of thy favour, take the ruder,
That with which thou guid'st the vessel,
Safely through the streams enchanted,
To the house that lies beyond them,
And beneath the sorcerer's wind-ows
"If this is not yet sufficient.

Ukko, Jumma in heaven,
With thy sword direct the vessel,
With thy naked sword direct it, 80
That the wooden boat speed onward,
Journey on the pinewood vessel."

Then the aged Vainamoinen,
Steered the vessel swiftly forward,
Through the river-rocks he steered it,
Steered it through the foaming waters,
And the wooden vessel wedged not,
Not the wise man's boat was grounded.

But as they their voyage continued
Once again in open water, 90
Suddenly the vessel halted

Stopped the boat upon its journey,
In its place remained it fastened,
And the vessel rocked no longer

Thenceupon smelt I manner,
With the sly Lemminkäinen,
Pushed out the lake the rudder,
In the waves the spar of pinewood,
And they tried to loose the vessel,
And to free the wooden vessel, 100
But they could not move the vessel,
Nor release the wooden vessel

Vainamoinen, old and steadfast,
Uttered then the words which follow:
"O thou fire-y son of Lempi,
Sleep thou down, and look around thee.
Look what stops the boat from moving,
Look what keeps the vessel moveless

Rune XL] The Pike and the Kantele 155

Here amid the open water,
What the force beneath that holds it, 110
Whether stopped by rocks or branches,
Or by any other hindrance "

Then the lively Lemminkäinen
Stooped him down to look about him,
And he looked beneath the vessel,
And he spoke the words which follow:
" Not on rock the boat is resting,
Not on boat, and not on branches,
But upon a pike's broad shoulders,
And on water-dog's great backbone " 120

Vänämö men, o c and sea, that
Answered in the words which follow -

" All things may be found in rivers,
Whether they are pikes or branches,
If we rest on pike's broad shoulders,
And on water-dog's great backbone,
Plunge your sword into the water,
Thus to twain the fish to sever "

Then the lively Lemminkäinen
Ruddy youth, accomplished mortal, 130
Drew his sword from out his sword belt,
From his side the hone-destroyer
In the lake his sword plunged deeply,
Thrust it underneath the vessel,
But he splashed into the water,
Plunged his hands into the billows.

Thereupon smith Ilmannon
By the hair seized fast the hero,
Dragged from out the lake the hero,
And he spoke the words which follow: 140
" All pretend to grow to manhood,
And are ready to be beardied,
Such as these we count by hundreds,
And their number mounts to thousands."

From his belt he drew his sword-blade
From the sheath the keen-edged weapon,
And he struck the fish with fury
Striking down beneath the vessel,

But the sword in pieces shivered,
 And the pike was injured nothing 150
 Väinämöinen old and steadfast,
 Uttered then the words which follow
 "Not the half of manhood have you.
 Not the third part of a hero,
 But a man's now required.
 And a man's sense now is needed.
 All the sense of the unsinked,
 All the efforts of the others."
 Then himself he drew his sword blade,
 Firmly grasped the keen-edged weapon, 160
 To the lake his sword then thrust he,
 Underneath the boat he struck it
 At the pike's great shoulders striking
 At the water-dog's great backbone
 But the sword was fixed secure y,
 In the fish's jaws fixed firmly,
 Then the aged Väinämöinen
 Presently the fish uplited,
 Dragged it up from out the water,
 And the pike in twain he severed. 170
 To the bottom sank the fish-tail
 In the boat the head he hoisted.
 Now again moved on the vessel,
 And the boat prow now was loosened.
 Väinämöinen, old and steadfast
 To the shoals steered on the vessel,
 To the shore the boat he guided
 And he turned and looked about him.
 And the pike's great head examiner,
 And he spoke the words which follow 180
 "Let the eldest of the yeomen
 Come and cleave the pike to pieces,
 Let him carve it into slices,
 Let him hew the head to pieces."
 From the boat the men made answer,
 From the boat replied the women,
 "But the captor's hands are hoer,
 And the speaker's fingers better."

Rune XL] The Pike and the Kantele 157

Vänämönen, old and steadfast,
Drew from out the sheath his knife blade, 190
From his side the cold sharp iron,
That the pike might he divided,
And he cut the fish to pieces,
And he spoke the words which follow:
"Let the youngest of the maidens,
Cook the pike that we have captured,
Let her mince it for our breakfast,
That on fish we make our dinner."

Then the maidens set to cooking,
Ten there were who made the effort, 200
And they cooked the pike for eating,
And they minced it for their breakfast,
On the rocks the bones they scattered,
On the rocks they left the fishbones.

Vänämönen, old and steadfast,
Saw the bones where they were lying,
And he turned to look upon them,
And he spoke the words which follow:
"What might perhaps be fashioned from them,
From the pike's teeth he constructed, 210
From the fragments of the jawbones,
Were they in the smithy taken,
To the skilful smith entrusted,
To the hands of one most skilful?"

Said the smith, said Ilmarinen,
"Nothing comes from what is useless,
Nothing can be made of fishbones,
By a smith in smithy working,
Though to skilful smith entrusted,
To the hands of one most skilful." 220

Vänämönen, old and steadfast,
Answered in the words which follow:
"Yet a harp might be constructed
Even of the bones of fishes,
If there were a skilful workman,
Who could from the bones construct it."

As no craftsman there was present,
And there was no skilful workman

Who could make a harp of fishbones,
Vänämöinen old and steadfast, 230

Then began the harp to fashion,
And himself the work accomplished.
And he made a harp of pikebones,
Fit to give unending pleasure.
Out of what did he construct it?
Chiefly from the great pike's jawbones,
Whence obtained he pegs to suit it?
Of the teeth of pike he made them,
Out of what were harp-strings fashioned?
From the hairs of Hietä's geelung, 240

Now the instrument was ready,
And the kantele completed,
Fashioned from the pike's great jawbones,
And from fins of fish constructed.

Thereupon the youths came forward,
Forward came the maidens here,
And the half-grown boys came forward,
And the little girls came likewise.
Maidens young, and aged women,
And the women middle-aged. 250

All advanced the harp to gaze on,
And the instrument examined.

Vänämöinen, old and steadfast,
Bade the young folks and the old ones,
And the people middle-aged
With their fingers play the harp,
On the jawbones of pike,
On the kantele of fishbones.

Played the young and played the aged,
Likewise played the middle-aged, 260
Played the young, and moved their fingers,
Tried the old, whose heads were shaking,
But they drew no music from it,
Nor composed a tune when playing.

Said the wily Lemminkäinen,
"O ye boys half-witted only,
And ye maidens, all so stupid,
And you other wretched people,

Runo XL] The Pike and the Kantele 159

'Tis not thus you play upon it,
Neither are you skilled musicians. 270
Give me now the harp of fishbone,
Let me try to play upon it,
On my knees now place it for me,
At the tips of my ten fingers."

Then the lively Lemminkäinen
In his hands the harp uplifted
And he drew it nearer to him,
Held it underneath his fingers,
And he tried to play upon it, 280
And the kantele he twisted,
But could play no tune upon it,
Draw no cheerful music from it.

Said the aged Vänämöinen,
"There are none among the youthful,
Nor among the growing people,
Nor among the aged people,
Who can play upon these harpstrings,
Drawing cheerful music from them.
Perhaps in Pohjola I were better,
Tunes might perhaps be played upon it, 290
Cheerful music played upon it,
If to Pohjola I took it."

So to Pohjola he took it,
And to Sariola he brought it,
And the boys they played upon it,
Boys and girls both played upon it,
And the married men played on it,
Likewise all the married women.
And the Mistress played upon it,
And they turned the harp and twisted, 300
Held it firmly in their fingers,
At the tips of their ten fingers,
Thus played all the youths of Pohjola,
People played of every station,
But no cheerful notes came from it,
And they played no music on it
For the strings were all entangled,
And the horsehair whined most sadly

And the notes were all discordant,
And the music all was jarring.

310

In the corner slept a blind man,
By the stove there lay an old man,
And beside the stove he awakened
From the stove he raised an outcry,
From his couch he grumbled loudly,
And he grumbled, and he mumbled,
"Leave it off, and stop your playing,
Cut it short and finish quickly,
For the noise my ears is bursting.
Through my head the noise is echoing,
And through all my hair I feel it,
For a week you've made me sleepless.

320

'And the harp of Sampo's people
Cannot really give us pleasure
Lulls us not to sleep when weary,
Nor to rest does it incite us
Cast it forth upon the waters
Sink it down beneath the billows,
Send it back to where I came from,
And the instrument deliver
To the hands of those who made it,
To the fingers which constructed."

330

With its tongue the harp made answer,
As the kantele resounded
"No, I will not sink in water,
Nor will rest beneath the billows,
But will play for a musician,
Play for him who tried to make me."

Carefully the harp they carried,
And with greatest care conveyed it
Back to him whose hands had made it,
To the knees of its constructor.

340

RUNO XLI.—VÄINÄMÖINEN'S MUSIC

Argument

Väinämöinen plays on the kantele, and all living things, whether belonging to the air, earth, or water, hasten to the spot to listen (168 μ). The hearts of all listeners are so affected by the music that tears fall from their eyes, and Väinämöinen's own eyes shed large drops which fall on the ground and trick on to the water, where they are changed into beautiful blue pearls (169-266 μ).

VÄINÄMÖINEN, old and steadfast,
He the great primeval minstrel,
Presently stretched out his fingers,
Washed his thumbs, the harp for playing,
On the stone of joy he sat him,
On the singer's stone he sat him,
On a hill all silver-shining,
From a golden heath arising.

Then the harp he grasped with fingers,
And upon his knee he propped it, 10
And his hands he placed beneath it,
Then he spoke the words which follow:
"Come ye now to listen to me,
Ye before who never heard me,
Hear with joy my songs primeval,
While the kantele is sounding."

Then the aged Väinämöinen,
Quick commenced his skilful playing
On the instrument of pikebone,
On the kantele of fishbone, 20
And he raised his fingers nimbly,
And his thumb he lifted lightly.

Now came pleasure after pleasure,
As the sweet notes followed others,
As he sat and played the music,
As he sang his songs melodious,
As he played upon the pike-teeth,
And he lifted up the fish tail,

And the horsehair sounded sweetly,

And the horsehair sounded clearly.

30

Played the aged Vainämöinen.

Nothing was there in the forest,

Which upon four feet was running,

Or upon their legs were happy

And which came not near to listen,

Came not to thy ice and wonder

Gathered round him all the squirrels.

As from branch to branch they clamored

And the grasses Rocked round him

40

On the plains the deer were springing,

And the lynxes shared the pleasure

In the swamp each wolf awakened,

From the heath the bear aroused him,

From his slumbering pine-trees

And the shaggy grove pine-trees

And the bears came thither, the hares,

They sat upon the fence

50

Some by sea and some by land

On the rocks the fence over,

On the fence the gate fell over

And they ran around the fences,

And they ran around the fences,

And they ran around the fences,

And they ran around the fences,

And they ran around the fences,

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And they ran around the fences,

And they ran around the fences,

And they ran around the fences,

And they ran around the fences,

To the kantele to listen.
That she might enjoy the music. 70

And the birds of air assembled,
Those upon two wings that raise them,
Backwards sailing, forwards sailing
And with all their speed came flying,
Swift to listen to the music,
All in wonder and rejoicing.

When the eagle in his eyry,
Heard the sweet tones sound from Suomi,
In the nest she left her fledgelings,
And she hovered round to listen 80

To the gallant hero's playing,
And to Vainämöinen's singing.
High in air there soared the eagle,
Through the clouds the hawk was sailing,
Came the ducks from deepest waters,
Came the swans from snow-wreathed marshes,
And the smallest of the finches,
All the twittering birds assembled,
Singing-ards flocked round by hundreds,
And in thousands they assembled 90
In the air, and heard delighted,
And alighted on his shoulders,
All rejoicing in the patriarch,
And in Vainämöinen's playing

Even the Daughters of Creation,
Of the air the charming maidens,
Gathered to rejoice and wonder,
To the kantele to listen.
Some on arch of air were seated,
Seated on the dazzling rainbow, 100
Some on little clouds were seated,
Resting on their crimson borders.
There were Koutar, slender damsel;
Päivatar, that maid accomplished,
Casting with their hands the shuttle,
Drawing threads that they were weaving,
As they wove a golden fabric,
And they wove the threads of silver,

High upon the red cloud-borders,
On the borders of the rainbow: 110

But when they began to listen
To the notes of charming music,
From their hands they let the comb fall,
Cast from out their hands the shuttle,
And the golden bands were broken,
And the silver shaft was broken.

There remained no living creature,
None of those who dwell in waters,
None who with six fins are moving,
Nor the largest shoals of fishes, 120

Which assembled not to listen,
Came not to rejoice and wonder
Thither came the pikes all swimming,
And the water-dogs swam forward,
From the rocks swam swift the salmon,
From the deeps there came the powans,
Perch and little perch came also,
Powans white, and other fishes,
Through the reeds they pushed their bodies,
Straightway to the shore they hastened, 130

There to hear the songs of Väinö,
And to listen to his playing.
Anto, king of all the billows,
Grass-beard ancient of the waters,
Mounted to the water's surface,
Climbed upon a water-lily,
To the notes with joy he listened,
And he spoke the words which follow:

"Never have I heard such music,
In the course of all my lifetime, 140
As is played by Väinämöinen,
Joyous and primeval minstrel."

And the sisters, Sotko's daughters,
Cousins of the reeds on lakeshore,
At the time their hair were brushing,
And their locks were deftly combing,
With a comb composed of silver,
And with golden brush they brushed it.

Rune XLI] Vainamöinen's Music 165

When they heard the strains onwented,
And they heard the skilful playing, 150
In the waves they dropped the brushes,
Dropped the comb among the lake-waves,
And their hair unsmoothed was hanging,
Nor they smoothed it in the middle.

Then the Mistress of the Waters,
Water-Mother, towards the rushes,
From the lake herself ascended,
Raised herself from out the billows,
Quickly moved her to the rushes, 160
Climbed a rock in water standing,
And she listened to the music,
And to Väinämöinen playing,
Listened to the wondrous music,
And to the delightful playing,
And she fell in deepest slumber,
Sank upon the ground in slumber,
On the mottled rocky surface,
Underneath a great rock's shelter.

Then the aged Väinämöinen,
Played one day, and played a second. 170
There was none among the heroes,
None among the men so mighty,
None among the men or women,
None of those whose hair is parted,
Whom he did not move to weeping,
And whose hearts remained unmelted,
Wept the young and wept the aged.
All the married men were weeping,
Likewise all the married women,
And the half-grown boys were weeping, 180
All the boys, and all the maidens,
Likewise all the little children,
When they heard the tones so wondrous,
And the noble sage's music.

He himself, old Väinämöinen,
Felt his own tears rolling downward,
From his eyes the tears dropped downward,
And the water-drops fell downward ;

They were tears than cranberries larger,
 They were tears than peas much larger, 190
 Then the eggs of grouse still rounder,
 Larger than the heads of swallows.

From his eyes there fell the tear-drops,
 Others followed after others,
 Tears upon his cheeks were falling,
 Down upon his cheeks so handsome,
 Rolling from his cheeks so handsome,
 Down upon his chin's expansion,
 Rolling from his chin's expansion,
 Down upon his panting bosom, 200
 Rolling from his panting bosom,
 Down upon his strong knee's surface,
 Rolling from his strong knee's surface
 Down upon his feet so handsome,
 Rolling from his feet so handsome,
 Down upon the ground beneath them,
 And five swollen cloaks were soaking,
 Likewise six of gilded girdles,
 Seven blue dresses too were soaking,
 And ten overcoats were soaking. 210

And the tear-drops still were falling,
 From the eyes of Vainamöinen,
 Till they reached the blue lake's margin,
 Overflowed the blue lake's margin,
 Down below the sparkling water,
 To the black ooze at the bottom.

Then the aged Vainamöinen
 Spoke aloud the words which follow:
 "Is there in this youthful party,
 Mid the young and fair here gathered, 220
 Mid these high descended people,
 Any darling child of father,
 Who the ears I shed can gather,
 From beneath the sparkling water?"

And the young folks gave him answer
 And the old folks likewise answered
 "There are none among the youthful,
 In this young and fair assemblage.

'Mid these high-descended people,
Not a darling child of father, 230
Who the tears you shed can gather,
From beneath the sparkling water."

Then the aged Väinämöinen,
Spoke again in words that follow,
"He who brings my tears unto me,
And the tears again can gather,
From beneath the sparkling waters,
Shall receive a dress of feathers."

Forth there came a raven passing;
Said the aged Väinämöinen, 240
"Bring me now my tears, O raven,
From beneath the sparkling water,
And receive the dress of feathers."
But the raven could not do it.

And the blue duck heard him likewise,
And the blue duck next came forward.

Said the aged Väinämöinen:
"Often, blue duck, does it happen
That thy beak thou plungest downward,
As thou speedest through the water. 250
Go thou forth my tears to gather,
From beneath the sparkling water,
Bounteous guerdon will I give thee,
And will give a dress of feathers."

Then the duck went forth to seek them,
Seek the tears of Väinämöinen,
Underneath the sparkling water,
On the black ooze of the bottom
In the lake she found the tear-drops,
And to Väinö's hands she brought them, 260
But they were transformed already,
Suffered beauteous transformation.
Into pearls were they developed,
Like the blue pearls of the mussel,
Fit for every king's adornment,
To the great a lifelong pleasure.

RUNO XLII THE CAPTURE OF THE SAMPO

Argument

The heroes arrive at Pohjola, and Väinämöinen announces that he has come to take possession of the Sampo either with guile, wit, or by force (1-58). The Mistress of Pohjola refuses to yield it either by consent or by compulsion, and calls together her people to oppose him (59-64). Väinämöinen takes his kantele begins to play, and in its magic sleep all the people of Pohjola and even with his companions to search for the Sampo. They find it at the bottom of Pohjola and convey it to the boat (65-164). They sail homeward as well as before, carrying the Sampo with them (165-308). On the last day the Mistress of Pohjola wakes some her sleepers, which she finds that the Sampo has been carried off. She prepares a thick fog, a strong wind, and other magic means to oppose the return of the Sampo, which reach the vessel, and during the tempest Väinämöinen's kantele falls into the water (309-562).

VAINÄMÖINEN, old and steadfast,
Secondly, smuth Ilmarinen,
Third, the lively son of Lempi,
He the handsome Kaukoniemi,
Sailed upon the lake's broad surface,
O'er the far-extending billows,
To the cold and dreary village,
To the misty land of Pohjola,
To the land where men are eaten,
Where they even drown the heroes.

10

Who should row the vessel onward?
First, the smuth named Ilmarinen,
He it was who rowed the vessel,
He was first among the rowers,
And the lively Lemminkäinen
Was the last among the rowers.

Väinämöinen, old and steadfast,
In the stern himself was seated
And he steered the vessel onward,
Through the waves he steered it onward,
Through the foaming waves he steered,
Steered it o'er the foam-capped billows,

20

Rune XLII] Capture of the Sampo 169

Unto Pohja's distant haven,
 To his well-known destination.
 When they reached the goal they sought for,
 And the voyage at length was ended,
 To the land they drew the vessel,
 Up they drew the tarry vessel,
 Laid it on the steely rollers,
 At the quay with copper edging. 30
 After thus the house they entered,
 Crowding hastily within it,
 Then did Pohjola's old Mistress,
 Ask the purport of their coming
 "Men, what tidings do you bring us,
 What fresh news, O heroes, bring you?"
 Väinämöinen, old and steadfast,
 Answered in the words which follow:
 "Men are speaking of the Sampo,
 Heroes, of its pictured cover, 40
 We have come to share the Sampo,
 And behold its pictured cover."
 Then did Pohjola's old Mistress
 Answer in the words which follow
 "Two men cannot share a grouseling,
 Nor can three divide a squirrel,
 And the Sampo loud is whirring,
 And the pictured cover grinding,
 Here in Pohjola's stone mountain,
 And within the hill of copper. 50
 I myself rejoice in welfare,
 Mistress of the mighty Sampo."
 Väinämöinen, old and steadfast,
 Answered in the words which follow:
 "If you will not share the Sampo,
 Give us half to carry with us,
 Then the Sampo, all entire,
 To our vessel will we carry."
 Louhi, Pohjola's old Mistress,
 Heard him with the greatest anger, 60
 Called together all her people,
 Summoned all her youthful swordsmen,

Bade them all to arm their weapons
At the head of Vainamöinen

Vainamöinen, old and steadfast,
Took the kantele and played it,
Down he sat and played upon it,
And began a tone delightful

All who listened to his playing
Heard it with delight and wonder,
And the men were all delighted,
And the women's mouths were laughing,
Tears from heroes' eyes were falling,
Boys upon the ground were kneeling

70

At the last their strength forsook them,
And the people all were wearied,
All the listeners sank in slumber,
On the ground sank all beholders,
Slept the old and slept the youthful,
All at Vainamöinen's playing

80

Then the crafty Vainamöinen,
He the great primeval minstrel,
Put his hand into his pocket
And he drew his purse from out it,
And sleep-neededles took he from it,
And their eyes he plunged in slumber,
And their eye-lashes crossed together,
Locked their eyelids close together,
Sank the people all in slumber
Into sleep he plunged the heroes,
And they sank in lasting slumber,
And he plunged in lasting slumber
All the host of Pohjas-prose,

90

All the people of the village
Then he went to fetch the Sampo,
And he told its pictured cover,
There in Pohjas's stone mountain,
And within the hill of copper
Nine the locks that there secured it,
Nine secured it, ten a neighbor

100

Then the aged Vainamöinen
Gently set himself to singing

At the copper mountain's entrance,
There beside the stony fortress,
And the castle doors were shaken,
And the iron hinges trembled.

Thereupon smith Ilmannon,
Aided by the other heroes,
Overspread the locks with butter,
And with bacon rubbed the hinges,
That the doors should make no jarring,
And the hinges make no creaking.
Then the locks he turned with fingers,
And the bars and bolts he lifted,
And he broke the locks to pieces.
And the mighty doors were opened.

110

Then the aged Väinämöinen
Spoke aloud the words which follow:
"O thou lively son of Lemm,
Of my friends the most illustrious,
Come thou here to take the Sampo,
And to seize the pictured cover."

120

Then the lively Lemminkäinen,
He the handsome Kaakomiel,
Always eager, though unbidden,
Ready though men did not praise him,
Came to carry off the Sampo,
And to seize the pictured cover,
And he said as he was coming
Boasted as he hastened forward,

130

"O, I am a man of mettle,
And a hero-son of Ukko
I can surely move the Sampo,
And can seize its pictured cover,
Standing on my right foot only.
If I touch it with my shoe-heel

Lemminkäinen pushed against it,
Turned himself, and pushed against it,
Pushed his arms and breast against it,
On the ground his knees down pressing,
But he could not move the Sampo,
Could not stir the pictured cover

140

For the roots were rooted firmly
In the depths nine fathoms under

There was then a bull in Pohja,
Which had grown to size enormous,
And his sides were sleek and fattened,
And his sinews of the strongest ;
Horns he had in length a fathom,
One-half more his muzzle's thickness.

150

So they led him from the meadow,
On the borders of the ploughed field.
Up they ploughed the roots of Sampo,
Those which fixed the pictured cover,
Then began to move the Sampo,
And to sway the pictured cover

Then the aged Väinämöinen,
Secondly, smith Ilmarinen,
Third, the lively Lemminkäinen
Carried forth the mighty Sampo,
Forth from Pohjola's stone mountain,
From within the hill of copper,
To the boat away they bore it,

160

And within the ship they stowed it.
In the boat they stowed the Sampo,
In the hold the pictured cover
Pushed the boat into the water
In the waves the hundred hoarded ;
Splashed the boat into the water
In the waves its sides descended.

170

Asked the smith, said Ilmarinen,
And he spoke the words which follow :
" Whither shall we bear the Sampo,
Whither now shall we convey it,
Take it from this evil country,
From the wretched land of Pohja ? "

Väinämöinen, old and steadfast,
Answered in the words which follow :

" Thither will we bear the Sampo,
And will take the pictured cover,
To the misty island's head and,
At the end of shady island,

180

Runo XLII] Capture of the Sampo 173

There in safety can we keep it,
There it can remain for ever
There's a little spot remaining,
Yet a little plot left over,
Where they eat not and they fight not,
Whither swordsmen never wander "

Then the aged Väinämöinen
Steered away from Pohjo's borders, 190
Sailed away in great contentment,
Joyous to his native country.

And he spoke the words which follow:
"Speed from Pohjola, O vessel,
Make thy way directly homeward,
Leave behind the foreign country

"Hail, thou wind, and away the vessel,
Urge the boat upon the water,
Lend assistance to the rowers,
To the rudder give thou lightness, 200
On the wide expanse of water,
Out upon the open water

"If the oars should be too little,
And too weak should be the oarsmen,
In the stern too small the steerer,
And the vessel's masters children,
Ahto, give thyself thy oars
To the boat, O Water-Master,
Give the best and newest oars,
Give us, too, a stronger rudder 210

Do thou seat thee at the oars,
Do thou undertake the rowing,
Speed thou on this wooden vessel,
Urge the iron-rowlocked forward,
Drive it through the foaming billows,
Through the foam-capped billows drive it."

Then the aged Väinämöinen
Steered the vessel swiftly forward,
While the smith named Ilmarinen,
And the lively Lemminkäinen, 220
Set themselves to work the oars,
And they rowed, and speeded onward

O'er the sparkling water's surface,
O'er the surface of the billows

Said the lively Lemminka nen,

"Formerly when I was rowing,

There was water for the rowers

There was singing for the minstrels,

But at present time, when it wing,

Nothing do we hear of singing, 230

In the boat we hear no singing,

On the waves we hear no chanting."

Vainämöinen old and steady

Answered in the words which follow

"Do not sing upon the waters

Do not chant upon the billows

Singing brings the boat to halting,

Songs would but impede the rowing,

Then would wane the golden daylight,

And the night descend upon us, 240

On the wide expanse of water

On the surface of the billows."

Then the lively Lemminka nen

Answered in the words which follow:

"Anyway, the time is passing

Fades away the every daylight,

And the night is swift approaching,

And the twilight comes upon us,

Though no song our feet enven,

Now the time is given to chanting," 250

Stroked the aged Vainämöinen

O'er the blue lake's shimmering water

And he stroked one day, a second,

And at length upon the third day

Then the lively Lemminka nen

For a second time rejoined,

"We arefore sing not, Vainämöinen?

O thou great one, sing unto us!"

We have won the splendid Sampo

Struck the course that now we follow," 260

Vainämöinen, old and steady,

Gave him a decided answer

"Tis too early yet for singing
 'Tis too early for rejoicing
 Soon a time will come for singing,
 Fitting time for our rejoicing,
 When we see our doors before us,
 And we hear our own doors creaking."

Said the lively Lemminka nen,
 "In the stern I'll take position, 270
 And with all my might will sing there,
 And with all my force will bellow,
 Perhaps indeed I cannot do so,
 Loud enough I cannot bellow;
 I you will not sing unto us,
 Then will I come peck at the singing."

Then the lively Lemminka nen
 He the handsome Kaukomiel,
 Quickly pursed his mouth for singing,
 And prepared himself to carol, 280
 And began to sing his carols,
 But his songs were most discordant,
 And his voice it sounded hoarsely,
 And his tones were most discordant.

Sang the lively Lemminkainen,
 Shouted loudly Kaukomiel,
 Moved his mouth, his beard was wagging,
 And his chin was likewise shaking.
 Far away was heard his singing,
 Far away across the water, 290
 In six villages they heard it
 Over seven the song resounded.

On a stump a crane was sitting,
 On a mound from swamp arising,
 And his toe-bones he was counting,
 And his feet he was uplifting,
 And was terrified extremely
 At the song of Lemminkainen.

Left the crane his strange employment,
 With his harsh voice screamed in terror, 300
 From his perch he flew in terror,
 Over Pohyola in terror,

And upon his coming thither,
When he reached the swamp of Pohja,
Screaming still, and screaming harshly,
Screaming at his very loudest,
Waked in Pohjola the people,
And aroused that evil nation

Up rose Pohjola's old Mistress
From her long and heavy slumber, 310
And she hastened to the farmyard,
Ran to where the corn was drying,
And she looked upon the cattle,
And the corn in haste examined
Nought was missing from the cattle,
And the corn had not been plundered.

To the hill of stone she wandered,
And the copper mountain's entrance,
And she said as she was coming,
"Woe to me, this day unhappy, 320
For a stranger here has entered,
And the docks have all been opened.
And the castle's doors been opened.
And the iron hinges broken
Has the Sampo perhaps been stolen,
And the whole been taken from us?"

Yes, the Sampo had been taken,
Carried off the pictured cover
Forth from Pohjola's stone mountain,
From within the hill of copper, 330
Though by ninefold locks protected,
Though ten bars protected likewise

Louhi, Pohjola's old Mistress,
Fell into the greatest fury,
But she felt her strength was failing,
And her power had all departed,
So she prayed to the Cloud-Maiden,
"Maiden of the Clouds! Mist-Maiden,
Scatter from thy sieve the cloudbits,
And the mists around thee scatter, 340
Send the thick clouds down from heaven,
Sink thou from the air of vapour,

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O'er the broad lake's shining surface,
Out upon the open water,
On the head of Vänämöinen.
Falling on Uvantolainen.

"But if this is not sufficient,
Iku-Turso, son of Äijö,
Lift thy head from out the water,
Raise thy head above the billows, 350
Crush thou Kaleva's vile children,
Sink thou down Uvantolainen,
Sink thou down the wicked heroes
In the depths beneath the billows,
Bring to Pohjola the Sampo,
Let it fall not from the vessel

"But if this is not sufficient,
Ukko, thou, of Gods the highest,
Golden king in aury regions,
Mighty one, adorned with silver, 360
Let the air be filled with tempest,
Raise a mighty wind against them,
Raise thou winds and waves against them,
With their boat contending ever,
Falling on the head of Väinö,
Rushing on Uvantolainen."

Then the Maid of Clouds, Mist-Maiden,
From the lake a cloud breathed upward,
Through the air the cloud she scattered,
And detained old Vänämöinen, 370
And for three whole nights she kept him
Out upon the lake's blue surface,
And he could not move beyond it,
Nor could he escape beyond it.

When for three nights he had rested
Out upon the lake's blue surface,
Spoke the aged Vänämöinen,
And expressed himself in thiswise -
"There's no man, how weak soever, 380
Not among the laziest heroes,
Who by clouds would thus be hindered,
And by mists would thus be worsted."

With his sword he clove the water,
 In the lake his sword plunged deeply,
 Mead along his blade was flowing,
 Honey from his sword was dropping,
 Then the fog to heaven ascended,
 And the cloud in air rose upward,
 From the lake the mist ascended,
 And the vapour from the lake-waves,
 And the lake extended widely,
 Water spread the whole horizon.

390

But a little time passed over,
 Short the time that then passed over
 When they heard a mighty roaring,
 At the red boat's side they heard it,
 And the foam flew whirly upwards,
 Near the boat of Vainamöinen.

Thereupon smote Ilmarinen,
 Felt the very greatest terror
 From his cheeks the blood departed,
 From his cheeks the ruddy colour;
 O'er his head he drew his felt-cap,
 And above his ears he drew it,
 And his cheeks with care he covered,
 And his eyes he covered better.

400

Then the aged Vainamöinen
 Looked into the water round him,
 Cast his gaze beside the vesse,
 And he saw a little winner
 Iku-Turso, son of Äijä,
 By the red boat's side was lifting
 High his head from out the water,
 Raising it from out the billows.

410

Vainamöinen, old and steadfast,
 Grasped his ears upon the instant,
 By his ears he dragged him upward,
 And he sang aloud, and questioned,
 And he said the words which follow:

420

"Iku-Turso, son of Äijä,
 Wherefore from the lake upst thee,
 Wherefore rise above the lake-waves,

Thus thyself to men revealing,
Even Kaleva's own children?"

Iku-Turso, son of Äijä,
Was not pleased with this reception,
But he was not very frightened,
And no answer he returned him.

Vänämöinen, old and steadfast,
Asked again an explanation, 430
And a third time asked him loudly
"Iku-Turso, son of Äijä,
Wherefore from the lake uplift thee,
Wherefore rise above the billows?"

Iku-Turso, son of Äijä,
When for the third time he asked him,
Answered in the words which follow:
"Therefore from the lake I rouse me,
Therefore rise above the billows,
For that in my mind I purpose 440
Kaleva's great race to ruin,
Bear to Pohjola the Sampo,
In the waves if you will send me,
And my wretched life concede me,
Not another time ascending,
In the sight of men I'll venture."

Then the aged Vänämöinen
Cast the wretch into the billows,
And he said the words which follow 450
"Iku-Turso, son of Äijä,
Nevermore from lake arising,
Or ascending from the lake-waves,
Venture forth where men can see thee,
From this very day henceforward"

Therefore from that day thenceforward
Never from the lake rose Turso,
In the sight of men to venture.
Long as sun and moon are shining,
Or the pleasant day is dawning,
And the air is most delightful, 460

Then the aged Vänämöinen
Once again steered on the vessel

But a little time passed over,
 Short the time that then passed over,
 When did Ukko, God the Highest,
 Of the air the mighty ruler,
 Winds arouse in magic fury,
 Made the tempests rage around them.

Then the winds arose in fury,
 And the tempests raged around them, 470
 And the west wind blew most fiercely,
 From the south west just as fiercely,
 And the south wind still more fiercely,
 And the east wind whistled loudly,
 Roared the south-east wind tremendous,
 And the north wind howled in fury.

From the trees the leaves were scattered,
 And the pine-trees lost their needles,
 And the heather lost its flowerets,
 And the grasses lost their tassels, 480
 And the black ooze was upluted
 To the sparkling water's surface.

Still the winds were wildly blowing,
 And the waves assailed the vesse
 Swept away the harp of pikebone,
 And the kantara of fish-bones,
 Joy for Velamo's attendants,
 And to Ahtola a pleasure.
 Ahto on the waves perceived it,
 On the waves his children saw it, 490
 And they took the harp so charming,
 And unto their home conveyed it.

Then the aged Vannamöinen
 From his eyes wept tears of sadness,
 And he spoke the words which follow:
 "Thus has gone what I constructed,
 And my cherished harp has vanished,
 And is lost my life-long pleasure.
 Never will it happen to me,
 In the course of all my lifetime 500
 To rejoice again in pike-teeth,
 Or to play on bones of fishes."

Thereupon with Ilmarinen
 Felt the very greatest sadness,
 And he spoke the words which follow :
 " Woe to me, this day unhappy,
 That upon the lake I travel,
 On this wide expanse of water,
 That I tread on wood that's rolling,
 And on planks that shake beneath me, 510
 Now my hair has seen the tempest,
 And my hair begins to shudder,
 And my beard ill days has witnessed,
 Which it saw upon the water.
 Yet have we but so dom witnessed,
 Such a storm as rages round us,
 Witnessed such tremendous breakers,
 Or have seen such foam-capped billows,
 Let the wind be now my refuge,
 And the waves have mercy on me." 520
 Väinämöinen, old and steadfast,
 Heard his words, and thus responded :
 " In the boat's no place for weeping,
 Room's none for lamentation.
 Weeping helps not in misfortune,
 Howling, not when days are evil."
 Then he spoke the words which follow,
 And he sang and thus expressed him -
 " Water, now restrain thy children,
 And, O wave, do thou restrain them. 530
 Ahto, do thou calm the billows
 Vellamo, o'ercome the waters,
 That they splash not on our timbers,
 Nor may overwhelm my boat-ribs.
 " Rise, O wind, aloft in heaven,
 And among the clouds disport thee,
 To thy race, where thou wast nurtured,
 To thy family and kindred.
 Do not harm this wooden vessel,
 Sink thou not this boat of pinewood, 540
 Rather fell burnt trees in clearings,
 On the slopes o'erthrow the pine trees."

Then the lively Lemminkäinen,
 He the handsome Kaukomäki,
 Spoke aloud the words which follow;
 "Come, O eagle, thou from Turja,
 Do thou bring three feathers with thee,
 Three, O eagle, two, O raven
 To protect this little vessel,
 To protect this bad boat's timbers." 550

He himself enlarged the bulwarks,
 Fixed the timbers in their places,
 And to these fresh boards he added.
 And to full om-height he raised them
 Higher than the waves were leaping,
 Nor upon his head they splashed him
 All his work was now completed,
 And the bulwarks raised protecting
 Though the winds might blow most fiercely,
 And the waves might beat in fury 560
 And the foam be wildly seething,
 And like billows be uprising.

RUNO XLIII. THE FIGHT FOR THE SAMPO

Argument

The Mistress of Pohjola equips a war vessel and goes in pursuit of the robbers of the Sampo (1-22). When she overtakes them a fight ensues between the forces of Pohjola and Kalevala in which the latter conquers (23-258). Nevertheless the Mistress of Pohjola succeeds in dragging the Sampo from the boat into the lake, where it breaks to pieces (259-266). The larger portions sink in the lake and form its riches, while the smaller pieces are thrown on shore by the waves at which Väinämöinen is much pleased (267-269). The Mistress of Pohjola then vows to send all evil upon Kalevala, in which Väinämöinen says no more (305-308). The Mistress of Pohjola returns home in great distress, taking with her only a small fragment of the cover of the Sampo (309-318). Väinämöinen carefully collects the fragments of the Sampo on the shore, and plants magic for continuous good fortune (319-344).

LOUNI, Pohjola's old Mistress,
 Called together all her forces,

Bows delivered to her army
And the men with swords provided,
Fitted out a ship of Pohja
As a war-ship she prepared :

In the ship the men she stationed,
And equipped for war the heroes,
As the duck her ducklings musters,
Or the teal her children marshals
There she ranged a hundred swordsmen,
And a thousand men with crossbows,

10

In the boat the mast she lifted,
Put the yards and spars in order,
On the mast the sails adjusted,
Spread the canvas o'er the sailyards ;
Like a hanging cloud it waved there,
Like a cloud in heaven suspended ,

Then upon her voyage she started,
Sailed away and sped on ward,
Soon to struggle for the Sampo,
With the boat of Vainämö nen.

15

Vainämö nen, old and steadfast,
O'er the blue lake steered his vessel,
And he spoke the words which follow,
From the stern where he was seated :

" O thou lively son of Lempi,
Of my friends the dearest to me,
Choose thou quickly to the masthead,
And among the canvas hasten,
Look thou to the air before thee,
Look thou to the sky behind thee,
Whether clear is the horizon,
Or the sky is somewhat clouded "

20

Then the lively Lemminkä nen,
Ruddy youth, accomplished scoundrel,
Very active, though unbidden,
Very quick, though never boastful,
To the masthead then ascended,
Up aloft among the canvas,
Fast he looked, and looked to westward,
Looked to north west and to southward,

25

Looked across to Pohja's coast-line,
 And he spoke the words which follow:
 "Clear in front is the horizon,
 Dark behind is the horizon,
 Rises north a cloud, a small one,
 Hangs a single cloud to north-west."

Said the aged Väinämöinen,
 "What you say is surely nonsense, 50
 For no cloud is there ascending,
 Nor a single cloud arising,
 But perchance a sailing vessel;
 Look again, and look more sharply."

Then he looked again more sharply,
 And he spoke the words which follow:
 "Far away I see an island,
 Dimly looming in the distance,
 Aspens covered o'er with fawns,
 Speckled grouse upon the birch-trees." 60

Said the aged Väinämöinen,
 "What you say is surely nonsense,
 For no falcons do you see there,
 And no speckled grouse you see there,
 But perchance the sons of Pohja;
 Look more sharply for the third time."

Then the lively Lemminkäinen
 For the third time looked across to him,
 And he spoke the words which follow,
 And in words like these expressed him: 70
 "'Tis a ship from Pohja sailing,
 With a hundred rowlocks fitted,
 And I see a hundred oarsmen,
 And a thousand men beside them."

Then the aged Väinämöinen,
 All the truth at once perceiving,
 Spoke aloud the words which follow:
 "Row, thou smith, row, I mariner;
 Row, O lively Lemminkäinen,
 Row ye also, all ye people, 80
 That the boat be hurried forward,
 And the vessel onward driven."

Rowed the smith, rowed I marinen,
 Rowed the lively Lemminkäinen,
 All the people joined in rowing
 Swayed about the pinewood oars,
 Loudly rang the rowan rowlocks
 And the pinewood boat was swaying
 Like a seal the prow dashed onward,
 Boiled the waves behind like cataract, 90
 Like a bell uprose the water
 And the foam flew up in masses.

As for wayer rowed the heroes,
 As in race the heroes struggled,
 But they rowed, and made no progress,
 Nor could urge the wooden vessel
 Further from the sailing vessel
 And the ship that came from Pohja.

Then the aged Vänämöinen
 Saw misfortune fast approaching, 100
 On his head was doomsday faling,
 And he pondered and reflected,
 How to act and how to save him,
 And he spoke the words which follow :
 "Still I know a plan of safety,
 Still I see a little marvel."

Then he took a piece of tinder,
 In his under-box he found it,
 And of pitch he took a little,
 And a little piece of tinder, 110
 And into the lake he threw it,
 O'er his shoulder left he threw it,
 And he spoke the words which follow,
 And in words like these expressed him :
 "Let a reef of this be fashioned,
 And a cliff be fashioned from it,
 Where may run the ship of Pohja,
 Fitted with a hundred rowlocks
 And may strike in lake tempestuous,
 And amid the waves be shattered." 120

Thereupon a reef grew upward,
 In the lake a cliff was fashioned,

Half its length to east directed,
 And its breadth to north directed.
 Onward sped the ship of Pohja,
 Gliding swiftly through the lake-waves,
 And upon the reef came rushing,
 And upon the rocks wedged firmly
 Broke across the wooden vessel,
 And to splinters it was broken,
 In the lake the masts fell crashing,
 And the sails fell drooping downward
 By the wind away were carried
 And the spring wind all dispersed them.

130

Louhi, Pohjola's old Mistress,
 Ponged her feet into the water
 And she tried to push the vessel,
 And she tried to raise the vessel
 But no spear nor did it the vessel,
 And she could not even move it
 For the ribs had all been shattered,
 All the rowlocks had been broken

140

And she pondered and reflected
 And she spoke the words which follow:
 'Who can aid me now with counsel?
 Who can help me in this trouble?'
 Then her form she quickly altered,

To a creature shape transformed by
 And she took for herself the sharpest,
 And six hoofs, were cast rompingly,
 These she fashioned into talons
 Into claws did she convert them,
 As if the broken vessel's fragments
 Into she then arrange beneath her,
 And the sides to wings she fashioned,
 And to tail she turned the rudder,
 Next her wings took men a hundred.

150

On her tail she took a thousand,
 And the hundred men were swordsmen,
 And the thousand men were archers.
 Then she flew, her wings extending,
 And she soared as swift as eagle.

160

And she poised herself and hovered,
To attack old Vainamöinen;
In the clouds one wing was flapping,
In the water splashed the other.

Then the fairest Water Mother
Spoke aloud the words which follow:
"O thou aged Vainamöinen,
Turn thy head beneath the sunrise,
Do thou turn thine eyes to north-west,
Look a little now behind thee."

170

Vainamöinen, old and steadfast,
Turned his head beneath the sunrise,
And he turned his eyes to north-west,
Looked a little just behind him
Onward came the crone of Pohja,
And the wondrous bird was hovering
Like a hawk about his shoulders,
With the body of an eagle.

180

Soon she came near Vainamöinen,
And she flew upon the masthead,
Clambered out upon the sailyard,
And upon the pole she sat her,
And the boat was nearly sinking,
And the vessel's side lurched downward.

Thereupon smith Ilmarinen
Sought from Jumala assistance,
And invoking the Creator,
Then he spoke the words which follow:
"Save us, O thou good Creator,
Gracious Jumala protect us,
That the son may not be hurried,
Nor the mother's child hurled downward,
From among the living creatures,
From the creatures whom thou rulest.

190

"Ukko, Jumala the Highest,
Thou our Father in the heavens,
Cast a fiery robe around me,
Over me a shirt of fire,
That I thus may fight protected,
And may thus contend protected

200

That my head may fear no evil,
Nor my hair may be disordered,
When the shining swords are clashing,
And the steely points are meeting."

Said the aged Väinämöinen,
And he spoke the words which follow,
"Hail, O Pohjola's great Mistress!
Wilt thou now divide the Sampo,
Out upon the jutting headland
On the misty is and's summit?"

210

Then said Pohjola's old Mistress,
"No, I'll not divide the Sampo,
Not with thee, thou wretched creature,
Not with thee, O Väinämöinen!
And she swooped to snatch the Sampo
From the heart of Väinämöinen.

Then the lively Lemminkäinen
Drew his sword from out his swordbelt,
Firm he grasped the sharpened iron,
And from his left side he drew it,
Striking at the eagle's talons,
At the claws of eagle striking.

220

Struck the lively Lemminkäinen,
As he struck these words he uttered
"Down ye men, and down ye swordsmen,
Down with all the sleepy hermes!
From her wings, ye men a hundred
Ten from ends of every feather."

230

Answered then the crane of Pohja,
And she answered from the masthead:
"O thou lively son of Lempi,
Wretched Karko, worthless fellow,
For thou hast deceived thy mother,
Tied unto thy aged mother!
Thou wast pledged to seek no battle
In the space of sixty summers,
Whether need of gold should tempt thee,
Or the love of silver urge thee."

240

Väinämöinen, old and steadfast,
He the great primeval minstrel

Thought his doom had come upon him,
 And he felt his bane approaching ;
 From the lake he drew the rudder,
 Took the oak-spar from the billows,
 And with this he struck the monster,
 On the claws he struck the eagle,
 All the other claws he shattered,
 There remained the smallest only. 250

From her wings the youths dropped downward,
 In the lake the men splashed downward,
 From beneath her wings a hundred
 From her tail a thousand heroes ;
 Down there dropped the eagle likewise,
 Crashing down upon the boat-ribs,
 As from tree the capercaille,
 Or from fir branch drops the squirrel

Then she tried to seize the Sampo,
 Seized it with her nameless finger, 260
 From the boat she dragged the Sampo,
 Down she pulled the pictured cover
 From the red boat's hold she pulled it,
 'Mid the blue lake's waters cast it,
 And the Sampo broke to pieces,
 And was smashed the pictured cover

Then the fragments all were scattered,
 And the Sampo's larger pieces
 Sank beneath the peaceful waters
 To the black ooze at the bottom ; 270
 Thence there springs the water's nches,
 And the wealth of Ahjo's people
 Nevermore in all his lifetime,
 While the golden moon is shining
 Shall the wealth of Ahjo fail him,
 Neither shall his watery honours

Other pieces were remaining,
 Rather small those other fragments,
 On the blue lake's surface floating,
 Tossing on the broad lake's billows, 280
 And the wind for ever rocked them,
 And the billows drove them onward

And the wind still rocked the fragments,
 And the lake-waves ever tossed them,
 On the blue lake's surface floating,
 Tossing on the broad lake's billows;
 To the land the wind impelled them,
 To the shore the billows drove them.

Väinämöinen, old and steadfast,
 In the surf beheld them floating, 290
 Through the breakers shoreward driving,
 Then on shore upcast by billows,
 Saw the fragments of the Sampo,
 Splinters of the pictured cover

Very greatly did it please him.
 And he spoke the words which follow:
 "From these seeds the plant is sprouting,
 Lasting welfare is commencing
 Here is ploughing, here is sowing,
 Here is every kind of increase, 300
 Thence there comes the shining moonlight
 Thence there comes the lovely sunlight
 O'er the mighty plains of Suomi.
 And the lovely land of Suvanto."

Then did Pohjola's old Mistress
 Speak aloud the words which follow:
 "So I can I devise a method,
 Find a method and contrivance,
 Gainst thy ploughing and thy sowing,
 Gainst thy cattle and thine increase, 310
 That thy moon shall cease its shining,
 And thy sun shall cease its shining
 In the rocks the moon I'll carry,
 Hide the sun in rocky mountains,
 And will send the Frost to freeze you,
 That the frozen air destroyeth
 What thou plougest and thou sowest
 Thy provisions and thy harvests
 I will send a hail of iron,
 And a hail of steel o'erwhelming, 320
 Over all thy finest clearings,
 And the best among the cornfields

"On the heath the bear I'll waken,
 From the pines the wide-toothed monster,
 That he may destroy thy geldings,
 And that he thy mares may slaughter,
 And that he may kill thy cattle,
 And that he thy cows may scatter
 I'll with sickness slay thy people,
 And thy race will wholly slaughter, 330
 That so long as shines the moonlight,
 In the world no more 't's mentioned."

Then the aged Vainämöinen
 Answered in the words that he now:
 "Never Lapland spell affects me
 Neither threats from Turola men
 Jumala is lord of weather,
 Keys of fate are the Creator's,
 Not to wicked men entrusted
 Neither to malicious fingers. 340

"If I turn to my Creator,
 To my Jumala upreaching,
 From my corn he'll banish maggots,
 That they do not spoil my harvests,
 That they may not harm my seed corn,
 Nor destroy my corn when growing,
 Nor may take my seed corn from me,
 Nor my splendid corn when growing

"Go thou Pohja's great Mistress,
 Drag unto the stones the lost ones, 350
 Crush thou in the rocks the wicked,
 Evils in thy chosen mountain,
 Not the shining of the moonlight,
 Nor the shining of the sunlight

"Send the Frost to freeze the country,
 Send the frozen air destroying,
 Send it only on thy seed corn,
 That thy corn when sown be injured
 Send thou forth a hail of iron,
 And a hail of steel n'erwhelming, 360
 Let it fall on thine own ploughing,
 Only on the fields of Pohja

"On the heath the bear awaken,
And the fierce cat in the bushes,
From the wood the curving-tawed one,
Near the pines the wide-toothed monster,
But to range the paths of Pohja,
And to prey on Pohja's cattle."

"Then did Pohjola's old Mistress
Answer in the words which follow 370
"Now my might has all departed.
And my strength has greatly weakened
By the snake my wealth was taken,
By the waves was crushed the Sampo."

Then she hastened homeward weeping,
Back to Pohjola lamenting
Nothing worthy to be mentioned
Of the Sampo brought she homeward,
Nothing but a little fragment,
By her nameless finger earned, 380
But a fragment of the cover,
Which in Savela she earned
Hence the poverty of Pohja,
And the starving life of Lapland

Vainamöinen, old and steadfast,
Went back likewise to his country.
But he took the Sampo's fragments,
And the fragments of the cover,
From the lakeshore where he found them,
From the fine sand of the margin. 390

And he sowed the Sampo's fragments,
And the pieces of the cover,
Out upon the jutting headland,
On the misty island's summit,
That they there might grow and flourish.
Might increase and yield their produce,
As the ale obtained from barley
As the bread that rye is yielding

Then the aged Väinämöinen
Spoke aloud the words which follow 400
"Grant, O Jumala, Creator,
That we now may live in comfort,

And be joyous all our lifetime,
And thereafter die in honour,
In our pleasant land of Suomi,
And in beautiful Carelia.

"Keep us, O thou great Creator,
Guard us, Jumala most gracious,
From the men to us infriendly,
And from that old woman's malice. 410
Guard us from terrestrial evils.
And the spells of water-sorcerers.

"O protect thy sons for ever,
May'st thou always aid thy children,
Guard them always in the night-time,
And protect them in the daytime,
Lest the sun should cease from shining,
Lest the moon should cease from beaming,
Lest the winds should cease from blowing,
Lest the rain should cease from falling, 420
Lest the Frost should come and freeze us,
And the evil weather harm us.

"Build thou up a fence of iron,
And of stone a castle build us,
Round the spot where I am dwelling,
And round both sides of my people,
Build it up from earth to heaven,
Build it down to earth from heaven,
As my own, my lifelong dwelling,
As my refuge and protection, 430
That the proud may not devour us,
And they may not spoil our harvests,
In the course of all our lifetime.
When the golden moon is shining"

RUNO XLIV.—VAINAMÖINEN'S NEW KANTELE

Argument

Vainamöinen goes to seek for his kantele which was lost in the lake, but cannot find it (1-76). He makes himself a new kantele of birchwood, on which he plays, and delights every creature in the neighbourhood (77-334).

VAINAMÖINEN, old and steadfast,
 In his mind was thus reflecting
 "Now the time has come for music,
 Time to give ourselves to pleasure,
 In our dwelling newly chosen,
 In our homestead now so charming,
 But the kantele is sunken,
 And my joy has gone for ever
 To the dwelling-place of fishes,
 To the rock caves of the salmon, 10
 Where it may enchant the lake-pike,
 Likewise Vellamo's attendants,
 But they never will return it,
 Ah! to wit no more return it
 "O thou smith, O Ilmarinen,
 Yestreen and before thou workedst,
 Work to-day with equal vigour,
 Forge me now a rake of iron,
 Let the teeth be close together,
 Close the teeth, and long the handle 20
 That I rake among the billows,
 And may rake the waves together
 And may rake among the lake-reeds,
 With the rake rake all the margins,
 And my instrument recover,
 And the kantele recover
 From the devouring paths of fishes,
 From the rocky caves of salmon."
 Thereupon smith Ilmarinen,
 He the great primeval craftsman, 30

Forged for him a rake of iron,
Furnished with a copper handle,
Teeth in length a hundred fathoms,
And the handle full five hundred.

Then the aged Väinämöinen
Took the mighty rake of iron,
And a little way he wandered,
Made a very little journey,
Till he reached the quay, steel-fitted,
And the landing-stage of copper 40
There he found a boat, found two boats,
Both the boats were waiting ready
On the quay, with steel all fitted,
On the landing-stage of copper,
And the first boat was a new one,
And the second was an old one.

Said the aged Väinämöinen,
To the new boat firstly speaking :
"Go, thou boat, into the water,
To the waves, O vessel, rush thou, 50
Even though no arm should turn thee,
Even though no thumbs should touch thee."

Sped the boat into the water,
Rushed amid the waves the vessel.
Old and steadfast Väinämöinen,
In the stern made haste to seat him,
And he went to sweep the water,
And to sweep among the billows,
Scattered leaves of water-lilies, 60
Raked he up among the shore-drift,
All the rubbish raked together,
All the rubbish, bits of rushes,
Every scrap he raked together,
All the shoals with care raked over,
But he found not, nor discovered,
Where his pike-bone harp was hidden,
And this joy was gone for ever,
With the kantele was sunken

Väinämöinen, old and steadfast, 70
Then returned unto his dwelling,

Head bowed down, and sadly grieving,
And his cap awry adjusted.

And he said the words which follow

"Unto me is lost for ever

Pleasure from the harp of pike-teeth,

From the harp I made of fish-bone."

As he wandered through the country,

On the borders of the woodlands,

There he heard a birch-tree weeping,

And a speckled tree lamenting.

80

And in that direction hastened

Waiting till he reached the birch tree.

Then again he spoke and asked it,

"Wherefore weepst thou, beauteous birch-tree?

Sheddest tears, O green-leaved birch-tree,

By thy belt of white conspicuous?

To the war thou art not taken,

Longest not for battle-struggle."

Answer made the leaning birch-tree.

And the green-leaved tree responded

90

"There is much that I could speak of,

Many things I might reflect on,

How I best might live in pleasure,

And I might rejoice for pleasure.

I am wretched in my sorrow,

And can but rejoice in trouble,

Living with my life overclouded,

And lamenting in my sorrow

And I weep my utter weakness,

And my worthlessness lament for,

100

I am alone and all unaided,

Wholly wretched, void of succour,

Here as much as at Igor's

On a plain among the willows.

Perfect happiness and pleasure

Others always are expecting,

When arrives the beauteous summer,

In the warm days of the summer

But my fate is different, wretched.

Nought but wretchedness awaits me;

110

And my bark is peeling from me,
Down are hewed my leafy branches.

"Often unto me defenceless

Oft to me, unhappy creature,
In the short spring come the children,
Quickly to the spot they hurry,
And with sharpened knives they score me,
Draw my sap from out my body,
And in summer wicked herdsmen
Strip from me my white bark-girdle,
Cups and plates therefrom constructing,
Baskets too, for holding berries.

120

"Often unto me defenceless,

Oft to me, unhappy creature,
Come the girls beneath my branches,
Come beneath, and dance around me
From my crown they cut the branches,
And they bind them into beams

"Often too, am I, defenceless,

Oft am I, unhappy creature,
Hewed away to make a clearing,
Cut to pieces into faggots
Thrice already in this summer,
In the warm days of the summer,
Unto me have come the woodmen,
And have hewed me with their axes,
Hewed the crown from me unhappy,
And my weak life has departed

130

"This has been my joy in summer,

In the warm days of the summer,
But no better was the winter,
Nor the time of snow more pleasant.

140

"And in former times already,

Has my face been changed by trouble,
And my head has drooped with sadness,
And my cheeks have paled with sorrow,
Thinking o'er the days of evil,
Pondering o'er the times of evil

"And the wind brought ills upon me,
And the frost brought bitter sorrows.

150

Tore the wind my green cloak from me,
 Frost my pretty dress from off me
 Thus am I of all the poorest,
 And a most unhappy birch-tree,
 Standing stripped of all my clothing,
 As a naked trunk I stand here,
 And in cold I shake and tremble,
 And in frost I stand lamenting."

Said the aged Väinämöinen.

"Weep no more, O verdant birch-tree!
 Leafy sapling, weep no longer
 Thou, equipped with wheat-grain,
 For a pleasant future waits thee,
 New and charming joys await thee
 Soon shalt thou with joy be weeping,
 Shortly shalt thou sing for pleasure."

Then the aged Väinämöinen

Carved into a harp the birch-tree
 On a summer day he carved it,
 'Tis a kantele he shaped it,
 At the end of cloudy headland.
 And upon the shady island,
 And the harp frame he constructed,
 From the trunk he formed new pleasure,
 And the frame of toughest birchwood
 From the most solid trunk he formed it.

Said the aged Väinämöinen

In the very words which follow
 "Now the frame I have constructed
 From the trunk for lasting pleasure.
 Whence shall I now the screws be fashioned,
 Whence shall come the pegs to suit me?"

In the yard there grew an oak-tree,

By the farmyard it was standing
 'Twas an oak with eighty branches
 And on every branch an acorn
 In the acorns golden kernels
 On each kernel sat a cuckoo

When the cuckoos all were calling,
 In the call five tones were sounding,

Gild from out their mouths was flowing,
Silver too they scattered round them,
On a hill the gild was flowing,
On the ground there flowed the silver
And from this he made the harp-screws,
And the pegs from that provided.

Said the aged Väinämöinen
In the very words which follow
' Now the harp-screws are constructed
And the harp-pegs are provided. 200
Something even now is wanting,
And five strings as yet are needed
How shall I provide the harp-strings,
Which shall yield the notes in playing? "

Then he went to seek for harp-strings,
And along the heath he wandered
On the heath there sat a maiden,
Sat a damsel in the valley.
And the maiden was not weeping,
Neither was she very joyful. 210
To herself she sang full soft y,
Sang, that soon might come the evening
Hoping for her lover's coming,
For the dear one she had chosen.

Väinämöinen, old and steadfast,
Crept without his shoes towards her,
Sprang to her without his stockings,
And as soon as he approached her,
He besought her hair to give him,
And he spoke the words which follow: 220
" Give thy hair to me, O maiden.
Give me of thy hair, O fair one,
Give me hair to form my harp-strings,
For the tones of lasting pleasure "

Then her hair the maiden gave him,
From her soft locks hair she gave him,
And she gave him five and six hairs,
Seven the hairs she gave unto him,
That he thus might form his harp-strings,
For the tones of lasting pleasure. 230

Now the harp at last was finished,
And the aged Väinämöinen
On a rock has sent selected,
Near the steps, upon a stone bench,

In his hands the harp then taking,
Very near he felt his pleasure,
And the frame he turned to heaven,
On his knees the knob then propping,
All the strings he put in order,

Fit to make melodious music 240
When he had the strings adjusted,
Then the instrument was ready,
Underneath his hands he placed it,
And across his knees he laid it,
With his ten nails did he play it,
And he let five active fingers
Draw the tunes from out the harp-strings,
Making most delightful music

When the aged Väinämöinen 250
Thus upon his harp was playing,
Fine his hands, his fingers tender
And his fingers curving outwards,
Then rang out the wood so speckled,
Sang the sapling green full loudly,
Loudly called the golden cuckoo,
And rejoiced the hair of maiden.

Thus played Väinämöinen's fingers,
And the harp-strings loud resounded,
Mountains shook and plains resounded,
All the rocky hills resounded, 260
In the waves the stones were rocking,
In the water moved the gravel,
And the pine-trees were rejoicing,
On the heath the stumps were skipping.

All of Kaleva's step-daughters,
All the fair ones flocked together,
And in streams they rushed together,
Like a river in its flowing,
Merry laughed the younger women,
And the mothers all were joyful, 270

As they heard the music playing,
 And they wondered at their pleasure.
 Likewise many men were present.
 In their hands their caps all holding,
 All the old dames in the party
 To their sides their hands were holding,
 And the maidens' eyes shed tear-drops,
 On the ground the boys were kneeling,
 To the kantele all listening,
 And they wondered at their pleasure. 280
 With one voice they all were singing,
 With one tongue they all repeated
 "Never have we heard aforetime,
 Heard before such charming music,
 In the course of all our lifetime,
 When the brilliant moon was shining "
 Far was heard the charming music,
 In six villages they heard it,
 There was not a single creature
 But it hurried forth to listen, 290
 And to hear the charming music
 From the kantele resounding
 All the wild beasts of the forest
 Upright on their claws were resting
 To the kantele to listen.
 And they wondered at their pleasure
 All the birds in air then flying,
 Perched upon the neighbouring branches,
 All the fish that swam the waters,
 To the margin hastened quickly, 300
 And the worms in earth then creeping,
 Up above the ground then hastened,
 And they turned themselves and listened,
 Listened to the charming music,
 In the kantele rejoicing,
 And in Väinämöinen's singing.
 Then the aged Väinämöinen
 Played in his most charming manner,
 Most melodiously resounding,
 And he played one day, a second, 310

Living on, without cessation,
Every morning after breakfast,
Girded with the selfsame girdle,
And the same shirt always wearing.

When he in his house was playing,
In his house of fir constructed,
All the roofs resounded loudly,
And the boards resounded likewise,
Ceilings sang, the doors were creaking,
All the windows were answering,
And the hearthstones were answering,
Birchwood columns sang in answer.

320

When he walked among the pinewoods,
And he wandered through the firwoods,
All the pines bowed down before him,
To the very ground he strides,
On the grass the cones rolled round him,
On the roots the berries scattered.

When he hurried through the greenwood,
Or across the heath was hastening,

330

All the leaves danced in the air,
As the heath was as to sing,
And the flowers breathed fragrance round him,
And the young shoots bowed before him.

RUNO XLV.—THE FESTIVENCE IN KALEVALA

Arrived

The Name of P... .. 190
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In her eyes revealed the
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Thereupon she grew more froward,
 And for evermore reflected
 On the death that she might fashion
 How she best might bring destruction 10
 On the people in Väinö's,
 And on Kalevala's whole people.

Then she prayed aloud to Ukko,
 And she thus implored the Thunderer:
 "Ukko, thou of Gods the highest,
 Say thou Kalevala's whole people,
 Say them with thy hail of iron,
 With thy steely needles slay them,
 Or by sickness let them perish,
 Let the evil nation perish, 20
 Let the men die in the farmyard,
 On the cowshed floor the women."

Lived in Tuonela a blind maid,
 Loviatar, an aged woman,
 She the worst of Tuoni's daughters,
 And of Mana's maids most hideous,
 She, the source of every evil,
 Origin of woes a thousand,
 With a face of perfect blackness,
 And a skin of hue most hideous. 30

Then this daughter black of Tuoni,
 Ulappala's blind-eyed damsel,
 Made her bed upon the pathway,
 On the straw in evil country,
 And her back she turned to windward,
 Sideways to the bitter weather
 Backwards to the blast so freezing,
 And the chilling winds of morning.

Then a great wind rose in fury,
 From the east a mighty tempest 40
 Blew this wretched creature pregnant,
 And she quickened from the tempest,
 On a barren waste all treeless,
 On the bare and grassless meadows.

And she bore a heavy burden,
 Bore a heavy painful burden.

Bore it two months, bore it three months,
 And for four and five months bore it,
 Bore it seven months, bore it eight months,
 For the ninth month also bore it, 50
 As old wives are wont to reckon.

And for half the tenth month likewise,
 When the ninth month had passed over,
 And the tenth month was beginning,
 Then she writhed about in anguish,
 And the greatest pain oppressed her,
 But as yet she brought forth nothing,
 And no brood as yet resulted.

From her lair at length she moved her,
 In another place she laid her, 60
 And the wench in chubbed laid her,
 Sport of winds, in hopes of children.
 There betwixt two rocks she laid her,
 In the clefts among five mountains,
 But as yet she brought forth nothing,
 And no brood as yet resulted.

And she sought a place for breeding,
 Sought a place for bearing suited,
 In the quaking swamps she sought it,
 And among the waves she sought it, 70
 But she found no place to suit her,
 Where she could relieve her burden.

Then she fain would bring forth children,
 And relieve her body's burden
 In the foam of furious cataract,
 'Neath where whirl the furious waters,
 Where three waterfalls are falling,
 Under nine of precipices,
 But as yet she brought forth nothing,
 Nor the foul one eased her burden. 80

Then began to weep the foul one,
 And to howl the wicked monster
 Whither now to go she knew not,
 And in what direction wander,
 Where she might relieve her burden,
 Where to go to cast her offspring.

Free the damsel from her burden,
And the woman from her sufferings,
Free her from this grievous torment,
And release her from her sufferings. 130

"But if this is not sufficient,
Ukko, thou of Gods the highest,
Furthest come where thou art needed,
Come thou at our supplication
Here there is a girl in childhood,
And a woman suffering greatly,
Here amid the bathroom's vapour,
Brought into the village bathroom.

"Do thou take thy club of golden,
In thy right hand do thou take it, 140
Each impediment remove thou:
And the door-posts move asunder,
Break thou the Creator's castles,
Break thou all the bars asunder,
Push the large ones and the small ones,
Even to the very smallest."

Then this foul and wicked creature,
She, the daughter blind of Tuoni,
Presently relieved her burden,
And she brought forth evil children, 150
'Neath a rug adorned with copper,
Underneath the softest blankets

Thus became she nine sons' mother,
In a single night of summer
With the bath prepared once only,
With the bath but once made ready,
With a single effort only
From the futility of her body

To the boys their names assigned she,
And she nurtured well the children 160
Just as each one names the children
Whom themselves have brought to being.
One as Ple may she destine,
One did she send forth as Ceiro,
And as Gout she reared another,
One as Scornfula she fashioned,

Boil, another designated,
And as Itch proclaimed another,
Thrust another forth as Cancer
And as Plague she formed another 170

One remained, and he was nameless,
In the straw the lowest lying,
Therefore did she send him onward,
As a sorcerer on the waters,
Also to bewitch the lowlands,
Everywhere to practise magic.

Louhi, Pohjola's old mistress,
Sent the others forth to journey
To the cloud encompassed headland,
And the shaggy island's summit, 180
Sent in rage these evil monsters,
These diseases all unheard of,
Forth to Väinölä she sent them,
Kaleva's great race to slaughter

Sickened Väinölä's own people,
Kaleva's descendants sickened,
With diseases all unheard of
And whose names were known to no one,
And the floors beneath them rotted,
And the sheet above corrupted. 190

Then the aged Väinämöinen,
He the great primeval sorcerer,
Went to drive away the evil,
And his people's lives to succour,
Forth he went to war with Tuoni,
And against disease to struggle.

Thereupon he warmed the bathroom,
And the stones prepared to heat it,
And the finest wood provided,
Faggots, too, he hid in water; 200
Water brought in covered vessels,
Bath whisks also, well protected,
Warmed the bath-whisks to perfection,
And the hundred twigs he softened

Then he raised a warmth like honey,
Raised a heat as sweet as honey,

From the heated stones he raised it,
 From the glowing stones he raised it,
 And he spoke the words which follow
 And in words like these expressed him : 210
 " Now the bath approach, O Tuma a,
 To the warmth, O heavenly Father,
 Healthfulness again to grant us,
 And our peace again secure us
 Drive away these foul diseases,
 From these dread diseases save us.
 Calm thou down this heat excessive
 Drive away this heat so evil,
 That it may not burn thy children,
 Neither may destroy thy offspring 220
 " Therefore will I sprinkle water,
 On the glowing stones I cast it,
 Let it now be changed to honey,
 May it trickle down like honey,
 Let it flow a stream like honey,
 Flowing to a lake of honey
 As it flows along the hearthstones,
 Flowing through the mossy bathroom
 " Do not let us guiltless perish,
 Nor be overcome by sickness, 230
 Against the great Creator's mandate
 When sends Jumala our death not
 He who slaughters us, the sinless,
 Let his mouth his own words swallow,
 On his head cast back the evils,
 Evil thoughts recoil upon him,
 " If myself I am not manly,
 Nor is Ukko's son a hero,
 Nor can drive away these evils,
 Nor from off my head can lift them, 240
 Ukko is a man and hero.
 He it is the clouds who marshals,
 And the rainless clouds he governs,
 Raining o'er the clouds so scattered
 " Ukko, thou of Gods the highest,
 Thou above the clouds who dwellest,

Come thou here where thou art needed,
 Listen to our supplications,
 Do thou look upon our sufferings,
 Do thou end our days of anguish, 250
 Free us from this evil magic,
 Free us now from every evil.

"Bring me now a sword of fire,
 Bring me now a flashing sword blade,
 That I may oppose these evils
 Quite subdue these frightful evils,
 On the wind's path drive out sufferings,
 Drive them far amid the deserts.

"Thence I'll drive these sorcerers' torments,
 Thence these sufferings will I banish, 260
 Far away to rocky caverns,
 Rocky caves as hard as iron,
 Torments to the stones to carry,
 And upon the rocks heap suffering.
 Never weeps the stone for anguish,
 Nor the rock complains of suffering,
 Though it should be greatly beaten,
 And though blows be heaped upon it.

"Kiputyta, Tuoni's maiden,
 Sitting on the Stone of Sickness, 270
 In the rush of three great rivers,
 Where three waters are divided,
 Turning round the torture-millstone,
 And the Mount of Sickness turning!
 Go and turn away these sufferings,
 To the blue stone gorge direct them,
 Or amid the waters send them,
 To the deep lake, O condemn them,
 Which by wind is never troubled,
 Where the sun is never shining. 280

"If this is not yet sufficient,
 K vutar, O noble Mistress,
 Vammatar, O noble matron,
 Come ye all, and come together,
 Once again to work us healing,
 And restore our peace unto us!

Then the aged man began
He the great primeval sorcerer,
Saw'd o'er all the ulcered places,
And the open wounds anointed
With nine various saues anointed,
With eight magic drugs he rubbed them,
And he spoke the words which follow
And in words ake these expressed him:
" Ukko, thou of Gods the highest,
O thou aged man in heaven
Let a cloud appear to eastward,
Let another rise from north west,
Send thou from the west another,
Grant us honey, grant us water,

That our sores may be anointed
And our wounds be all salved over
"Yet to me no power is given,
Save by my Creator granted. 330

Grant us now thy grace, Creator,
Grant us, Jumala, thy mercy
With my eyes have I been seeing,
And my hands have been uplifting,
With my mouth have I been speaking,
With my breath have I been sighing

"Where my hands avail to reach not,
Let the hands of God be resting,
Where I cannot reach my fingers,
There let God extend his fingers, 340
Far more skilful are his fingers,
The Creator's hands more active.

"O Creator, work thy magic,
Speak, O Jumala, unto us,
Deign to gaze on us, Almighty!
Let those who at night are healthy,
Likewise in the day be healthy,
Let no suffering fall upon them
And no sickness come among them,
Nor their hearts be filled with anguish, 350
That they feel no slightest evil,
Feel no more the slightest suffering,
In the course of all their life me,
While the golden moon is shining."

Va namöinen, old and steadfast,
He the great primeval sorcerer,
Thus at length dispelled the evils,
Raised their burdens from his people,
Drove away the plagues of magic, 360
Healed the magical diseases,
And from death he saved his people,
Thus saved Kaleva's descendants.

RUNO XLVI VÄINÄMÖINEN AND THE BEAR

Argument

The Mistress of Pohjola sends a bear to destroy the herds of Kalevala (1-20). Väinämöinen kills the bear and a great feast is held in Kalevala in honour of the occasion (21-606). Väinämöinen sings, plays on the kantele, and hopes for a time of great happiness and prosperity as coming to Kalevala (607-634).

Unto Pohjola came tidings,
To the village eod the tidings
That in Väinö's 'twas healthy,
Freed was Kalevala completely
From the evil plagues of magic,
And the scourge of nameless sickness.

Louhi, Pohjola's old Mistress,
Old and gap-toothed dame of Pohja,
Thereupon again grew furious,
And she spoke the words which follow :
" Still I know another method,
And a cunning scheme have thought on,
On the heath the Bear I'll awaken.
On the waste the curving-clawed one,
Vaurula's fine flocks to ravage,
Herds of Kalevala to slaughter "

10

On the heath the bear she awakened,
From his native land she drove him
To the heathlands of Väinöla,
And to Kalevala's green pastures.

20

Väinämöinen, old and steadfast,
Offered then the words which follow
" I marinen, smith and broiler
Make a new spear quickly for me,
Make it with three cutting edges,
With a copper shaft construct it.
With the bear I now must struggle,
Overthrow the shaggy monster,

That he slay no more my geldings,
Nor shall fall upon my brood-mares, 30
Neither shall destroy my cattle,
Or attempt my cows to injure."

Then the smith a spear constructed,
Not a long one, not a short one,
But of middle length he forged it
On the blade a wolf was sitting,
On the edge a bear was standing,
At the joint an elk was trotting,
On the shaft a colt was running,
At the end a reindeer leaping. 40
Then fresh snow was gently falling,
And a little snow had drifted
As it drifts in early autumn,
White as is the hare in winter

Said the aged Väinämöinen
And he spoke the words which follow
"Now my inclination leads me
Unto Metsola to travel;
To the forest's daughter's dwelling,
And to the Blue Maiden's homestead. 50
Leaving men, I seek the forest,
Heroes leave, for distant regions.
Take me as thy man, O forest,
Take me, Tapio, for thy hero.
May good fortune now be granted.
And in fall the forest-heartily

"Mielikk', the forest's Mistress,
Tellervo, the wife of Tapio,
Do thou bind thy dogs securely,
Do thou keep thy whelps in order, 60
In the paths, mid honeysuckle,
And beneath the roof of oakwood

"Ota, apple of the forest,
O thou lazy honey-pawed one!
If thou hearest me approaching,
Hearst me, the hero, coming,
In thy hair thy claws conceal thou,
In thy gums thy teeth conceal thou,

That thou never more may'st move them,
That they motionless remain there. 70

"O my Otso, O my darling,
Fair one with the paws of honey,
Do thou rest in hilly country,
And among the rocks so lovely
Where the pines above are waving
And the firs below are rustling
Turn thyself around, O Otso.
Turn thee round, O honey-pawed one,
As upon her nest the woodgrouse.
Or as turns the goose when brooding."

80

Then the aged Vainämöinen
Heard his dog was barking loudly,
And the dog was fiercely baying
Just beside the Simaleys dwelling,
In the pathway of the Broad-nose,
And he spoke the words which follow

"First I thought it was a cuckoo
Thought I heard a love-bird singing,
But no cuckoo there is calling
And no love-bird there is singing.
But it is my dog that's baying
Here my faithful hound awakes me
At the door of Otso's dwelling
At the handsome hero's home-head."

90

Then the aged Vainämöinen
Struck the bear where he was lying,
Overturned his bed of splinters,
Overbrew his lair so golden.
And he spoke the words which follow,
And in words like these expressed himself.

100

"Praise, O Jomala, unto thee,
Praise to thee alone, Creator
Unto me the bear who gavest,
And the forest gold hast granted."

Gazed he on the golden booty,
And he spoke the words which follow
"O my Otso, O my darling,
Fair one with the paws of honey,

Be not filled with causeless anger,
I myself have not overthrown thee, 110

Thou thyself hast left the forest,
Wandered from thy pine-tree covert,
Thou hast torn away thy clothing,
Ripped thy grey cloak in the thicket
Slippery is this autumn weather
Cloudy are the days and misty

"Golden cuckoo of the forest,
Shaggy-haired and lovely creature,
Do thou quit thy chilly dwelling
Do thou quit thy native desert, 120

And thy home of birch branches,
Wattled wigwam where thou dwellest
Go to wander in the open,
O thou beauty of the forest,
On thy light shoes wandering onward
Marching in thy be-huted stockings,
Leaving now this little dwelling
Do thou leave this narrow dwelling
Leave it for the mighty heroes,
To the race of men resign it, 130

There are none will treat thee badly,
And no wretched life awaits thee
For thy food they'll give thee honey,
And for drink, of mead the freshest,
When thou goest to a distance,
Whither with the staff they guide thee

"From this place depart thou quickly,
From thy little nest depart thou,
From beneath these famous rafters,
From beneath this roof so handsome; 140
Glide along upon thy snowshoes,
As on pond a water lily,
Then glide on among the fir trees,
Like a squirrel in the branches."

Then the aged Vainämöinen
He the great primeval minstrel,
Walked across the plains, loud piping,
O'er the heath he wandered singing,

And he brought the noble stranger
With his shaggy friend he wandered. 150
In the house was heard his playing,
Neath the roofs they heard his singing.

In the house there cried the people,
And exclaimed the handsome people
"Listen to the noise resounding
To the music from the forest
Like the singing of the crossbill,
Or a maiden's flute in forest."

Vaanamönnö old and steadfast
Then the house was fast approaching, 160
From the house there called the people,
And the handsome people asked him,
"Have you brought the bright gear with you,
Have you brought the silver hither
Brought our darling money with you,
Gathered money on your journey?
Gave the wood the honey-eater,
And a lynx to lord of forest,
That you come among us singing,
On your snowshoes come rejoicing?" 170

Vaanamönnö, old and steadfast,
Answered in the words which follow
"Singing would I bring the otter,
Give to Lemminkäinen my praise,
So I sing as I am coming,
On my snowshoes come rejoicing,
"What I bring is not an otter
Not a lynx and not an ermine,
One more famous is approaching,
Comes the pride of all the forest, 180
Comes an old man wandering hither,
With his overcoat he cometh.
If it be a pleasure to you,
Let the doors be widely opened;
But if you dislike the stranger,
Close the doors against him forever."

And the people gave him answer,
Shouted all the handsome people,

"Welcome, O-so, be thy coming,
 Honey-pawed, who now approachest 190
 To our dwelling, fresh y-scoured,
 To our household, now so charming

"This I wished for all my life me,
 All my youth I waited for it,
 Tapio's horn to hear resounding,
 And to hear the wood-pipe whistling,
 Wandering through the golden forest,
 Coming through the silver woodland,
 And our little house approaching,
 And along the narrow pathway. 200

"I had hoped a year of fortune,
 Waiting for the coming summer,
 As for new-fallen snow the snowshoe,
 Or a path for gliding suited,
 As a maiden for her lover,
 Or a consort for a red-cheek

"In the eve I sat at window,
 Morning, at the door of storehouse,
 At the gate a week I waited,
 And a month at pathway's opening. 210

In the lane I stayed a winter,
 Stood in snow while ground was hardened,
 Till the hardened land grew softer,
 And the soft ground turned to gravel,
 And to sand was changed the gravel,
 And the sand at length grew verdant,
 And I pondered every morning,
 In my head reflected daily,

'Wherefore is the Bear delaying?
 Why delays the forest's darling? 220

Has he travelled to Esthonia,
 Wandered from the land of Suomi?"

Then the aged Väinämöinen
 Answered in the words that follow
 "Where's my guest to be conducted,
 Whither shall I lead my gold one?
 To the barn shall I conduct him
 On a bed of straw to lay him?"

And the people gave him answer,
 Shouted all the handsome people, 230
 "Better lead our guest illustrious,
 And conduct our golden beauty
 Underneath these famous rafters,
 Underneath this roof so handsome.
 There is food arranged for eating,
 There is drink poured out for drinking,
 All the floors have there been dusted,
 And the floors been swept most cleanly,
 All the women finely dressed them,
 In their very finest garments, 240
 Donned their head-dresses the finest,
 In their brightest robes arrayed them."

Then the aged Vainamoinen
 Spoke aloud the words which follow:
 "O my Otso, O my birdling,
 O my charge, with paws of honey,
 Still there's ground for thee to walk on,
 And upon the heath to wander

"Girden one, go forth to wander,
 Dear one, range about the country, 250
 Forth to march with saddle stockings,
 Wander in thy cloth-made trousers,
 On the pathway of the timouse,
 And the path where sparrows wander,
 Underneath five rafters straying,
 Underneath six roof-trees walking.

"Now be careful, luckless woman,
 That the herd may not be frightened,
 Terrified the little cattle,
 Nor the mistress' calves be frightened, 260
 If the hear approach the homestead,
 And his shaggy jaws should seize them.

"Now, ye boys, the porch abandon,
 Girls depart ye from the door-posts,
 To the house there comes the hero,
 And the pride of men approaches.

"Otso, apple of the forest,
 Far and bulky forest dweller,

Be not frightened at the maidens,
Fear not the unbraided maidens, 270
Be not fearful of the women

They the weavers of the stockings.
All the women of the household
Quickly round the stove will gather
When they see the hero enter,
And behold the youth advancing."

Said the aged Vainamöinen,
"Jumala be gracious to us,
Underneath these famous rafters,
Underneath this roof so handsome 280
Whither shall I take my darling.
And shall bring the shaggy creature?"

And the people spoke in answer.
"Hail, all hail to thee who comest!
Thither shalt thou bring thy birdling.
Thither take thy golden beauty
To the end of pole of pine-wood,
To the end of bench of iron
That his shaggy coat we gaze on,
And his hair may well examine. 290

"Be not grieved for this, O Otso,
Neither let it make thee angry,
That we take thy hide an hour,
And thy hair to gaze on always.
For thy hide will not be in urea,
And thy hair will not be dragged,
Like the rags of evil people,
Or the clothing of the beggars."

Then the aged Vainamöinen
From the bear stripped off the bearskin,
On the storeroom floor he laid it,
Put the feet into the kettles,
Put it in the gilded kettle,
In the copper cauldrons placed it, 300

On the fire the pots arranged he,
In the baze their sides of copper,
Fired them up, and overfired them,
With the meat he overfired them,

Salt unto the stew he added,
 Brought from very distant regions, 310
 From the Saxon land they brought it,
 And from distant waters brought it,
 Through the Sound of Nalr they rowed it,
 And they from the ships conveyed it.

When the meat enough was cooked,
 From the fire they took the kettles,
 And the booty then was carried,
 And the crossbill then they carried
 Quickly to the long deal table,
 In the golden dishes laid it, 320
 Where they sat the mead enjoying,
 And the beer they were imbibing.

And of firwood was the table,
 And the dishes were of copper,
 And the spears were all of silver,
 And the knives of gold constructed
 All the plates were overloaded,
 Brimming o'er were all the dishes,
 With the darling of the forest,
 Booty of the golden woodland 330

Then the aged Vainamöinen
 Spoke aloud the words that follow:
 "Comrade old, with golden bosom,
 Master thou of Tapio's household,
 Thou of Metsä's sweet matron
 Gracious Mistress of the Forest;
 Handsome man, the son of Tapio,
 Handsome red rapped son of Tapio;
 Tellervo, the maid of Tapio;
 All the rest of Tapio's people, 340

"Come ye to the feast of cattle,
 Where the shaggy beast is eaten,
 Here is plenty to be eaten,
 Here is food and drink abundant,
 Here there is enough for storage,
 Plenty too, to give the village."

And the people then responded.
 Answered thus the handsome people:

"Where was Otso born and nurtured,
Whence was formed his hide so shaggy, 350
Was he born perchance in straw-bed,
Was he born near stove in bathroom?"

Then the aged Väinämöinen
Answered in the words which follow:
"Otso was not born in straw-bed,
Nor was born on chaff in malt-house;
There was Otso brought to being,
There was born the honey pawed one,
Near the moon, in gleams of sunshine,
And upon the Great Bear's shoulders, 360
There beside the Air's fair maiden,
Near the daughter of Creation.

"On Air's borders walked a maiden,
Through mid heaven there walked a damsel,
Through the lifted clouds she wandered,
On the borders of the heavens,
Clad in stockings, blue in colour,
And with shoes most gayly coloured,
In her hand a wool-filled satchel,
'Neath her arm a hair-filled basket. 370
Wool she cast upon the waters,
Hair she threw among the billows,
And the wind arose and tossed it,
And the air unceasing rocked it,
And the breeze on water rocked it,
To the shore the waves impelled it,
To the edge of honeyed forest,
To the end of honeyed headland.

"Mieikki, the forest's Mistress,
Tapiola's accomplished matron, 380
Took the wool from out the water,
Took the soft wool from the billows,
Then she wrapped it all together,
With a handsome band she wrapped it,
Put it in her maple basket,
In a beautiful cradle laid it,
Then she lifted up the bundle,
And the golden chains she carried

Where the branches were the thickest
And the leaves were most abundant. 390

"Then she rocked the charming object,
And she rocked the lovely creature
Underneath a spreading fir-tree,
Underneath a blooming pine-tree.
Thus it was the bear was nurtured,
And the furry beast was fostered,
There beside a bush of honey,
In a forest dripping honey

"Now the bear grew up most handsome,
And attained his perfect stature. 400
Short his legs, his knees were crooked,
Broad his nose, both thick and stumpy.
Broad his head and short his muzzle,
And his handsome hair was shaggy,
But as yet the bear was tailless,
And with claws was unprovided

"Mielikki, the forest's Mistress,
Uttered then the words which follow:
'Now let claws be granted to him,
And let teeth be also sought for, 410
If he does no mischief with them,
Nor to evil purpose turns them'

"Then the bear by oath engaged him,
Kneeling by the forest's Mistress,
And in Jumala's high presence,
Fore the face of Him Almighty,
Never would he work a mischief,
And would work no evil with them.

"Mielikki, the forest's Mistress,
Trove an accomplished matron, 420
Went to seek the teeth he needed,
And to seek the claws he wanted,
From the wood of mountain ash-tree,
And from juniper the hardest,
From the hardest roots of any
From the hardest resinous tree-stumps,
But she found no claws among them,
Neither found she teeth among them.

"On the heath there grew a pine tree,
 On the hill there rose a fir-tree, 430
 And the pine had silver branches,
 And the fir-tree golden branches.
 With her hands she plucked the branches,
 And from these the claws constructed,
 Others fixed in Otso's jawbones,
 In his gums securely fixed them.

"Forth she sent the shaggy creature,
 Sent her darling forth to wander,
 Let him wander through the marshes,
 Let him wander through the forest, 440
 Walk along the woodland's borders,
 Sæp along across the heathland,
 And she bade him walk discreetly,
 And to march along demure y,
 And to live a life of pleasure,
 And upon fine days to wander,
 Through the plains and o'er the marshes,
 Past the heaths where men are dancing,
 Wandering shoeless in the summer,
 Wandering sockless in the autumn, 450
 Resting in the worst of weather,
 Idling in the cold of winter,
 In a hollow stump of cherry,
 In the castle of the pine-trees,
 At the foot of beauteous fir-trees,
 'Mid the junipers close-growing,
 Undemeath five woollen mantles,
 Neath eight mantles was he hidden,
 And from thence I fetched my booty,
 There I found it on my journey " 460

Then the younger people asked him,
 And the old folks asked him likewise.
 "Wherefore was the wood so gracious,
 Gracious wood, and forest lavish,
 And the greenwood's lord so joyous,
 So propitious friendly Tapio.
 That he thus his pet has given,
 And resigned the honey-eater?

Did you with the spear attack him,
Was he overcome with arrows? " 470

Vaanamöinen, old and steadfast,
Answered in the words which follow:

"Very gracious was the forest,
Gracious wood, and forest lavish,
And the greenwood's lord was joyous,
And propitious friendly Tapio

"Melikki, the forest's Mistress,
Tellervo, the maid of Tapio,
Fair haired damsel of the forest,
Little damsel of the forest 480

Went along the path to guide me,
And to raise the landmarks for me,
By the roadside posts erected,
And directed all my journey
And the trees she hazed before me,
Marks she set upon the mountains,
To the door of noble Oso,
To the borders of his dwelling

"When I reached the place I sought for,
And arrived upon its borders. 490

With the spear I smote not Oso,
And I shot no arrows at him
He himself lurched from the archway,
Trampled from the pine tree's summit,
And the branches broke his breastbone,
Others ripped his belly open "

Then he spoke the words which follow.
And in words like these expressed him

"O my Oso, O my dearest
O my hurdling, O my darling, 500

Now resign to us thy headland,
Lay aside thine eye teeth likewise,
Cast away the few teeth left thee,
And thy wide jaws give us also,
Yet thou needest not be angry
That I come to thee in thiswise,
And thy bones and skull have broken,
And have dashed thy teeth together

"Now I take the nose from Otso,
That my own nose may be lengthened,
But I take it not completely, 510
And I do not take it only.

"Now I take the ears of Otso,
That my own ears I may lengthen,
But I take them not completely,
And I do not take them only

"Now I take the eyes of Otso,
That my own eyes I may lengthen,
But I take them not completely,
And I do not take them only 520

"Now will I take Otso's forehead,
That my forehead I may lengthen,
But I take it not completely,
And I do not take it only

"Now I take the mouth of Otso,
That my own mouth may be lengthened,
But I take it not completely,
And I do not take it only

"Now I take the tongue of Otso,
That my own tongue may be lengthened, 530
But I take it not completely,
And I do not take it only

"He shall be a man respected,
And as hero shall be reckoned,
Who the bear's teeth now can number,
And the rows of teeth can loosen
From the jaws of steely hardness,
With his grasp as strong as iron."

As no other man came forward,
And no hero would attempt it, 540
He himself the bear's teeth numbered,
And the rows of teeth he reckoned
Kneeling down beneath the jawbones,
With his grasp as strong as iron

From the bear the teeth then taking,
Uttered he the words which follow

"Otso, apple of the forest,
Fair and buiky forest-dweller,

Thou must go upon thy journey,
 Leap along upon the journey, 550
 Forth from out this narrow dwelling,
 From this low and narrow cottage,
 To a lofty house that waits thee,
 To a wide and pleasant dwelling.

"Golden one, go forth to wander,
 Dearest treasure, march thou onward,
 On the swine's path march thou onward,
 Traversing the road of piglings,
 To the firwood so luxuriant,
 To the needle-covered pine-trees, 560
 To the hills all clothed with forest,
 To the lofty-rising mountains.
 Here for thee to dwell is pleasant,
 Charming is it to abide there,
 Where the cattle bells are ringing,
 And the little bells are tinkling."

Vanamoinen, old and steadfast,
 After this his dwelling entered,
 And the younger people asked him,
 Al! the handsome people asked him, 570
 "Where have you bestowed your booty,
 Whither did you make your journey?
 Have you left him in the cefield,
 In the snow-slush have you sunk him,
 Pushed him down in the morasses,
 Buried him upon the heathland?"

Vanamoinen, old and steadfast,
 Answered in the words which follow
 "In the ice I did not leave him,
 Sunk him not among the snow-slush, 580
 For the dogs from thence would drag him,
 Likewise would the birds besoul him.
 In the swamp I have not sunk him,
 Nor upon the heath have buried
 For the worms would there destroy him
 And the black ants would devour him.

"Thither have I brought my booty,
 There bestowed my little captive,

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On a golden mountain's summit,
On a copper mountain's summit 590

In a splendid tree I laid him
Pine-tree with a hundred needles,
In the very largest branches,
In the broad and leafy summit,
As a joy to men for ever
And a pleasure to the travellers.

"Then I turned his guns to eastward,
And his eyes I turned to north-west,
Not too high upon the summit,
Lest if they were in the summit, 600
Then the wind might perhaps destroy them
And the spring wind treat them badly.
Nor too near the ground I placed them,
Lest if I ran low had laid them.
Then the pigs might perhaps disturb them,
And the snouted ones overturn them."

Then the aged Väinämöinen
Once again prepared for singing,
For a splendid evening's pleasure,
And a charm to day departing. 610

Said the aged Väinämöinen,
And in words like these expressed him:
"Keep thy light, O holder shining,
So that I can see while singing,
For the time has come for singing,
And my mouth to sing is longing."

Played and sang old Väinämöinen,
Charming all throughout the evening,
And when he had ceased his singing,
Then a speech he made concluding 620

"Grant, O Jumala, in future,
Once again, O good Creator
That once more we meet re-creating,
And may once again assemble
Here to feast on bear so fattened,
Feasting on the shaggy creature.

"Grant, O Jumala, for ever
Grant again, O good Creator,

That the posts be raised to guide us,
And the trees be blazed before us, 630
For the most heroic people,
For the manly race of heroes.

"Grant, O Jumala, for ever,
Grant again, O good Creator,
That may sound the horn of Tapio,
And the forest-pipe may whistle
Even in this little courtyard,
Even in this narrow homestead.

"In the day may we be playing,
And at eventide rejoicing, 640
In this firm and solid country,
In the wide expanse of Suomi,
With the young who now are growing,
With the rising generation."

RUNO XLVII.—THE ROBBERY OF THE SUN AND MOON

Argument

The moon and sun descend to listen to Väinämöinen's playing. The Mistress of Pohjola succeeds in capturing them, hides them in a moon-urn, and steals the fire from the homes of Kalevala (1-40). Ukko, the Supreme God, is surprised at the darkness in the sky and kindles fire for a new moon and a new sun (41-82). The fire fails to be ground, and Väinämöinen and Ilmarinen go to search for it (83-126). The Virgin of the Air informs them that the fire has fallen into Lake Alue, and has been swallowed by a fish (127-312). Väinämöinen and Ilmarinen try to catch the fish with a net of bast, but without success (313-364).

VAINAMÖINEN, old and steadfast,
On his kantele was playing,
Long he played, and long was singing,
And was ever full of gladness.
In the moon's house heard they playing,
Came delight to the sun's window
And the moon came from his dwelling,
Standing on a crooked birch-tree,

And the sun came from his castle,
Sitting on a fir-tree's summit, 10
To the kantele to listen,
Filled with wonder and rejoicing.

Louhi, Pohjola's old Mistress,
Old and gap-toothed dame of Pohja,
Set to work the sun to rapture,
In her hands the moon seized likewise.
From the birch the moon she captured,
And the sun from fir-tree's summit,
Straightway to her home she brought them,
To the gloomy land of Pohja. 20

Then she hid the moon from shining,
In the mottled rocks she hid him,
Sang the sun to shine no longer,
Hidden in a steel-hard mountain;
And she spoke the words which follow,
"Never more again in freedom
Shall the moon arise for shining,
Nor the sun be free for shining,
If I come not to release them,
If I do not go to fetch them, 30
When I bring nine stallions with me,
Which a single mare has littered."

When the moon away was carried,
And the sun had been imprisoned
Deep in Pohjola's stone mountain,
In the rocks as hard as iron,
Then she stole away the brightness,
And from Väinölä the fires,
And she left the houses fireless,
And the rooms no flame illumined. 40

Therefore was the night unending,
And for long was utter darkness,
Night in Kalevala for ever,
And in Väinölä's fair dwellings,
Likewise in the heavens was darkness,
Darkness round the seat of Ukko.

Life without the fire was weary,
And without the light a burden,

Unto all mankind 'twas dismal,
And to Ukko's self 'twas dismal 50

Ukko, then, of Gods the highest,
In the air the great Creator
Now began to feel most strangely,
And he pondered and reflected.
What strange thing the moon had darkened,
How the sun had been obstructed,
That the moon would shine no longer,
And the sun had ceased his shining.

Then he stepped to cloud and's borders,
On the borders of the heavens, 60
Wearing now his pale blue stockings,
With the heels of varied colour,
And he went the moon to seek for,
And he went to find the sunlight,
Yet he could not find the moonlight,
Nor the sun he could discover.

In the air a light struck Ukko,
And a flame did Ukko kindle,
From his flaming sword he struck it,
Sparks he struck from off the sword-blade, 70
From his nails he struck the fire,
From his thumbs he made it crackle,
High above aloft in heaven,

On the starry plains of heaven
When the fire had thus been kindled,
Then he took the spark of fire,
In his golden purse he thrust it,
Placed it in his silver casket,
And he bade the maiden rock it, 80
Told the maid of air to rock it,
That a new moon might be fashioned,
And a new sun be constructed.

On the long cloud's edge she sat her,
On the air-marge sat the maiden,
There it was she rocked the fire,
There she rocked the glowing brightness,
In a golden cradle rocked it,
With a silver cord she rocked it.

Then the silver props were shaken,
Rocked about the golden cradle, 90
Moved the clouds and creaked the heavens,
And the props of heaven were swaying,
With the rocking of the fire,
And the rocking of the brightness.

Thus the maid the fire was rocking,
And she rocked the fire to brightness,
With her fingers moved the fire,
With her hands the fire she tended,
And the stupid maiden dropped it,
Dropped the flame the careless ma den, 100
From her hands the fire dropped downward
From the fingers of its guardian.

Then the sky was cleft asunder,
All the air was filled with windows,
Burst asunder by the fire-sparks,
As the red drop quick descended,
And a gap gleamed forth in heaven,
As it through the clouds dropped downward,
Through nine heavens the drop descended,
Through six spangled vaults of heaven. 110

Said the aged Vänänöinen,
"Smith and brother, Ilmarinen,
Let us go and gaze around us,
And the cause perchance discover,
What the fire that just descended,
What the strange flame that has fallen
From the lofty height of heaven,
And to earth beneath descended.
Of the moon 'tis perhaps a fragment,
Of the sun perchance a segment." 120

Thereupon set forth the heroes,
And they wandered on, reflecting
How they might perchance discover,
How they might succeed in finding,
Where the fire had just descended,
Where the brightness had dropped downward
And a river flowed before them,
And became a lake extensive,

And the aged Väinämöinen
Straight began a boat to fashion,
In the wood he worked upon it,
And beside him Ilmarinen
Made a rudder out of firwood,
Made it from a log of pinewood.

130

Thus the boat at length was ready,
Rowlocks, rudder all completed,
And they pushed it in the water,
And they rowed and steered it onward,
All along the river Neva,
Steering round the Cape of Neva.

140

Ilmatar, the lovely damsel,
Eldest Daughter of Creation,
Then advanced to meet the heroes,
And in words like these addressed them
"Who among mankind may ye be?
By what names do people call you?"

Said the aged Väinämöinen
"You may look on us as sailors,
I am aged Väinämöinen,
Ilmarinen, son th, is with me.

150

But inform us of your kindred;
By what name do people call you?"

Then the matron made them answer,
"I am oldest of all women,
Of the air the oldest damsel,
And the first of all the mothers
Five times now have I been married,
Six times as a bride attired
Whither do you take your journey.
Whither, heroes, are you going?"

160

Said the aged Väinämöinen,
And he spoke the words which follow;
"A! our fires have been extinguished,
And their flames died down in darkness,
Long already were we fireless,
And in darkness were we hidden,
But at length have we determined
That the fire we ought to seek for,

Which has just dropped down from heaven,
From above the clouds has fallen." 170

Then the woman gave them answer,
And she spoke the words which follow :
" Hard it is to track the fire,
And the bright flame to discover
It has evil wrought already,
And the flame has crime committed.
For the red spark has shot downward,
And the red hal has descended
From the realms of the Creator,
Where it was by Ukko kindled, 180
Through the level plains of heaven,
Through the void aerial spaces,
Downwards through the sooty smoke hole,
Downward through the seasoned roof-tree
Of the new-built house of Tuori,
Of a wretched roofless dwelling.

" When the fire at length came thither,
In the new-built house of Tuori,
Evil deeds he then accomplished,
Shocking deeds he then accomplished, 190
Burning up the maidens' bosoms.
Tearing at the breasts of maidens,
And the knees of boys destroying,
And the master's beard consuming

" And her child the mother suck ed,
In a cradle of misfortune.
Thither, too, the fire rushed onward,
And its evil work accomplished,
In the cradle burned the baby,
Burning, too, the mother's bosom, 200
And the child went off to Mana,
And the boy went straight to Tuoni.
Thus it was the infant perished,
And was cast into destruction,
In the red flame's fiery torture,
In the anguish of its glowing

" Great the knowledge of the mother,
And to Manala she went not.

Means she knew to ban the fire,
And to drive away its glowing, 210
Through the file eye of needle,
And across the back of axe-blade,
Through the sheath of glowing sword-blade,
Past the ploughed land did she drive it "

Va namo nen old and steadfast,
Heard her words, and then made answer:
" Whither has the fire retreated.
Whither did the pest take refuge,
Was it in the field of Tuoni.

In a lake, or in a forest? " 220

Then the matron made him answer
And she spoke the words which follow:

" When from thence the fire departed,
And the flame went wandering onward
First it burned o'er many districts,
Many districts, many marshes,
Rushed at last into the water
In the hollows of Lake Ahti
And the fire rose up all flaming
And the sparks arose all crackling 230

" Three times in the nights of summer
Nine times in the nights of autumn
Rose the lake the height of fir-trees,
Roaring rose above the lake banks
With the strength of furious fire,
With the strength of blazing flaming

" On the lake were thrown the fishes,
On the rocks the perch were stranded
And the fishes bowed around them
And the perch were all reflecting 240
How they could contrive to live.
Perch were weeping for the rainbow-fish,
Fish were weeping for the horned-trout,
Trout for the rocky castles

" And the perch with lake all crooked,
Tried to make the streak of fire
But the perch was not strong enough;
Seized upon it the true power

Down he gulped the streak of fire,
And extinguished thus its brightness.

250

"Then retired the Lake of Alue,
And fell back from all its margins,
Sinking to its former level
In a single night of summer.

"When a little time passed over
Fire-pain seized on the devourer,
Anguish came upon the swallower,
Grievous suffering on the eater,

"Up and down the fish swam turning,
Swam for one day and a second,
All along the powan island,
Clefts in rocks where flock the salmon,
To the points of capes a thousand,
Bays among a hundred islands.
Every cape made declaration,
Every island spoke in thiswise.

260

"Nowhere in these sluggish waters,
In the narrow Lake of Alue,
Can the wretched fish be swallowed,
Or the hapless one may perish
In the torture of the fire,
In the anguish of its glowing."

270

"But a salmon-trout overheard 't,
And the powan blue he swallowed
When a little time passed over,
Fire-pain seized on the devourer,
Anguish came upon the swallower,
Grievous suffering on the eater.

"Up and down the fish swam turning,
Swam for one day and a second,
Through the clefts where flock the salmon,
And the depths where sport the fishes,
To the points of capes a thousand,
Bays among a hundred islands.
Every cape made declaration
Every island spoke in thiswise."

280

"Nowhere in these sluggish waters,
In the narrow Lake of Alue.

Can the wretched fish be swallowed,
Or the hapless one may perish 290
In the pain of burning fire,
In the anguish of its glowing.¹

"But a grey pike hurried forward,
And the salmon-trout he swallowed.
When a little time passed over,
Fire-pain seized on the devourer,
Anguish came upon the swallower,
Grievous suffering on the eater.

"Up and down the fish swam turning,
Swam for one day and a second, 300
Past the cliffs where flock the seagulls,
And the rocks where sport the sea-nuns,
To the points of capes a thousand,
Bays among a hundred islands.
Every cape made declaration,
Every is and spoke in thiswise:

"Nowhere in these sluggish waters,
In the narrow Lake of Alue.

Can the wretched fish be swallowed,
Or the hapless one may perish 310
In the pain of burning fire,
In the anguish of its glowing."

Then the aged Vänramöinen,
Secondly, smelt Iimarinen.
Wove a net of bast constructed,
Which from juniper they gathered,
Steeped it in the juice of willow,
And of salow-bark they made it.

Vänramöinen, old and steadfast 320
Sent the women to the drag-net,
To the net there went the women,
Sisters came to draw the drag-net
And he steered, and glided onward
Past the capes and round the islands,
To the clefts where flock the salmon,
And along the powan's island,
Where the red-brown reeds are waving,
And among the beautiful rushes.

Eager now to make a capture,
Then he cast the net and sunk it, 330
But he cast the net out twisted.

And in wrong direction drew it,
And the fish they could not capture,
Though with eagerness they laboured
In the water went the brothers.

To the net the men proceeded,
And they swung it and they pushed it,
And they pulled it and they dragged it,
Through the deeps, and rocky places 340
Drew it o'er Kaleva's shingle,
But the fish they could not capture,
Not the fish so greatly needed.

Came the grey pike never near them,
Neither on the placid water,
Nor upon its ample surface
Fish are small, and nets not many.

Now the fish were all complaining
Said one pike unto another,
And the pout asked the ide-fish,
And one salmon asked another: 350

"Can the famous men have perished,
Perished Kaleva's great children,
They who drag the net of linen,
And of yarn have made the fish-net,
With long poles who beat the water,
With long sticks who move the waters?"

Old and famous Väinämöinen
Answered in the words which follow:
"No, the heroes have not perished,
Kaleva's great race has died not, 360
When one dies, is born another,
And the best of slaves they carry,
Longer sticks to sound the water,
And their nets are twice as fearful."

RUNO XLVIII THE CAPTURE OF THE FIRE

Argument

The heroes prepare a linen net and at length capture the fish which has swallowed the fire (191-194). The fire is found in the fish's belly but flashes up suddenly, and burns Ilmarinen's cheeks and hands severely (193-248). The fire rushes into the forest, burns over many countries, and spreads further and further, till at length it is captured and carried to the dark dwellings of Kalevala (249-290). Ilmarinen recovers from his burns (291-372).

VAINAMÖINEN, old and steadfast,

He the great primeval minstrel.

Thereupon began to ponder,

And reflected on the method

How to make a net of linen,

How to make the hundred meshes

Then he spoke the words which follow,

And expressed himself in thiswise:

"Is there one who flax can sow men,

Who can sow the flax and card it,

10

And of this a net can make me,

Weave for me its hundred meshes,

Thus this wretched fish to slaughter

And destroy the fish unhappy?"

So a little spot they found him,

Found a place not yet burned over,

In the wide extent of marshes,

There between two stumps they found it.

Thereupon they dug the roots out,

And 'twas there they found the flaxseed,

20

Guarded by the worm of Tierni,

There protected by the earthworm.

There they found a heap of ashes:

Dry the ashes that they found there,

Of a wooden burned-up vessel,

Of a boat that once had burned there.

Runo XLVIII] The Capture of the Fire 239

There it was they sowed the flaxseed,
In the loose ash did they sow it,
On the shore of Lake of Avar
There they sowed it in the clay^d eld. 30

Presently the shoot rose upward,
And the flax grew thick and strongly,
Grew beyond their expectations,
In a single night of summer.
Then they steeped it in the night-time,
And they carded it by moon light,
And they cleansed it and they stripped it,
And they beat it and they rubbed it,
With their hands & sticks they scraped it,
And with all their strength they scraped it. 40
Then they took the flax to steeping,
And it soon began to soften,
And they hastened then to pound it,
Awards in haste they dried it.

Then into the house they brought it,
And they hastened then to strip it,
And they hastened next to beat it,
And they hastened then to break it
Then with diligence they cleansed it,
In the twilight did they comb it, 50
And upon the loom arranged it,
Quicker brought it to the spindle,
In a single night of summer,
Thus between two days they worked it.

After this the sisters spun it,
And their brothers' wives were netting,
And the brothers worked the meshes,
And the fathers also aided.

Quickly did they turn the netter
And the mesh with speed they twisted, 60
Till the net was quite completed,
And the cords were fixed upon it,
In a single night of summer,
Half another in addition.

Thus the net was quite completed
And the cords were fixed upon it

And its length was hundred fathoms,
 And its breadth was hundreds seven,
 Stones for weights were fastened to it,
 Likewise proper floats provided. 70

With the net the youths were walking,
 And at home the old men pondered,
 Whether they would make a capture,
 And secure the fish they wished for

Then they drew the net and dragged it,
 Much they toiled, and threshed the water,
 Drew it lengthwise through the water,
 Dragged it crosswise through the water,
 Captured many little fishes,
 Many luckless perch they captured, 80
 Many bony perch they captured,
 And a large-gailed Redeye likewise,
 But the fish they could not capture
 That for which the net was fashioned

Said the aged Varamainen,
 "O thou smith, O I-manner,
 Let us now go forth together
 Where the net is in the water"

Thereupon went both the heroes,
 And they drew it through the water, 90
 And upon one side they spread it
 Round the sands in the water,
 And the other side directed,
 Round about the promontories,
 And the balance-pole was guided
 Just as aged Vaino pushed it

Thus they cast the net and pushed it,
 And they drew the net and dragged it,
 Captured fishes in abundance,
 And they captured perch in plenty, 100
 Salmon too in great abundance,
 Bream and salmon too they captured,
 All the fishes of the water,
 Only not the fish they sought for,
 That for which the net was woven,
 And the ropes were fastened to it.

Rune XLVIII] The Capture of the Fire 241

Then the aged Vamämöinen
Worked to make the net yet longer,
Wider yet the sides expanded.
Perhaps five hundred fathoms broader, 110
Netted full seven hundred fathoms
And he spoke the words which follow :
" To the depths the nets we'll carry,
And will now extend them further
Once again will drag the water:
Thus another cast attempting."

To the depths the nets they carried,
Further did they then convey them,
And again they dragged the water,
Thus another cast attempting. 120

Then the aged Vamämöinen
Spoke aloud the words which follow
" Vellamo, O Water Mother,
Old one with the lavish bosom,
Do thou change the shift upon thee,
Do thou change thy dress completely,
For thou hast a shift of rushes,
On thy head a cap of lake-foam,
Fashioned by the Wind's fair daughter,
Which the billows daughter gave thee. 130
Now assume a shift of linen,
Of the finest flax that's woven,
Which by Kuutar has been woven,
Paiyatär has wrought when spinning

" Ahto, master of the billows
Rover thou of caves a hundred
Take thy pole in length five fathoms,
Take thy stake, in length full seven,
Thresh with this the open water,
And do thou stir up the lake-bed, 140
Stir thou all the heaps of refuse,
Drive thou on the shoals of fishes,
Where the net is spread to catch them
And its hundred floats are swimming,
From the bays by fish frequented,
From the caves where hide the salmon,

From the wide lake's seething whirlpools,
And from the profound abysses,
Where the sun was never shining,
Undisturbed the sand for ever " 150

From the lake a dwarf ascended,
From the waves arose a hero,
Stood upon the lake's broad surface,
And he spoke the words which follow:
"Is there need to thresh the water,
With a long pole to disturb it?"

Vaananämönen, old and steadfast,
Answered in the words that follow:
"There is need to thresh the water,
With a long pole to disturb it " 160

Then the dwarf, the little hero,
Lifted from the bank a pine-tree,
Took a tall tree from the pinewood,
And prepared to thresh the water,
And he asked, and spoke as follows:
"Shal I thresh with strength sufficient,
Putting forth my utmost efforts,
Or as hard as may be needful?"

Old and prudent Vaananämönen
Answered in the words which follow: 170
"If you thresh as hard as needful
You will have to do much threshing."

Then the man, the little hero,
Set to work to thresh the water
And he threshed as much as needful,
And he drove the shoals of fishes,
And into the net he drove them,
In the net with floats a hundred

Rested now the smith his oars;
Vaananämönen, old and steadfast, 180
Now the net himself drew upward,
At the rope as he was pulling

Said the aged Vaananämönen,
"We have caught a shoal of fishes,
In the net that I am pulling,
With a hundred floats provided."

Rune XLVIII] The Capture of the Pike 243

Then the net was soon drawn upward,
And they drew it up and shook it
In the boat of Väinämöinen.
Finding mid the shoal of fishes, 190
That for which the net was fashioned,
And the hundred floats provided.

Väinämöinen, old and steadfast,
To the land then urged the vessel,
To the blue bridge-side he brought it,
To the red bridge-end he brought it,
There the shoal of fishes sorted,
Turned the heap of bony fishes,
And the grey pike found among them,
Which he long had sought to capture. 200

Then the aged Väinämöinen
Thus unto himself reflected
"Is it wise with hands to seize it,
Save with gauntlets made of iron,
Save with gloves of stone constructed,
Save with mittens made of copper?"

And the Sun's son heard him speaking,
And replied in words that follow
"I myself would rip the pike up,
Venture in my hand to take him, 210
If I had my large knife only,
Which my noble father gave me."

Then from heaven the knife descended,
From the clouds the knife fell downward,
Golden-hafted silver-headed,
To the Sun's son's belt dropped downward.

Thereupon the Sun's son seized it,
Firmly in his hand he grasped it,
And with this the pike ripped open,
Cleft the body of the Broad-spread net, 220
And within the grey pike's belly
There the grey trout he discovered,
And within the grey trout's belly
There he found the smooth-skinned powan.

Then he split the smooth-skinned powan,
And a blue clew he discovered,

In the powan's entrails hidden,
 In the third fold of the entrails.
 Then the blue clew he unwound ;
 From the inside of the blue clew 230
 Fell a red clew from within it,
 And when he unwound the red clew,
 In the middle of the red clew,
 There he found a spark of fire
 Which had once from heaven descended,
 Through the clouds had fallen downward,
 From above eight heavens descending,
 From the ninth æther region.
 Vainamöinen then considered
 How the spark might best be carried, 240
 To the cold and fireless dwellings,
 To the rooms so dark and gloomy
 But the fire flashed up most fiercely,
 From the Sun's son's hands who held it,
 Singed the beard of Vainamöinen.
 Burned the smith much more severely,
 For upon his cheeks it burned him,
 And upon his hands it scorched him.
 And it hastened quickly onward
 O'er the waves of Lake of Alue, 250
 Through the junipers fled onward,
 Burnt its way through all the thicket,
 Then rushed upward through the fir-trees,
 Burning up the stately fir-trees,
 Rushing ever farther onward,
 Burned up half the land of Pohja,
 And the furthest bounds of Sava,
 Over both halves of Carelia.
 Vainamöinen, old and steadfast,
 Followed hard upon its traces, 260
 And he hastened through the forest,
 Close behind the furious fire,
 And at length he overtook it,
 'Neath the roots of two great tree-stumps,
 In the stumps of alders hidden,
 In the rotten stumps he found it.

Rune XLVIII] The Capture of the Fire 245

Then the aged Väinämäinen
Spoke aloud the words which follow -
"Fire, whom Jumala created,
Creature of the bright Creator, 270
Idly to the depths thou goest,
Airlessly to distant regions.
It were better far to hide thee
In the hearth of stone constructed,
There thy sparks to bind together,
And within the coals enclose them,
That by day thou may'st be flickering
In the kitchen birchen faggots,
And at night thou may'st be hidden
Close within the golden fire-box. 280

Then he thrust the spark of fire
In a little piece of tinder,
In the fungus hard of birch-tree,
And among the copper kettles.
Fire he carried to the ke ties,
Took it in the bark of birch-tree,
To the end of musty headland,
And the shady island's summit.
Now was fire within the dwellings,
In the rooms again 'twas shining. 290

But the smith named Ilmarinen
Quickly hastened to the lakeshore,
Where the rocks the water washes,
And upon the rocks he sat him,
In the pain of burning fire,
In the anguish of its glowing.

There it was he quenched the fire,
There it was he dimmed its lustre.
And he spoke the words which follow,
And in words like these expressed him: 300
"Fire whom Jumala created
And O thou, the Sun's son, Pasi!
Who has made ye thus so angry,
As to scorch my cheeks in thiswise,
And to burn my lips so badly,
And my sides so much to injure?"

"How shall I the fire extinguish,
How shall I reduce its glowing,
Make the fire for evil powerless,
And its lustre render harmless, 310
That no longer it may pain me
And may cease me from longer?"

"Come, thou girl, from land of Tura,
Come, thou maiden, forth from Lapland,
Frosty-scarpunged, icy booted,
And thy skirts all frosted over,
In thy hand the icy kettle,
And the ice-spoon in the kettle.
Sprinkle me with freezing water
Sprinkle me with icy water, 320
Cold places scorched so badly
And now turns the fire has caused me."

"The fire is not sufficient
Come, thou child, from land of Iohja,
Come, thou child, from midst of Lapland,
From Imaniröda, O tal one,
Tall as a forest fir-tree,
Tall as pine-tree in the marshes,
On thy hands the gloves of hoarfrost,
On thy feet the boots of hoarfrost, 330
On thy head the cap of hoarfrost
Rings thy ears with the bells of hoarfrost."

"The frost is not sufficient,
Ice from, out the frozen village
Hoarfrost is plentiful in Iohja,
Ice enough in frozen lakes
Lakes of ice, and frozen rivers,
All the air with ice is laden
Over the hoarfrost hares are skimming,
On the ice the hares are quivering, 340
The hares are on the snow-beds,
The hares are on the snow-beds,
On the snow-beds the hares are
On the snow-beds the hares are
In the snow-beds the hares are
Corners of icy landscapes."

RUNO XLVIII] The Capture of the Fire 247

"On thy sledge bring thou the hoarfrost,
On thy sledge the ice convey thou,
From the slopes of rugged mountains,
From the lofty mountains' borders. 350
Make them hoary with the hoarfrost,
With the ice, O make them icy,
All the hurts by fire occasioned,
All the burns the fire has caused me.

"But if this is not sufficient
Ukko, thou of Gods the highest,
Ukko, thou the clouds who leadest,
Thou the scattered clouds who herdest,
Send a cloud from out the eastward,
And a thick cloud from the westward, 360
Link the edges close together,
Close thou up the gaps between them,
Send thou ice, and send thou hoarfrost,
Send thou, too, the best of ointment,
For the places scorched so badly,
And the hurts by fire occasioned."

Thus it was smith Ilmarinen
Found a means to quench the fire,
And to dower the brilliant fire
Thus the smith was healed completely, 370
And regained his former vigour,
Healed from wounds the fire occasioned.

RUNO XLIX. — FALSE AND TRUE MOONS AND SUNS

Argument

Ilmarinen forges a new moon and sun but cannot make them shine (1-74). Vainamöinen discovers by divination that the moon and sun are hidden in the mountain of Pohjola, goes to Pohjola and conquers the whole nation (75-230). He sees the moon and sun in the mountain, but cannot enter (231-278). He returns but can procure only with which to break open the mountain. While mortals are urging them, the Mistress of Pohjola, finding that it may gail with her, releases the moon and sun (279-362). When Vainamöinen sees the moon and sun reappear in the sky, he salutes them, hoping that they will always go brightly on their course, and bring happiness to the country (363-422).

STILL the sun was never shining,
 Neither gleamed the golden moonlight,
 Not in Vainoh's dark dwellings,
 Not on Kalevala's broad heathlands.
 Frost upon the crops descended,
 And the cattle suffered greatly,
 And the birds of air felt strangely,
 All mankind felt ever mournful,
 For the sunlight shone no longer,
 Neither did there shine the moonlight. 10
 Though the pike knew well the pike deeps,
 And the bird paths knew the eagle,
 And the wind the vessel's journey,
 Yet mankind were all unknowing
 If the time was really morning,
 Or if perhaps it still was night time,
 Out upon the cloudy headland,
 And upon the shady island.
 And the young men then took counsel,
 And the older men considered 20
 How to live without the moonlight,
 And exist without the sunlight,
 In that miserable country,
 In the wretched land of Pohjola.

And the girls took likewise counsel,
And their cousins too considered;
And they hastened to the smithy,
And they spoke the words which follow:
"Smith, from 'neath the wall arise thou,
From the hearthstone rise, O craftsman,
That a new moon thou may'st forge us,
And a new sun thou may'st make us,
Ill it is without the moonlight,
Strange it is without the sunlight."

30

From the hearth across the craftsman,
From beneath the wall the craftsman,
That a new moon he might forge them,
And a new sun he might make them,
And a moon of gold constructed,
And a sun he made of silver.

40

Came the aged Vänämöinen,
And beside the door he sat him,
And he spoke the words which follow,
"O thou smith, my dearest brother,
What art thou in smithy forging,
Hammering thus without cessation?"

Thereupon smith Ilmari
Answered in the words that follow:
"Out of gold a moon I'm shaping,
And a sun of silver making,
In the sky I then will place them,
Over six of starry heavens."

50

Then the aged Vänämöinen
Answered in the words that follow
"O thou smith, O Ilmari,
What you make is wholly useless.
Gold will never shine like moonlight,
Silver will not shine like sunlight."

Thus the smith a moon constructed,
And a sun completely finished,
Eagerly he raised them upward,
Raised them to the best position,
Raised the moon to fir-tree's summit,
Set the sun upon a pine-tree.

60

From his head the sweat was streaming,
 From his forehead sweat was falling,
 With the greatness of his efforts,
 And the weight that he was lifting.

Thus the moon was now upstaid,
 In his place the sun was stationed, 70
 Moon amid the crown of fir tree,
 Sun upon a pine-tree's summit,
 But the moon shed forth no lustre,
 And the sun was likewise rayless.

Then the aged Väinämöinen
 Spoke aloud the words which follow :
 "Time it is the lots to shuffle,
 And the signs with care to question
 Where the sun is hidden from us,
 And the moon has vanished from us." 80

Then the aged Väinämöinen,
 He the great primeval sorcerer,
 Hastened alder-sticks to cut him,
 And arranged the sticks in order,
 And began the lots to shuffle,
 With his fingers to arrange them,
 And he spoke the words which follow,
 And in words like these expressed him :
 "Leave I ask of the Creator,
 Seek an answer that misleads not. 90
 Tell me, signs of the Creator,
 Lots of Iumala, instruct me,
 Where the sun is hidden from us
 And the moon has vanished from us,
 Since no more as time elapses,
 In the sky do we behold them ?

"Speak, O lot, and tell me truly
 With man's reason speak unto me,
 Speak thou faithful words unto us,
 Make thou faithful compacts with us ! 100
 If the lot should lie unto me,
 Then its worth I hold as nothing,
 And upon the fire will cast it,
 And will burn the signs upon it.

And the lot spoke words most faithful,
 And the signs made answer truly,
 For they said the sun was hidden,
 And the moon was also sunken,
 Deep in Pohjola's stone mountain,
 And within the hill of copper. 110

Väinämöinen, old and steadfast,
 Uttered then the words which follow:
 "I to Pohjola must journey,
 On the path of Pohja's children,
 And will bring the moon to shining,
 And the golden sun to shining."

Forth he journeyed, and he hastened
 Unto Pohjola's dark regions,
 And he walked one day, a second,
 And at length upon the third day 120
 Came in view the gate of Pohja,
 And appeared the rocky mountains.

Then with all his strength he shouted,
 As he came to Pohja's river,
 "Bring me here a boat directly
 Which shall take me o'er the river."

As his shouting was not heeded,
 And no boat for him provided,
 Wood into a heap he gathered,
 And the dead twigs of a fir-tree. 130
 On the shore he made a fire,
 And thick clouds of smoke rose upward:
 To the sky the flame rose upward,
 In the air the smoke ascended.

Loth, Pohjola's old Mistress
 Came herself unto the window,
 And, at the sound's opening gazing,
 Then she spoke the words which follow:
 "What's the flame that's burning yonder,
 Where the Sound of Saari opens? 140
 For a camp too small I think it,
 But 'tis larger than a fisher's."

Then the son of Pohja's country
 Hurried out into the open,

And he looked about and listened,
Seeking thus for information.

"On the river's other margin,
Is a stately hero marching."

Then the aged Vainamöinen
Once again commenced his shouting. 150
"Bring a boat, O son of Pohja,
Bring a boat for Vainamöinen."

Answer made the son of Pohja,
And in words like these responded
"Here the boats are never ready,
You to row must use your fingers,
And must use your hands for rudder,
Crossing Pohjola's deep river."

Then the aged Vainamöinen
Pondered deeply and reflected, 160
"Not as man should he be reckoned
Who retreats upon his pathway."

Like a pike in lake then plunging
Powan like in sluggish river,
Through the sound he swam right quickly,
Speedily the strait he traversed,
And he moved one foot, a second,
And he reached the shore of Pohja.

Then spoke out the sons of Pohja,
And the evil army shouted 170
"Go into the yard of Pohja,"
And on this the yard he entered.

Then exclaimed the sons of Pohja,
And the evil army shouted
"Enter now the house of Pohja."
And on this the house he entered.
On the floor his foot he planted,
Grasped he the door-handle firmly,
Forced his way into the dwelling 180
And beneath the roof he entered.

There the men the mead were drinking,
And the honey-drink were bringing
All the men with swords were girded,
And the heroes aimed their weapons

At the head of Väinämöinen,
 Thus to slay Suvantolainen
 Then they questioned the intruder
 In the very words that follow
 "What's your news, you wretched fellow,
 What's your need, O swimming hero?"

190

Väinämöinen, old and steadfast,
 Answered in the words which follow
 "Of the moon are curious tidings,
 Of the sun are wondrous tidings.
 Where is now the sun imprisoned,
 Whether has the moon been taken?"

Answered then the sons of Pohja,
 And the evil army answered,
 "Thus it is the sun is hidden,
 Sun is hidden, moon imprisoned,
 In the stones of many colours,
 In the rocks as hard as iron,
 And from this, escape they cannot,
 And release shall never reach them."

100

Then the aged Väinämöinen
 Answered in the words that follow
 "If the sun from rock ascends not,
 Nor the moon from rocky mountain,
 Let us join in closest conflict,
 Let us grasp our trusty sword-blades."

210

Sword they drew, and tried their sword-blades,
 Drew from out the sheaths their weapons.
 At the point the moon was shining,
 On the hilt the sun was shining,
 On the back a horse was standing,
 At the knob a cat was mewling.

After this the swords they measured,
 And they thus compared their weapons,
 And the sword of aged Väinö
 Was a little trifle longer,
 Longer, as a grain of barley,
 As the width of straw-stalk longer.

220

Out into the yard they hastened,
 On the grass to meet in conflict,

And the aged Vänamöinen
Struck a blow with lightning swiftness,
Struck a blow, and struck a second
And he sheared like roots of turneps
Off his shore like heads of flax plant,
Heads of all the sons of Pohja 230

Then the aged Vänamöinen
Sought for where the moon was hidden,
Likewise would release the sunlight
From the rocks of varied colour,
From the depths of steep mountains,
From the rocks as hard as iron

Then he walked a little distance,
But a very little distance,
When he saw a copse all verdant,
In the copse a lovely birch tree, 240
And a large stone block beneath it,
And a rock beneath the stone block,
And there were nine doors before it,
In the doors were bolts a hundred

In the stone a track perceiving,
In the rock some lines engraven,
Then he drew his sword from scabbard,
On the coloured stone he scraped it,
With the sharp point of his sword-blade,
With his gleaming blade he scraped it, 250
Till the stone in two divided.

And in three he quickly split it
Vänamöinen, old and steadfast,
Looked into the stone all pictured;
Many serpents all were drinking
In the wort the snakes were writhing,
In the coloured stone were hiding,
In the cracks of over-colour

Vänamöinen, old and steadfast,
Uttered then the words that follow:
"Thus it is the hapless Mielikki
Has so late me acquired,
For the snakes she are drinking,
In the wort the snakes are writhing." 260

Off he cut the heads of serpents,
 Broke the necks of all the serpents,
 And he spoke the words which follow,
 And in words like these expressed him
 "Never while the world existeth,
 From this very day henceforward, 170
 Let our ale by snakes be drunken,
 And our malt-drink by the serpents."

Then the aged Väinämöinen,
 He the great primeval sorcerer,
 Sought with hands the doors to open,
 And the bolts by spells to loosen,
 But to hands the doors would yield not,
 By his spells the bolts were moved not.

Then the aged Väinämöinen
 Spoke his thoughts in words that follow; 280
 "Man unarmed is weak as woman;
 Weak as frog, without a hatchet."
 And at once he wended homeward,
 Head bowed down, in great vexation
 For the moon was not recovered,
 Neither had the sun been captured.

Said the lively Lemminkäinen,
 "O thou aged Väinämöinen,
 Wherefore didst forget to take me,
 As your very trusty comrade? 190
 I had brought the locks to creaking,
 And the bars asunder broken
 And released the moon for shining,
 And had raised the sun for shining."

Väinämöinen, old and steadfast,
 Answered in the words that follow
 "Unto spells the bolts will yield not,
 And the locks my magic breaks not;
 Strength of hands will never move them,
 And no strength of arm will force them." 300

To the smith's forge then he wandered,
 And he spoke the words which follow:
 "O thou smith, O Ilmarinen,
 Forge me now a mighty trident,

And a dozen hatchets forge me,
And a bunch of keys enormous,
From the stone the moon to rescue,
From the rock the sun deliver."

Thereupon smith Ilmarinen,
He the great primeval craftsman, 310
Forged the hero what he needed.
And a dozen hatchets forged him,
Forged a bunch of keys enormous,
And of spears a mighty bundle,
Not too large and not too little,
But of middle size he forged them.

Louhi, Pohjola's old Mistress,
Old and gap-toothed dame of Pohja,
Then with wings herself provided, 320
And extended them for flying,
Near the house at first was flying,
Then her flight extended further,
Straight across the lake of Pohja
Unto Ilmarinen's smithy.

Then the smith his window opened,
Looking if the wind was blowing,
'Twas no wind that there was blowing,
But a hawk, and grey in colour.

Thereupon smith Ilmarinen
Spoke aloud the words that follow: 330
"Bard of prey, what brings thee hither,
Sitting underneath my window?"

Hereupon the bird spoke language,
And the hawk at once made answer:

"O thou smith Ilmarinen,
Thou the most renowned craftsman
Truly art thou very skillful
And the most accomplished craftsman."

Thereupon smith Ilmarinen
Answered in the words that follow 340
"But indeed 'tis not a wonder
If I am a skillful craftsman,
For 'twas I who forged the heavens,
And the arch of air who welded."

Hereupon the bird spoke language,
And the hawk at once responded
"What is this, O smith, thou makest,
What, O blacksmith, art thou forging?"

Thereupon smith Ilmarinen
Answered in the words that follow: 350
"Tis a neck-ring I am forging,
For the aged crone of Pohja
That she may be firmly fettered
To the side of a great mountain."
Louhi, Pohola's old Mistress,
Old and gap-toothed dame of Pohja,
Felt on this her doom was coming,
On her head the days of evil
And at once to flight betook her
Swift to Pohola escaping. 360

From the stone the moon released she,
From the rock the sun released she
Then again her form she altered,
And to dove herself converted,
And her flight again directed
Unto Ilmarinen's smithy,
To the door in bird-form flying,
Laid as dove upon the threshold.

Thereupon smith Ilmarinen
Asked her in the words which follow 370
"Why, O bird, hast thou flown hither?
Dove, why sittest thou on the threshold?"

From the door the wild bird answered,
And the dove spoke from the threshold:
"Here I sit upon the threshold,
That the news I now may bring thee,
From the stone the moon has risen,
From the rock the sun is loosened."

Thereupon smith Ilmarinen
Hastened forth to gaze around him, 380
And he stood at door of smithy,
Gazing anxiously to heaven,
And he saw the moon was gleaming,
And he saw the sun was shining.

Then he went to Väinämöinen,
And he spoke the words which follow :
"O thou aged Väinämöinen,
Thou the great primeval minstrel,
Come to gaze upon the moon light,
Come to gaze upon the sunlight.
Now they stand in midst of heaven,
In their old accustomed places."

390

Väinämöinen, old and steadfast,
Hurried out into the open,
And at once his head uplited,
And he gazed aloft to heaven.
Moon was risen, sun was loosened,
In the sky the sun was beaming.

Then the aged Väinämöinen
Made a speech without delaying,
And he spoke the words which follow,
And in words like these expressed him
"Hail, O Moon, who beamest yonder,
Thus thy fair cheeks well displaying,
Golden sun who risest yonder,
Sun who once again arisest !

400

"Golden Moon from stone delivered,
Fairest Sun from rock arisen,
Like the golden cuckoo rise you,
Like the silver dove arise you,
Lead the life ye led aforetime,
And resume your former journeys.

410

"Rise for ever in the morning,
From this present day hereafter
Bring us always happy greetings,
That our wealth increases ever,
Game for ever in our fingers.
Fortune at the points of fish-hooks

"Go ye on your path with blessings,
Go ye on your charming journey,
Let your crescent now be beauteous,
Rest ye joyful in the evening."

420

RUNO I. MARJATTA

Argument

The virgin Marjatta swallows a cranberry and brings forth a boy (1-346). The child disappears and is found after a long search in a swamp (347-430). He is taken to an old man to be baptized, but thereafter will not baptize the fatherless child until after due consideration (431-440). Vänämöinen comes to inquire into the matter, and advises that the ill-omened boy should be put to death, but the child reproaches him for his unjust sentence (441-474). The old man baptizes the boy as King of Karelia, at which Vänämöinen is grievously offended and leaves the country, but first declares that he will again make a new Sampson and kantele, and light for the people. He sails away in a copper boat to a land between earth and heaven, but he leaves behind his kantele and his great songs as a parting gift to his people (475-512). Concluding verses (513-520).

MARJATTA the petted damsel
 In her home long time was growing,
 In the home of her great father,
 In her tender mother's dwelling,
 And five chains wore out completely,
 And six rings she wore out likewise,
 For her father's keys she used them,
 Which around her waist were hanging,
 And she wore out half the threshold,
 With her skirts as she was passing,
 And she half destroyed the rafters
 Where she hung her silken ribands,
 And she half destroyed the door-posts
 As her long sleeves rubbed against them,
 And the planking of the flooring
 Wore away beneath her slippers.
 Marjatta the petted damsel
 Was a very little damsel,
 And was always pure and holy,
 And was ever very modest,
 And she fed on fish the finest,
 And the soft bark of the fir-trees,

10

20

But the eggs of hens ate never,
Over which the cocks were crowing,
And the flesh of ewe she ate not,
Had the ewe with ram been running.

If her mother sent her milking,
Yet she did not go to milking,
And she spoke the words which follow
"Never such a maid as I am 30
Udders of the cows should handle,
Which with bulls have been de-forting,
If no milk from calf is flowing,
Or from calf it is no running."

If her father sent her sledgeing,
In a station's sledge she went not,
If a mare her brother brought, her
Then these words the maiden uttered
"Never will I sit in mares' sledge 40
Which with station has been running,
If no foals the sledge are drawing,
Which have numbered six months only"

Margatta the petted damsel,
She who always lived a virgin,
A ways greeted as a maiden,
Modest maid with locks unbraided,
Went to lead the herds to pasture,
And beside the sheep was waiting
On the hill the sheep were grazing,
To the top the lambs were crawling, 50
On the plain the maiden wandered,
Tripping through the aspen bushes,
While there called the golden cuckoo,
And the savory birds were singing

Margatta the petted damsel,
Looked around her and she listened,
Sitting on the hill of berries
Resting on the sloping hummock,
And she spoke the words which follow,
And in words like these expressed her. 60
"Call, thou on, O golden cuckoo,
Sing thou still, O bird of silver,

Sing thou from thy breast of silver !
 Tell me true, O Saxon strawberry,
 Shall I long remain unhooded,
 Long among the flocks as herd-girl,
 On the wide-extending heathlands,
 And the far-extending woodlands,
 For one summer, for two summers,
 Or for five or six of summers, 70
 Or perchance for ten long summers,
 Or the time fulfilled a ready ? "

Marjatta the petted damsel,
 For a while lived on as herd-girl.
 Evil is the life of shepherd,
 Far too heavy for a maiden,
 In the grass a snake is creeping,
 In the grass the lizards wriggling,

But not there a snake was writhing,
 Nor in grass the lizards wriggling. 80
 From the hill there cried a berry,
 From the heath there cried a cranberry
 " O thou maiden, come and pluck me,
 Rosy-cheeked one, come and gather,
 Come with breast of tin to pluck me,
 With thy copper belt to choose me,
 Ere the slug should come to eat me,
 Or the black worm should disturb me

" There are hundreds who have seen me,
 Thousands more have sat beside me, 90
 Girls by hundreds, wives by thousands,
 Children, too, that none can number,
 None among them yet has touched me,
 None has gathered me, the wretched."

Marjatta the petted damsel,
 Went a very little distance,
 Went to look upon the berry,
 And the cranberry to gather,
 With her skilful hands to pluck it,
 With her beautiful hands to pluck it. 100

On the hill she found the berry
 On the heath she found the cranberry ;

'Twas a berry in appearance,
And it seemed to be a cranberry,
But from ground too high for eating,
On a tree too weak for climbing

From the heath a stick she lifted,
That she might pull down the berry;
Then from ground the berry mounted
Upward to her shoes so pretty,
From her pretty shoes arose it,
Upward to her knees of whiteness,
Rising from her knees of whiteness
Upward to her skirts that rustled

110

To her buckled belt arose it,
To her breast from buckled girdle,
From her breast to chin arose it,
To her lips from chin arose it,
Then into her mouth it glided.
And along her tongue it hastened,
From her tongue to throat it glided
And it dropped into her stomach.

120

Marjatta the petted damsel,
After this had chanced grew pregnant,
And it soon increased upon her,
And her burden soon was heavy

Then she cast aside her girdle,
Loosely dressed, without a girdle,
Secretly she sought the bathroom,
And she hid her in the darkness

130

Always was her mother thinking,
And her mother pondered ever
"What has chanced to our Marjatta,
What has happened to our house-dove,
That she casts aside her girdle,
Always dresses loosely, beltless,
Goes in secret to the bathroom,
And she hides her in the darkness?"

And a baby gave her answer,
And the little child made answer
"This has chanced to our Marjatta,
This befel the wretched creature,

140

She has been too long a herd-girl,
With the flocks too far has wandered "

And she bore her heavy burden,
And the pain it brought upon her,
Bore it seven months, bore it eight months,
Bore it through the ninth month also,
By the reckoning of old women
And for half the tenth month also.

150

While the tenth month thus was passing,
Then the girl was filled with anguish.
Grievous sufferings came upon her,
And the weight oppressed her sorely.

For a bath she asked her mother
"O my very dearest mother.

Make a warm place ready for me,
And a warm room ready for me
Where the girl awhile may rest her
In the house of suffering women."

160

But her mother gave her answer,
Answered thus, the aged woman
"Woe to thee, O whore of Hail,
Tell me now with whom thou restedst,
With a man as yet unmarried,
Or beside a married hero?"

Marjatta the palled damsel,
Then replied to her in thiswise
"Neither with a man unmarried.

Now with any married hero,
But I sought the hill of berries,
And I went to pluck the cranberries,
And I took what seemed a berry,
And upon my tongue I laid it,
Quickly in my throat it glided,
And it dropped into my stomach.
Thus it is that I am pregnant,
Thus it comes that I am pregnant."

170

For a bath she asked her father,
"O my very dearest father,
Give me now a well-warmed refuge,
Make a warm room ready for me,

180

Where the suffering one may rest her,
And the girl endure her suffering."

But her father gave her answer,
Gave her back a shameful answer:
"Go thou forth from here, O strumpet,
Wander forth, O wench for burning,
To the bears' own rocky caverns,
To the caves where bears are lurking, 190
Thither forth to bear, O strumpet,
Bear thy children, wench of fire."

Maritta the petted damsel.
Then returned submissive answer
"Not at all am I a strumpet,
Neither am a wench for burning;
I shall bear a mighty hero,
And shall bear a noble offspring,
He shall be a mighty conqueror
Strong as even Vammamöinen," 200

Then the maid was greatly troubled
Where to go, and how to journey.
Where a bath she might provide her,
And she spoke the words which follow:
"O my little damsel Piltu,

Thou the best of all my handmaids,
Find me now a bath in a cave,
Find a bath near reed-fringed brooklet,
Where the suffering one may rest her,
And the girl endure her suffering. 210
Go at once, and hasten quickly,
For my need is of the greatest."

Then the little damsel Piltu,
Answered in the words that follow:
"Where am I to ask a bathroom?
Who will help me to obtain it?"

Thereupon did our Marjatta
Answer in the words which follow:
"Go and ask a bath from Ruotas,
Near where issues forth the Reed-brook." 220

Then the little maiden Piltu
Listened to her words obedient,

Always ready, heedless never.
 A ways quirk avoiding gossip.
 Like a musk, away she hurried,
 To the yard like snake she hastened
 With her hands her skirts she lifted,
 In her hands her dress she twisted
 And upon her course she hastened
 Straight unto the house of Ruotus. 230
 Hills re-echoed to her footsteps,
 Shook the mountains as she climbed them,
 On the heath the cones were dancing,
 Gravel scattered o'er the marshes,
 Thus she came to Ruotus' dwelling.
 And the house she quickly entered.
 In his shirt sat wicked Ruotus,
 Eating, drinking like the great ones,
 In his shirt at end of table. 240
 In a shirt of finest linen,
 And he asked as he was eating,
 Grunted, leaning o'er the table,
 "What have you to say, you beggar,
 Wretch, why come you running hither?"
 Then the little damsel Piltti
 Answered in the words that follow:
 "Here I seek a village bathroom,
 Seek a bath near reed-fringed brooklet,
 That relief may reach the suffering,
 For the need is very pressing." 250
 Then the wicked wife of Ruotus
 Presently with arms a-kimbo,
 Slouched along upon the flooring,
 Swept to middle of the flooring,
 And she asked upon her coming,
 Speaking in the words which follow:
 "Who is seeking for a bathroom,
 Who is seeking for assistance?"
 Said the little damsel Piltti,
 "Needed 'tis for our Marjatta." 260
 Then the wicked wife of Ruotus
 Answered in the words that follow:

"Vacant baths are rare in village,
 None at mouth of reed-fringed streamlet,
 There's a bath upon the clearing,
 And a stable in the pinewood,
 Where the whore may bear her children,
 And the vile one cast her offspring,
 While the horses there are breathing,
 Let her take a bath and welcome." 270

Then the little maiden Piir
 Hurled back with rapid footsteps,
 And upon her course she hastened,
 And she said on her arrival
 "In the village is no bathroom,
 None beside the rush-fringed streamlet,
 And the wicked wife of Rintus,
 Only spoke the words which follow:
 'Vacant baths are none in village,
 None at mouth of reed-fringed streamlet, 280
 There's a bath upon the clearing,
 And a stable in the pinewood,
 Where the whore may bear her children,
 And the vile one cast her offspring,
 While the horses there are breathing,
 Let her take a bath and welcome.'
 This was all she said unto me,
 This is truly what she answered."

Marjatta the hapless maiden
 When she heard, burst forth in weeping, 290
 And she spoke the words that follow:
 "Thither must I then betake me,
 Even like an outcast labourer,
 Even like a hired servant,
 I must go upon the clearing,
 And must wander to the pinewood."

In her hands her skirt she lifted,
 With her hands her skirt she twisted,
 And she took the bath-whisks with her
 Of the softest leaves and branches, 300
 And with hasty steps went onward,
 In the greatest pain of body,

To the stable in the pinewood,
And the stall on hill of Tapio.

And she spoke the words which follow,

And in words like these expressed her

"Come thou to my aid, Creator

To my aid, O thou most gracious,

In this anxious time of labour,

In this time of hardest labour.

310

Free the damsel from her burden,

From her pains release the woman,

That she perish not in torment,

May not perish in her anguish "

When at length her journey ended,

Then she spoke the words which follow:

"O thou good horse, breathe upon me,

O thou draught-foal, snort upon me,

Breathe a vapour bath around me,

Send thou warmth throughout the bathroom,

320

That relief may reach the sufferer,

For the need is very pressing."

Then the good horse breathed upon her,

And the draught-foal snorted on her,

Over all her suffering body

When the horse desisted breathing,

Steam was spread throughout the stable,

Like the steam of boiling water

Marjatta the hapless maiden,

She, the holy little maiden,

330

Bathed her in a bath sufficient,

Till she had relieved her suffering,

And a little boy was born her,

And a sinless child was given,

On the hay in horses' stable,

On the hay in horses' manger

Then she washed the little infant,

And in swaddling-clothes she wrapped him,

On her knees she took the infant,

And she wrapped her garments round him.

340

There she reared the little infant,

Thus she reared the beautiful infant,

Reared her little golden apple,
 And her little staff of silver,
 And upon her lap she nursed it,
 With her hands did she caress it.

On her knees she laid the infant,
 On her lap she laid the infant,
 And began to brush his hair straight,
 And began to smooth his hair down,
 When from off her knees he vanished,
 From her lap the infant vanished.

350

Margatta the hapless maiden
 Fell into the greatest trouble,
 And she hurried off to seek him,
 Seek her little boy, the infant,
 And she sought her golden apple,
 Sought her little staff of silver
 Sought him underneath the millstones,
 Underneath the sledge while running,
 Underneath the sieve while sifting,
 Underneath the useless basket,
 Trees she moved, and grass divided,
 Spreading out the tender herbage.

350

Long the blue boy she sought for,
 Sought her son, the little infant,
 Sought him through the hills and pinewoods,
 On the heath among the heather,
 Searched through every roft of heather,
 And in every bush she sought him,
 Roots of juniper updigging,
 And of trees the branches straightening.

370

Then she thought to wander further,
 And she went upon her wanderings,
 And there came a star to meet her,
 And before the star she bowed her
 "Star, whom Jemma created,
 Know you nothing of my infant,
 Where my little son is hidden,
 Where is hid my golden apple?"

380

And the star made answer to her:
 "If I knew I would not tell it."

He it was who me created,
Made me, through these days of evil
In the cold to shiver for ever
And to gimmer through the darkness."

Then she thought to wander further,
And she went upon her wanderings,
And the moon came next to meet her,
And she bowed herself before him.

350

"Moon, whom Jumala created,
Know you nothing of my infant,
Where my little son is hidden,
Where is hid my golden apple?"

And the moon made answer to her,
"If I knew I would not tell it.

He it was who me created,
Always in these days of evil.

Through the night to watch all lonely
And to sleep throughout the daytime."

400

Then she thought to wander further,
And she went upon her wanderings,
And there came the sun to meet her,
And she bowed herself before him.

"Sun, whom Jumala created,
Know you nothing of my infant,
Where my little son is hidden,
Where is hid my golden apple?"

And the sun made answer wisely.

"Well indeed I know your infant.

450

He it was who me created
In these days of finea, weather,
Golden rays to shed about me,
Silver rays to scatter round me.

"Well, indeed I know your infant,
Know your son, unhappy mother.
There thy little son is hidden,
There is hid thy golden apple,
In the swamps to waistband sunken,
To his arm-pits in the marshlands."

470

Marjatta the hapless maiden
Sought her infant in the marshes,

In the swamps her son discovered,
 And she brought him home in triumph.
 Then the son of our Mariatta
 Grew into a youth most beauteous
 Not they knew not what to call him,
 Did not know what name to give him,
 But his mother called him Floweret,
 And the strangers called him Sluggard 430
 And they sought a man to cross him,
 And to sprinkle him with water,
 And an old man came to cross him,
 Virekannas to baptize him.

Then these words the old man uttered,
 And in words like these expressed him
 "With the cross I will not sign him,
 Nor will I baptize the infant,
 Not till he has been examined.
 And a judgment passed upon him " 440

Who shal dare to come to try him,
 Test him, and pass sentence on him?
 Vainamöinen, old and steadfast,
 He the great primeval sorcerer,
 He alone came forth to try him,
 And to test him and pass sentence.
 Vainamöinen, old and steadfast,
 Sentence gave in words that follow:
 "As the boy from marsh has risen,
 From the ground, and from a berry, 450
 On the ground they now shal lay him,
 Where the hills are thick with berries,
 Or shall to the swamps conduct him,
 On the trees his head to shatter "

Then the half-month old spoke loudly,
 And the fortnight-old cried loudly
 "O thou old and wretched creature,
 Wretched old man, void of insight,
 O how stupid is your judgment,
 How contemptible thy sentence! 460
 Thou hast grievous crimes committed,
 Likewise deeds of greatest fury,

Yet to swamps they did not lead thee,
Shattered not thy head on tree-trunks,
When thyself in youthful folly,
Gave the child of thine own mother,
That thou thus mightst 'scape destruction,
And release thyself in thiswise

"And again thou wast not carried,
And abandoned in the marshes, 470
When thyself in youthful folly,
Caused the young maids to be sunken,
In the depths beneath the billows,
To the black ooze at the bottom."

Then the old man quickly crossed him,
Quick baptized the child with water,
As the king of all Carelia
And the lord of all the mighty.

Then was Väinämöinen angry,
Greatly shamed and greatly angry, 480
And prepared himself to journey
From the lake's extended margin,
And began his songs of magic,
For the last time sang them loudly,
Sang himself a boat of copper,
With a copper deck provided.

In the stern himself he seated,
Sailing o'er the sparkling billows,
Still he sang on his departure,
And he sang as he was sailing 490
"May the time pass quickly o'er us,
One day passes, comes another,
And again shall I be needed
Men will look for me, and miss me,
To construct another Sampo,
And another harp to make me,
Make another moon for gleaming,
And another sun for shining,
When the sun and moon are absent,
In the air no joy remaineth."

Then the aged Väinämöinen 500
Went upon his journey singing,

Sailing in his boat of copper,
In his vessel made of copper,
Sailed away to loftier regions,
To the land beneath the heavens

There he rested with his vessel,
Kested weary with his vessel
But his kantele he left as,
Left his charming harp in Suoni
For his people's lasting pleas
Mighty songs for Suoni's children

510

* * * * *
Now my mouth must cease from speaking
And my tongue be dumb and sorely
Cease the chanting of my verses,
And my lively songs abandon.
Even thus must horses rest them
When a long course is completed,
When their must be wearied
When the grass is brown in summer
And the water drips the weary,
As they trace the rivers wind now,
And the fire must be extinguished
When throughout the night its burning
Wherefore should our songs not cease
As our workmen cease to sing,
For the lengthy evening's pleasure,
Singing later than the sunset?

520

Thus I heard the people talking,
And again I was rejoiced
"Even the water when flowing
Yields no endless stream of water,
Nor does an aeroplane bed of water,
Sing a lullaby know edge far from
Than to break off in the middle."

530

Now my singing time is completed.
Thus completed and abandoned
In a ballad wind my lays up,
As I have left them from me,
On the shore close for a day or two

540

With a lock of bone secure them,
That from thence escape they never,
Nor in time may be untwisted,
Not unless the lock be opened,
And its jaw should be extended
Not unless the teeth be opened,
And the tongue again is moving

What would now avail my singing,

If the songs I sang were bad ones,

550

If I sang in every valley,

And I sang in every firwood?

For my mother lives no longer,

Waxes no more my own old mother,

Nor my golden one can hear me,

Nought can learn my dear old mother,

None would hear me but the fir-trees,

Learn, save branches of the pine-trees,

Or the tender leaves of birch-trees,

Or the charming mountain ash-tree.

560

I was small when did my mother,

Weak was I without my mother,

On the stones like lark she left me,

On the rocks like thrush she left me,

Left me like a lark to sing here,

Or to sing as sings the thrush,

In the wardship of a stranger,

At the will of a step-mother,

And she drove me forth, unhappy

Forth she drove the unloved infant,

570

To a wind-swept home she drove me,

To the north-wind's home she drove me,

That against the wind defenceless,

Winds might sweep away the orphan.

Like a lark away I wandered,

Like a hapless bird I wandered

Shelterless about the country,

Wearily I wandered onward,

Till with every wind acquainted,

I their roaring comprehended,

580

In the frost I learned to shudder,

And I learned to cry with freezing

Even now do many people,
Many people I encounter
Speak to me in angry accents,
Rudest speeches hurl against me,
Curse on my tongue they shower,
And about my voice cry loudly.
Likewise they abuse my grumbling
And they call my songs too lengthy,
And they say I sing too badly
And my songs accented wrong.

590

May you not, O friendly people,
As a wondrous thing regard it
That I sang so much in childhood,
And when small, I sang so badly
I received no store of learning,
Never travelled to the learned.
Foreign words we never taught me,
Neither songs from distant countries.
Others have had all instruction,
From my home I journeyed never,
Always did I help my mother,
And I dwelt for ever near her,
In the house received instruction,
Neath the rafters of my storehouse,
By the spindle of my mother.
By my brother's heap of shavings,
In my very earliest childhood,
In a shirt that hung in tatters.

600

610

But let this be as it may be,
I have shown the way to singers,
Showed the way, and broke the tree-tops.
Cut the branches, shown the pathways.
This way therefore leads the pathway,
Here the path has newly opened,
Widely open for the singers,
And for greater ballad singers,
For the young, who now are growing,
For the rising generation.

620

NOTES TO RUNOS XXVI—L

(These are by the translator, when not otherwise stated. K. K. indicates Prof. Kaarle Krohn and A. M. Maunio Arno Malinberg. For proper names refer to the Glossary at page 281.)

RUNO XXVI

129. Literally, "his tenth."

230. In the *Þinglýf*, we read of a Hal' of Serpents in Naurland, one of the Icelandic bells, composed of serpents wadded together, with their heads turned inwards, forming floor of venom in which were murderers, perjurors, and adulterers.

271. Literally "the twain."

"Seven monarchs were in that castle lies snowed
The foul fiend's head o'er them like raven and toad." (Scott.)

A diabolical creature half dragon and half frog, is described in a well known Norwegian story.

277. *Þinglýf* is known as the black cock and Grey hen.

333. *Þinglýf* is a Russian word as realized in Finnish.

6. This description recalls the serpents of Indian mythology such as those described in the *Book of the Dead*.

619. Such a passage might have suggested to Longfellow the following:

"Bigger than the Big Sea-Whites
Broader than the Witche Gumses."

Haworth, 211

RUNO XXVII

308. There commences a magical contest somewhat resembling the transformation scenes in the stories of the Second Calendar, and of *Domræd* and *Ledred*, in the *Old Norse*.

326. "I don't want to have a mess made upon my floor here or any noise or shouting." *Lied* 100, in *Kalevala*.

RUNO XXVIII

15-16. His horse and sledge seem to have been transformed. like those of Jounkhanen in Runo III.

195. In Finnish and Estonian tales we often find persons transformed into trees and flowers, sometimes for purposes of concealment.

RUNO XXIX

242. "Grass-widows" are probably intended.
 253-268. Even this old woman did not appeal to him in vain. We might compare with this passage Byron's *Don Juan*, VIII, cxxvi, cxxvii.

RUNO XXX

- 176, 187. Literally, "nails."
 185. Pakkanen. Puhuri puka. Frost, the son of the North Wind.
 380. The woman's lamenta-tion of this poem has a fate he has not help for them may remind us of Grimm's story of "Die kluge Ehe." It will also be noticed that the heroes are only concerned about their mothers; and Tiera has as little thought for his virgin wife as Lemminkäinen has for Kyllikki.

RUNO XXXI

1. The tragedy of Kullervo is the favorite episode of the *Kalevala* in Finland, next to that of Aino. The preamble (lines 1-10) is the same as the opening of the Estonian *Kalevipoeg*. The story of the Finnish hero, though he was a king and not a slave, resembles that of Kullervo in so many respects that he must have been the same character originally.
 19. I think the change of style, indicative of different authorship, in this episode is sufficiently obvious even as a translation. Many words used here do not occur earlier in the poem.
 91-96. The same story is told of the infant Kalevipoeg.
 107. Estonians call dwarfs "Os-knee people"; i. e. people as high as an os-knee.
 137. Like Simple Simon.
 337. It is obvious that some of the youthful exploits of Kullervo (slightly varied, after Longfellow's manner) are imitated from those of Kullervo. (Compare also Runo XXXV, 11-68.)

RUNO XXXII

24. The eye weed, on which the Finnish peasants large y snails, a deer did as based on very big young leaves like quail, which are strong on a weed. In Kullervo's case seems to have been prepared in look over on the outside.
 136, 162. Does this refer to stones of which milkmaids do?
 306. I put up wood.
 408. Literally, an apple-berry. Probably a small crab-apple is intended.
 513. I think wolves are here intended, not dogs.

533. In the Estonian story of the Northern Frog, the monster is secured by an iron snare driven through the jaws. (Kirby's *Hero of Esthonia*, II, 253, 256.)

543. These elaborate and ineffectual prayers and incantations may be compared with the prayers of Achilles for the safety of Patroclus, in *Iliad*, XVI.

RUNO XXXIII

40. Wheat is used in the folk-songs as a term of endearment. (K. K.)

61-62. The Estonian Kalevipoeg was constantly instructed by the voice of birds.

285-290. In Esthonia this episode occurs in the story of the Royal Herdboy. (*Hero of Esthonia* I, pp. 279-305.)

RUNO XXXV

2. Are blue stockings supposed to be an emblem of strength? U'kko is also represented as wearing them.

29. "All with irreducible sterner does force,
None daring to appear antagonist." (Milton.)

65. As Kaleervo appears to have been a chief in his own right, it is not very clear why, or to whom, he had to pay taxes.

107, 108. The lake of course was frozen.

153. As in several other instances in the *Kalevala*, this does not appear to be abduction in the modern sense, but merely marriage by capture.

214. There is another celebrated poem written by a Finn, but in Swedish, Runeberg's *Kong* (King) *Pjalar*, in which a similar chance meeting between a brother and sister forms the principal subject.

343. Sea-beasts are very rarely mentioned in the *Kalevala*, for nearly all aquatic animals are referred to as lake- or river fish. Here the allusion is probably to the story of Jonah.

RUNO XXXVI

80. Literally "the rest of his flesh." Having regard to the supposed powers of Finnish magicians, his passage is not to be taken here as an impudent rejoinder, but as asserting powers which Kaleervo actually claimed to be able to exert.

307. In an old English romance we read concerning the suicide of a sorcerer: "The ground whereon he died was ever afterwards unfruitful, and so this present time it is called in that country, 'a vale of walking spurs.'" (*Seven Champions of Christendom*, I a + I, chap. xix.)

327. This reminds us of Sir Iseult's "Sword of Vengeance." (*Prior's Danish Ballads*, I., pp. 269-275.)

341. The Estonian Kalevipoeg was also slain, like Kaleervo, by his own sword. (*Hero of Esthonia*, I, pp. 140, 141.)

RUNO XXXVII

56. Literally, their hatless shoulders.

61. Compare the account of the forging of the Sampo in Runo X.

RUNO XXXVIII

94. This might allude to the Viking practice of carving the Blood-Eagle on the backs of enemies, but Prof. Krohn remarks that this was unknown in Finland.

255. Here it seems that the mere fact of Linmarinen having carried off the girl, even against her will, was enough to constitute her his lawful wife.

271. Linmarinen's sword was less bloodthirsty than that of Kullervo, but would be noticed that here is as little real chivalry in the *Kalevala* generally as in old Scandinavian literature.

RUNO XL

274. Literally, "at the tips of my ten nails."

RUNO XLI

238. Similar incidents are common in folktales. The reader will recollect the decoration of Maim, the Woodpecker, (*Häavatha*, IX.)

RUNO XLII

1-3. Here again we notice a difference of expression, indicating a different authorship.

52. "Mistress of the mighty spell." (Southey.)

146. Compare Runo XX, lines 17 + 8.

295. Literally, his finger-bones.

403. Perhaps the cap had ear-flaps to be worn in bad weather.

RUNO XLIII

37, 38. This seems to be meant ironically.

115-20. This, or something similar, is a common device for introducing a purser in European fairy tales.

277. Pohjan rukko. Another epithet for Lomr.

383, 384. The Sampo being not only an unfailing corn, salt, and money-mill, but a pædium of general prosperity, Pohjola would naturally fall into famine and misery when nothing remained but an almost worthless fragment of the cover. It is possible that the story may refer to some great and permanent change for the worse of the climate of the North, either during the storms and earthquakes of the fourteenth century which would connect it with the plague described in Runo XLV,; or perhaps to a much earlier period, when, as old Persian books tell us, the climate of some part of Asia (?) was changed from nine months summer and three months winter, to nine months winter and three months summer.

RUNO XLV

47. Lohiatar represents the evil and destructive powers of Nature, as opposed to the beneficent powers, represented in the *Kalevala* under the two aspects of Urmatar and Marjatta.

117. This speech or invocation is not addressed to Lohiatar, but apparently to some goddess similar to the Roman Lucina.

158. Dr. Russell says that the itch was more dreaded than the plague in Aleppo in the eighteenth century.

181. Pestilence has often been attributed to the anger of gods or demons; and Finland suffered severely from plague till well into the eighteenth century. But I am inclined to regard the plague described here as the Black Death, which must have ravaged Finland about 1350, 1360, 282-283. All these names have nearly the same significance, and might be rendered by "Dolores, our Lady of Pain."

RUNO XLVI

13, 14. The pestilence having abated at the approach of winter, the wild beasts naturally overrun the depopulated country. So I would interpret this passage.

24. Literally, three leathers, but the commentary gives the meaning adopted above.

31. For an account of bear-hunting in Finland, compare Acerbi's *Voyage to the North Cape*, I., pp. 288, 289.

168. Tapio is the lord of the forest here alluded to, according to the commentary.

246. The word here rendered "charge" literally means "bundle" or "package."

313. Probably the Danish Sound.

377. A honeyed forest perhaps means a forest abounding in honey dew.

565, 566. These lines are rather musical:

Kuniovilja karkan kellon,
Luoma tinkujen linän.

RUNO XLVII

13, 16. There is a Finnish ballad relating how the sun and moon were stolen by German and Estonian sorcerers, and recovered by the son of Jumala. [*Kanteletar*, III, 2; translated by Mr. C. J. Billson, *Folklore*, VI., 347, 348.]

37. Compare the story of Maui stealing the fire in New Zealand legends.

178. Lake Ladoga seems to be intended.

213. Does this refer to tides? Tides can hardly be known in Finland, except by hearsay; the Baltic itself is almost tideless.

RUNO XLVIII

137. 38. See note 136b.
 139. Here a different epithet is applied to Vainamöinen.
 141. Probably *Polypterus ignarius* or *P. lamentarius*, both of which are much used for biter.
 142. He appears to have thought that Pannu was in league with the Fire.

RUNO XLIX

87. This is Rhabdomaney, ordination by twigs. Tacitus describes the priests of the Ancient Germans doing this, and the Druids had a similar practice.
 147. Literally at the end of my journey.

RUNO I

Marasta korea kappi.

Line 1. Marasta is the name of a kind of expression occurring in a word used in the Kalevala. It is in the Kalevala, it is not found in a book, a piece of the Kalevala, it is not found in a book. Even the name Marasta is not found in the Kalevala. Vainamöinen is the only one who has heard from the word Marasta. An old man says that the Kalevala is the Kalevala of the Kalevala. Vainamöinen and the Kalevala.

151. This is the Kalevala. It is the Kalevala. It is the Kalevala.
 152. This is the Kalevala. It is the Kalevala. It is the Kalevala.
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 200. This is the Kalevala. It is the Kalevala. It is the Kalevala.

181. 182. These expressions remind us of the Kalevala "breaking down the rafters and the roof tree" preparatory to reaching Nirvana.

GLOSSARY OF FINNISH NAMES

(The dotted vowels are included with the others.)

ANAVA, the cold spring East Wind.	resembling the Scandi- navian Loki in character.
ANTI, a name of Lemminkäinen.	His name is often used as a term of reproach.
ANTO, the God of the Sea and of the Water.	HATOLA, the daughters of Ilmari.
ANTOLA, the daughters of Ahti.	HOMATAP, the goddess of the Fir-trees.
ÄIJÄ, the father of Iku- Turso.	HORNA (HELL), name of a mountain.
AINIKKI, Lemminkäinen's sister.	IKU-TURSO, a water-giant, the name is doubtless con- nected with the Icelandic word Thurs which means a giant and which is also the name of the letter þ, called þa in Old English.
AINO, a Lapp maiden, Joukahainen's sister.	ILMA (AIK), name of Ilmari- nen's homestead.
AJUE, name of a lake.	the primeval
ANNIKKI, Ilmari's sister.	ILMARI { smith still
ANTERO VIFUNEN, a prime- val giant or Titan whom some commentators suppose to be the same as Kaleva.	ILMARINEN { used as a proper name in Fin- land.
ETELÄTÄR, the goddess of the South Wind.	ILMATAP, the Daughter of the Air, the Creatrix of the world, and the mother of Vainamöinen.
HÄLLÄPJÖRÄ, name of a waterfall.	ILPOTAR, a name of Louhi.
HÄME, Tavastland.	IMATRA, the great falls or rapids in the river Vuoksi.
HERMIKKI (SINEWY), name of a cow.	
HISI, the same as Lembo, the Evil Power, somewhat	

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INGERLAND, usually known
as Ingermanland.

JOUKAHAINEN, } a young
JOUKO, } Laplander
JOUKOLA, the land of Jouka-
hainen.

JUMALA, OR UKKO, God
JUOTIKKI (DRINKER), name
of a cnu.

JUTAS, a name probably
derived from Judas. It is
used as a name for Hiti,
and also as a term of
reprobation.

KAATRAKOSKI, name of a
waterfall

KALERVO, a chieftain, the
brother of Entamo, and
the father of Kullervo.

KAIKERVONEN, epithet of
Kullervo.

KALEVA, the ancestor of the
heroes, who does not appear
in person in the Kalevala.

KALEVALA, the land of
Kaleva.

KALEVALAINEN, a descendant
of Kaleva.

KALKVATAR, OR OSMOTAR,
the daughter of Kaleva

KATMA, Death personified.
he is more often called
Tuoni or Mione

KAMMO, a rock, the father of
Kimmo.

KANKAHATAR, the goddess of
Weaving

KANTELE, the Finnish harp
or zither

KANTELETAR, the Daughter
of the Harp; name given
by Lönnrot to his pub-
lished collection of Finnish
ballads

KARJALA, Carelia

KATAJATAR, the nymph of
the Juniper

KAUKO, } Names of
KAUKOLAINEN, } Lemminkäinen.
KAUKOMIELI, }

KATPPI, a Laplander, skilled
in making snowshoes.

KETTOLAINEN, the Con-
temptible One, one of the
names of the Evil Power

KEMI, name of a river

KIMMO, (1) a stone, (2) name
of a cnu

KIPUTYTÄ, Maiden of Pain

KIRJO (variegated, or
appled), name of a cow.

KIVUTAR, Daughter of Pain

KUIPPANA, a name of
Tapio

KU LERVÖ, } a hero, the
KUTIERVOINEN, } son of Ka-
lervo

KUTRA, a name of Tiera

KUNTAR, the Daughter of
the Moon

KYLLI, } a maiden of
KYLLE, } Saari, whom
KYLLE, } Lemminkäinen
KYLLE, } carries off and
KYLLE, } marries

LEMMINKAINEN, a reckless
adventurer

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- LEMMI (LOVE), the father of Lemminkäinen.
 LEMPO, or HIISSI, the Evil Power.
 LEMKE, the mother of Ilmarinen.
 LUKKI, the Mistress of Pohjola.
 LOVIATAR, one of the daughters of Tuoni, and the mother of the Plagues.
 LUONNOTAR, Daughter of Creation, a name applied to Ilmatar, and other celestial goddesses.
 LUOTILA, name of a bay.
 LYYLIKKEI, a name of Kauppi.
 MAAIKKEI, name of a cow.
 MANA, or TUONI, the God of Hades.
 MANALA, or TUONELA, Hades.
 MANALAINEN = Mana.
 MANALATAR, Daughter of Mana.
 MANSIKKA (STRAWBERRY) name of a cow.
 MARJATTA, the mother of Väinämöinen's supplanter. She is usually identified with the Virgin Mary.
 MÄRKÄHÄTTU (WET-HAT), name or epithet of a cow-herd who has been exposed to the rain.
 MELATAR, the goddess of the Rudder.
 METSOLA, the Woodlands, from metsä, a forest.
 MIKKELI, the Mistress of the Forests, the spouse of Tapio.
 MIMENKEI, a name of Mikko.
 MUSTI (BLACKIE), a dog's name.
 MUURIKKI (BLACKIE), name of a cow.
 NYRIKKI, the son of Tapio.
 OSMO, a name of Kaleva.
 OSMOLA = Kalevala.
 OSMOINEN, an epithet of Väinämöinen.
 OSMOTAR, the daughter of Osmo.
 OTAVA, the constellation of the Great Bear.
 OTSO, pet name for the bear.
 PAHALAINEN (THE WICKED ONE), a name of the Evil Power.
 PÄIVÄTAR, the Daughter of the Sun.
 PAKKANEN, the personified Frost.
 PALVONEN, apparently the same as Tuuri.
 PANU, the son of the Sun.
 PELLERVOINEN, vide Sampsa.
 PIHLAJATAR, the nymph of the Mountain-Ash tree.
 PILTTI, the handmaid of Marjatta.
 PIMENTOLA, a name of Pohjola.

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PIRA, *name of a mountain.*

POHJA, *the North.*

POHJOLA, *the North Country; (a) A dark and dismal country to the north of Lapland, but sometimes identified with Lapland itself; (b) The castle or homestead of Louhi, in which the name of the country itself was applied.*

PUIHURI, *the North Wind.*

PUIJIKKA (CRANBERRY), *name of a cow.*

RHOTOS, *the headman of a village. (Herod, according to the commentators.)*

RUTJA, *a cataract, said to be the same as Turjo.*

SAARPLAINEN (THE ISLANDER), *an epithet of Lemminkäinen.*

SAARI, *an island, especially the island now called Kronstadt.*

SAMPO, *a magic corn, salt and coin-mill.*

SAMPA PETERVOINEN, *the genius of agriculture (from pelton or pelto, a field), the servant or agent of Väinämöinen.*

SARA
SARJOLA } *names of Pohjola.*

SANO (SAVOIAKS) *a province of Finland.*

SIMA, *a Sound in Pohjola.*

SINETAR, *a nymph who colours flowers blue.*

"SOTKO'S DAUGHTERS"; *the protecting nymphs of ducks.*
SUOMI, *Finland.*

SUONETAR, *the nymph of the veins.*

SURMA, *Death, or the God of Death.*

SUOVAKKO, *name of an old woman.*

SUVANTOLA *(the land of still waters), a name of Väinölä.*

SUVANTOLAINEN, *an epithet of Väinämöinen.*

SUVETAR, *the goddess of Summer.*

SYÖJÄTAR, *an ogress, the mother of the serpents.*

SYÖTIKKI (EATER), *name of a cow.*

TAMMATAR, *the goddess of the oak tree.*

TANIKA, *name of the builder of a castle.*

TAPIO, *the God of the Forests.*

TAPIOLA, *the dominions of Tapio.*

TELLEVO, *the daughter of Tapio, but in some passages apparently identified with Mielikki.*

TERHENTAR, *the goddess of the Clouds.*

TIERA, *Lemminkäinen's comrade in arms.*

TUOMETAR, *the goddess of the Bird Cherry.*

TUOMIKKI, *name of a cow.*

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TUONELA, or MANALA, <i>Hades.</i>	UNTOLA, <i>the dominions of Unto.</i>
TUONETAR, <i>the daughter of Tuoni.</i>	UVANTO } names of
TUONI, or MANA, <i>the God of Hades.</i>	UVANTOLAINEN } Väinämöinen.
TUORIKKI, <i>name of a cow.</i>	
TURJA, <i>Lapland; also name of a cataract.</i>	VÄINÄMÖINEN, <i>the primeval minstrel and culture-hero, the son of Iematar (the name, as pronounced, sounds like Vannamöinen).</i>
TURJALAINEN, <i>a Laplander.</i>	VÄINÖ, <i>short for Väinämöinen.</i>
TURSAS, <i>vide Ski-Turso.</i>	VÄINÖLÄ, <i>the dominions of Väinämöinen (= Kalevala.)</i>
TUULIKKI, <i>a daughter of Tapio.</i>	VÄMMÄTAR, <i>the Daughter of Evil.</i>
TUURI, <i>the builder of a house where honey is stored.</i>	VELLAMO, <i>the goddess of the Sea and of the Waters, the spouse of Ahto.</i>
UKKO (OLD MAN), <i>usually identified with Jumala, the God of Heaven, with special authority over the clouds.</i>	VIFUNEN, <i>vide Antero Vipunen.</i>
ULAPPALA (<i>the country of the open sea</i>), <i>apparently the same as Tuonela.</i>	VIRO, <i>Esthonia.</i>
UNTAMO } (a) <i>the god</i>	VIROKANNAS, <i>used as a proper name; apparently meaning the Wise Esthonian.</i>
UNTAMÖINEN } of Sleep and Dream; (b) <i>a turbulent chieftain, the brother of Kaleva.</i>	VUOJALAINEN, <i>a name of Lyylikki.</i>
UNTAMOLA, <i>the dominions of Untamo; sometimes used for Untamo himself.</i>	VUOKSI, <i>an important river which flows into Lake Ladoga.</i>
UNTO, <i>short for Untamo.</i>	

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